THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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5c. THE COPY 10c. in Canada

Leopold Stokowski—Gifford Pinchot—Leonard H. Nason—Struthers Burt
Margaret Culkin Banning—Sophie Kerr—Thomas Beer—Harold Shumate

Said one passenger to another: *"This ad states that every count of pens proves Parker leads. Let's have the train secretaries take a census of all passengers' pens."*

So They Polled the BROADWAY LIMITED *and*

75.6% were Parker

It happened on an everyday run, and the train secretaries certified the count

Those who can afford to travel on crack, extra-fare trains like the Pennsylvania's Broadway can, of course, afford the finest pen made. And this straw vote leaves no doubt which pen they so consider.

But how about America in general—can anyone afford *less* than this inspiring Duofold that writes with *Pressureless Touch*? Not many—look at this:

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Like 2 Pens for the Price of One —Guaranteed for Life

Stop at the nearest pen counter and see how attaching or removing a tapered end converts the Parker in 10 seconds from a Pocket Duofold to a Desk Set Duofold or vice versa. No other thus saves you the price of a second pen.

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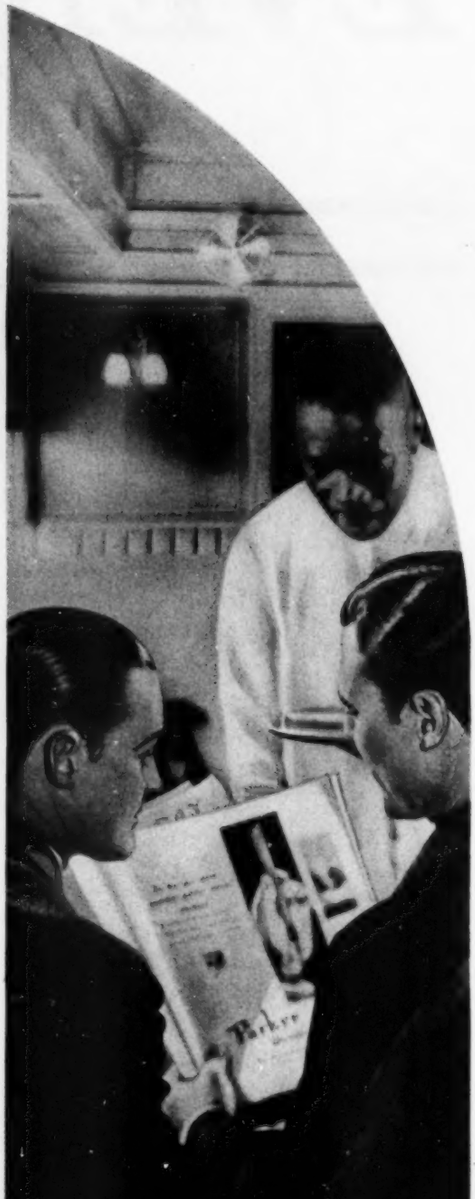
THE PARKER PEN COMPANY, Janesville, Wisconsin. Offices and Subsidiaries: New York, Chicago, Atlanta, Buffalo, Dallas, San Francisco, Toronto, London, Heidelberg.



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Parker Duofold

Convertible
. . for Pocket . . for Desk

GUARANTEED FOR LIFE
Pencils to match Pens, $3.25 to $5

$5
$7
$10

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Set Big Ben··· Daddy of the Westclox Family

BIG BEN'S cheery, punctual call tells you exactly *when* to *get up*.. relieves your mind of all worry about wakening on time. You can relax completely... rest up to the very last minute; there's no danger of oversleeping.

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You are absolutely sure of *getting* satisfactory service . . . real and lasting value when you buy a Big Ben. He is sold everywhere under a Two Year Gold Seal Service Guarantee . . . issued by the *manufacturer*. And Baby Ben, too ... identically like Big Ben only smaller, carries the same positive guarantee against defective material and workmanship.

There are many other Westclox... all with the customary Westclox one year guarantee. Dependable and attractive alarms... pocket watches... auto clocks. Some with plain dials . . . others with luminous dials that tell time in the dark.

Prices slightly higher in Canada

WESTERN CLOCK COMPANY, La Salle, Illinois, U. S. A.
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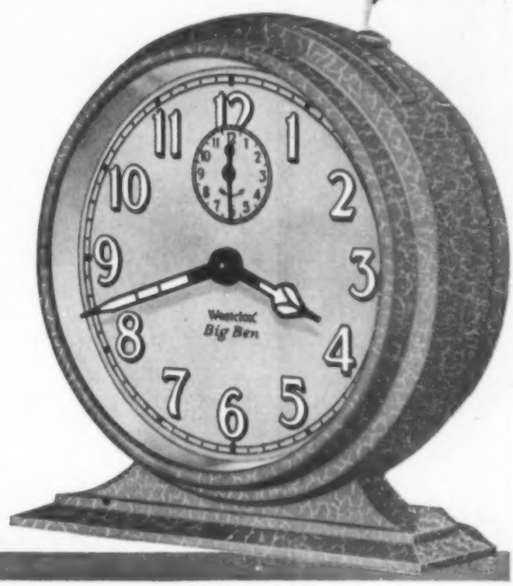
Westclox
ALARMS — POCKET WATCHES — AUTO CLOCKS

[*Big Ben* base model in nickel finish or in beautiful colors, $3.50 . . . with luminous dials, $1.00 more. Other Westclox alarms as low as $1.50.]



She pays $780 for nice hands
– mine cost me next to nothing!

I don't have $780 a year to spend on a maid—like my nice next-door neighbor, Alice G——, who has two cars and never even washes out a handkerchief! My hands are *my* maids, and with a baby and husband to care for, you can imagine how busy they are.

Perhaps you're like me . . . you enjoy tending babies and home. But at a bridge or tea, you don't want your hands to look useful and stodgy. You want them to be ornamental! Don't I know? For the first year after I was married my hands looked like two neglected orphans. And how I sighed over them!

Strangely enough when my baby came I realized what was the trouble. Every day I put her little clothes through Ivory suds. And my hands always felt soothed afterward. (They usually were like graters after my Monday washing with ordinary "kitchen soap.")

So I decided to try Ivory for all my work. And at the end of a week, I felt as if I had a new pair of hands. Don't say hands can't speak! For they were thanking me for changing my dishwashing and cleaning and clothes-washing into gentle Ivory baths!

If you try my plan, as I hope you will, you'll find Ivory is thrifty because it keeps things like new. It doesn't fade colors . . . or rob paint of its gloss . . . or discolor linoleum as strong soaps do.

But I have my best reward when my neighbor drops in for a chat and a cup of fragrant tea. For I can't help noticing then (I'm only human!) that my hands look as carefree as hers!

CATHERINE CARR LEWIS

Free: A little book on charm. What kind of care for different complexions? For hands? For hair? Write for "On the Art of Being Charming." Address Catherine Carr Lewis, Dept. VS-30, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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George Horace Lorimer
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MUSIC IN THE AIR

By LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI

Mr. Stokowski From a Painting by Leopold Seyffert

INTEREST in music in the United States is growing so rapidly that this question—are we making music and listening to music under the best possible conditions?—is every day becoming of greater importance. America is so fortunately free from tradition that there is no reason why she should do anything the way Europe or Asia does it, unless she, through experience and experiment, finds that the methods of other countries cannot be improved. The interest in symphony concerts is rapidly growing all over the country, but I believe music lovers would enjoy the concerts more and receive from them more stimulation toward inner growth and well-being if the conditions under which they heard symphonic music were improved. In so many concert halls the glare of direct lighting is very distracting and fatiguing to the eye.

Programs

IT WOULD not be difficult to make this better by having everywhere indirect lighting, so that one could not see the source of the light, which would be reflected over the walls and ceiling in a soft glow that would not cause eye strain, often resulting in a physical and mental state which makes it impossible fully to receive the inner message of music. Many people feel that the reading of program notes during a performance is distracting, because in that case they are taking in the music through their intellect, rather than through a combination of the mind and feeling and imagination. These music lovers feel that the true function of program notes is to prepare the mind before the concert for the music they are going to hear, and then often they find it interesting to reread the program notes after the concert to refresh their memory concerning the music they have heard, and often to bring back into their recollection impressions they have had while listening to the concert. But there are other music lovers who find it a help to read the program notes while listening to the music, and for these it would be very simple to have attached to a wire a small individual electric lamp with a bell-like reflector, with which they could easily read the program notes during the concert, and yet not disturb others by the glaring of the light. But in any case, indirect lighting would be an improvement over the present distracting glare in most of our concert halls.

Also, I strongly feel that as music is for the ear, and not the eye, the orchestra and conductor should not be visible to the audience, in order that those listening shall be able to concentrate on the taking in of the music through the ear, and not have their eyes distracted by the technical motions of the orchestra and conductor, which are necessary for producing the music, but relatively unimportant in listening to it. It would not be difficult to lower the stage by means of elevators, so that the orchestra and conductor would not be visible. And by putting at the side, and above the orchestra, surfaces made of such substances as sugar-cane fiber or soft ply wood, which partly reflect and partly absorb sound waves, the tone could be projected into the hall with just as much freshness of color and rhythmic precision as if the orchestra were on a visible level as at present.

Acoustics

THE most important thing about a concert hall is its acoustical properties, and this element of vital importance is far too often neglected and even entirely ignored when a new hall is built.

People have said so often that "the acoustical properties of a concert hall are merely a question of chance," that everybody begins to believe that this statement is true, because of its constant repetition. This statement is absolutely untrue. The science of sound has occupied men's minds in Europe at least since the time of Pythagoras, about five centuries before Christ, and in Asia long before that time. Consequently, a great deal is definitely known as to the way sound behaves, also regarding which materials are most favorable to good acoustics, and what size and form of air volume are best for a concert hall. Many eminent scientists are busy today extending this knowledge. For example, Professor Sabine, of the Riverbank Laboratories, near Chicago, and Professor Weyl, of the University of Pennsylvania, have done and are doing most valuable work on this subject. Sabine has invented instruments to measure with precision the reflecting and absorbing properties of any materials which may be used in the interior of a concert hall. Also he has instruments whereby he can measure the reverberation rate of any air volume, so that the acoustical properties of a proposed new hall can be determined during the time the hall is being designed with almost complete exactness.

Naturally, we do not know all that it is possible to know regarding the science of sound, any more than we have complete knowledge about any other branch of science, because there is infinity of possibility in every direction of knowledge, and consequently, man will never know all about any branch of science. But it is a great loss that when new halls are built such men of expert knowledge and immense experience as Professors Weyl and Sabine are not more often consulted. So often when we are on tour, giving concerts in various cities with the Philadelphia Orchestra, we play in halls which are so bad acoustically that the concert is one long fight against bad acoustical conditions, which could so easily have been made almost ideal if knowledge and experience had guided the designing of the hall instead of ignorance and thoughtlessness. The new concert hall in Hartford, Connecticut, with its superb acoustics, is a good example of an auditorium planned by its architect according to the greatly enlarged knowledge—put at our disposal by modern science—of the way sound behaves. The public, when listening to music, has the right to demand the best conditions known to science today, and these conditions are easily to be had.

PHOTO. BY RUDEY-REMBRANDT STUDIOS, PHILA.

Artur Rodzinski, Conductor of the Los Angeles Orchestra

PHOTO. BY CAMPBELL STUDIO, N. Y. C.

Willem Mengelberg, Guest Conductor New York Philharmonic Orchestra

It is very natural that music lovers who live in a city where there is a concert hall with good acoustics should believe that the acoustical conditions of the hall in their city, and the way their orchestra sounds in the series of concerts which they are constantly hearing, with only short periods between the concerts, constitute the normal and ideal way in which an orchestra should sound. The fact is that while we are all inclined to believe there is a normal and ideal way that any particular music should sound, this is a mistaken idea. There is no normal. There is only what we are accustomed to.

Of What Value is Modern Music?

THE development of radio during the next ten years will show us that the range of tonal possibilities is unlimited. We shall not be content to limit ourselves to the old ideal of sound to which we have been accustomed in a particular concert hall. In listening to music, the ear so soon accommodates itself to the surrounding acoustical conditions that in a few minutes very greatly different acoustical conditions begin to sound normal. For example, Carnegie Hall in New York, Symphony Hall in Boston, the Auditorium and the new Opera House in Chicago, the Constitution Hall in Washington, the Lyric Theater in Baltimore, and the Academy of Music in Philadelphia—to name only some of the concert halls of this country—are all acoustically good. But they are very different from one another, and would make the same music, played by the same orchestra in exactly the same way, sound very differently.

It is really very simple to understand the general principles of sound. As everyone knows, sound is air vibration, and the way these vibrations act can be easily understood by likening them to the movement of a billiard ball. If a billiard ball is projected straight down the table and strikes the rebounding edge at the end of the table at a right angle, the billiard ball returns to about the place where it began. Sound, or air vibrations, acts in the same way, and this is what happens when there is an echo in the hall. The tone produced on the stage travels down the hall, strikes the wall at the end, and then travels back to the stage end of the hall, so that one hears everything twice—making what we call an echo. If the wall at the back of the hall were made of material that completely absorbed tone instead of reflecting it, there would be no echo. The absorbing of tone is much like the action of a billiard ball when it drops into a pocket at the corner of the table and disappears from view. It is a very simple matter, in concert halls, to make the walls and ceiling, and all surfaces against which the vibrations of air strike, of materials which either reflect or absorb the tone. When the hall has echoes and is over-reverberant, absorbent wall surfaces will correct this. When the music in any hall sounds dull and without life, more reflecting surfaces should be used.

The use of either absorbent or reflecting materials is one of the principal factors in building a concert hall. But there is another important principle involved, which is the shape and proportion of the volume of air contained inside of the hall. The laws governing this are more difficult to explain without using technical language, but these laws are well known to such scientists as Professors Weyl and Sabine. Speaking generally, the hall should be longer than it is broad, and should gradually spread out like the shape of an open fan, with the stage at the narrow end. The ceiling should not be too high near the stage, but should increase in height as it travels to the back of the hall.

A question that is often in the minds of music lovers is: "What is the musical value of modern music, such as that composed by Prokofieff, Strawinsky, Schönberg, Varese, Bartok and others?" In my opinion, we are too close to this problem to be able to judge. One cannot see a picture with complete appreciation and understanding if one looks at it a few inches from the canvas. In a similar way, we are too close to modern music to be able to judge it. There have always been two parties. One group finds value only in the music of the past, music which has been constantly heard and is thoroughly familiar, and has been tested by time and many hearings. The other party finds interest only in contemporary music, and regards the music of the past as dull and old-fashioned.

Hearing With an Open Mind

I SHOULD like to see America vigorously take a broader view than either of these parties. There is no reason why a musician or music lover should not be able to penetrate into the spirit of music of many periods and many countries. By so doing, a man becomes richer in feeling and thinking. The ultra-modern music of today, in my opinion, requires many hearings before one can begin to understand and judge it. To say that it should not be played—that it is not music but discord—is to talk without knowing. Such a course would impoverish our musical life and lead away from the richness and warmth and variety of experience which comes from tolerance, and which is the only road by which the individual or community can grow. It is sometimes a thankless task for orchestra and conductor to give performances of contemporary music which is often condemned at one hearing. And one cannot too highly value the work which has been done in this direction by Toscanini, Mengelberg and Damrosch in New York, by Koussevitzky in Boston, by Stock in Chicago, by Gabrilowitsch in Detroit, by Sokoloff in Cleveland, by Hertz in San Francisco, by Rodzinski in Los Angeles—to name only some of the orchestras and conductors who are constantly playing the music of today as well as of yesterday. The public can help in this in several ways. For example:

By listening to new music with an open mind, and trying to understand its new and often very personal language—always keeping in mind the important truth that every composer

(Continued on Page 195)

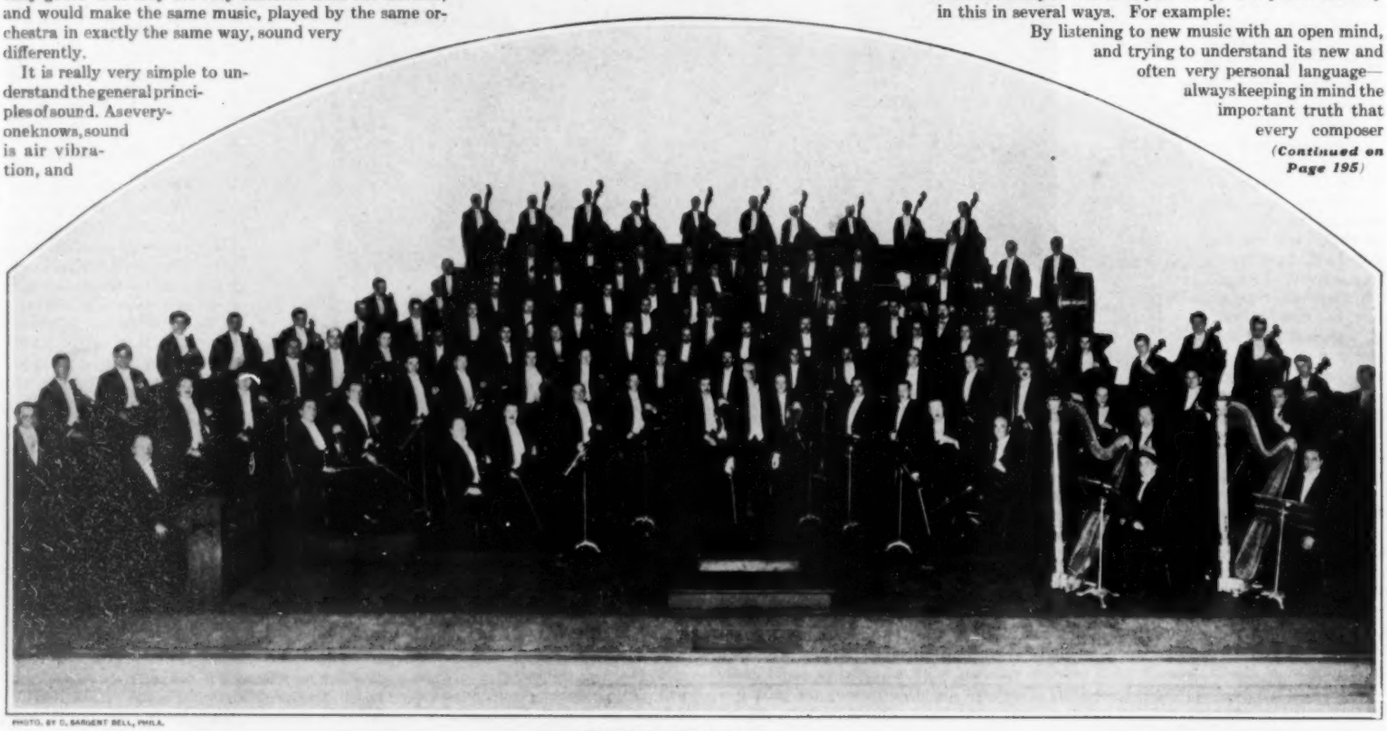


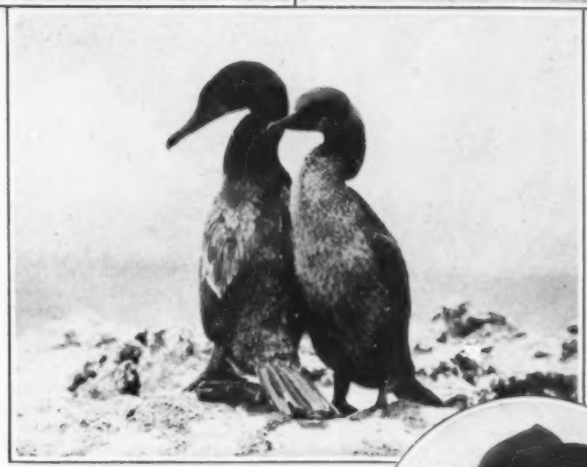
PHOTO. BY D. BARGENT BELL, PHILA.

The Philadelphia Orchestra

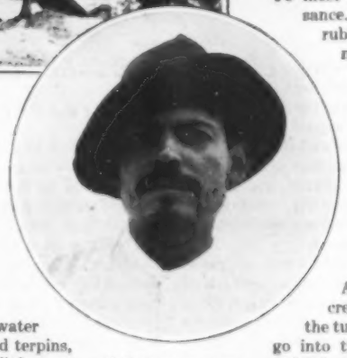
A REFUGE FOR LAP DRAGONS

An Iguana on Seymour Island, Galápagos. Notice the Sharp Spines on His Back

Stiff and a Baby Flamingo at Villamiel, Albemarle Island, Galápagos



Among the Rarest Birds Alive. A Close-Up of Flightless Cormorants on Narborough. They Occur Only in the Galápagos, and Only in a Small Part of Them



A Galapagan on Albemarle Island

By Gifford Pinchot

SEE America first by all means. But having seen it, why go abroad to see what all the world and his wife have seen already? Why not go abroad to see what very few have ever seen; on condition, of course, that it happens to be not only off the beaten track but well worth seeing also? To a man up a tree, that would appear to be no more than common sense.

Roughly speaking, it takes a week to go from America to Europe. And when you are there, what do you find? Interesting and instructive as it may be, and valuable to look at, you find what millions of words have been written about for you and other Americans to read, and what millions of other Americans have sight-seen before you.

It takes less than a week to go from New York to the Panama Canal. When you pass through it you will be following a trail that only a comparatively few thousands of traveling Americans have had the good fortune to follow before you. What is far more important, you will see an achievement which for courage and skill in planning, for persistence and determination in execution, and for common sense, honesty and efficiency in administration, ought to make every American stand an inch higher for pride in his country and admiration for her great deed.

A week isn't long. So put another to it—for this you will need a special boat—and in a dozen or fourteen days from New York or New Orleans you can be in just about the strangest place the world can show. And at the same time one of the pleasantest.

But I think that nothing has yet been written, and I fear nothing ever will be, that can carry to you a realizing sense of the difference between life as it goes on in this strange land and the life to which we are accustomed. The gap between civilized life in America, where we have grown to be the servants—or the masters—of one another's needs, and life in the Galápagos, where the civility of the uncivilized, the natural good manners of wild things, is the dominant note, is hard to imagine even when living in the midst of its startling facts. And it is a long way from easy to write about.

The Tameness of Wild Life

THE country I want you to take a look at is unbelievably different. It is more full of thrills than any other place I ever had the luck to see, in a life spent largely in seeing new places. It is outside the bounds of common experience.

You might well say of the Galápagos Islands as Mr. Dooley said of the Philippines—that most of us didn't know until recently whether they were islands or canned goods. In the republic of Ecuador, to which these islands belong, they pronounce the name Galáppagos, although the official title is Archipielago de Colon. But the South Sea whalers, who came here for wood and water and the great land turtles they called terpins, said "Galapaygos," and "Galapaygos" they are to me. At home none of us pass our days where the wild creatures are tame and the tame creatures are wild. But in the Archipelago of Columbus the cattle, donkeys, goats and dogs will run from you as if you were the very devil, while the birds of the air, the seals on the shore, and the lizards of the rocks will come to you, and follow you, and hang around you, with the friendliest and most trustful curiosity. They seem bent on getting better acquainted.

It is a well-worn joke of the comic supplements to show the bird sitting on the muzzle of the hunter's gun. At home that is mere foolishness. But it actually happened to us in the Galápagos Islands.

Many an old fairy tale tells about the boy or girl with whom the wild things came to play—the bear, the stork and the wolf, the carp in the pond and the frog in the marsh. There are no bears, wolves or frogs in the Galápagos, but there are sea lions—which in French are called sea wolves—and they will come and play with you, whether you are a boy or a girl or even a grown-up; or you may watch the little sea wolves busy with their own playthings—the feather of a frigate bird, or a branch of mangrove, or anything else that strikes their fancy—just like puppies on land or even like children, except that the sea-wolf puppies play more under the sea than they do above its surface.

A Land of Many Surprises

AT HOME the commonest and least regarded of all things is water. Whether you happen to be a prohibitionist or whether you don't, you can have all you want of it by merely turning a tap. Here you will find that water is the one thing you can't get when you need it—the most precious of commodities; far harder to come by, indeed, than food itself.

To most people at home rain is just a nuisance. Here it is to be desired above rubies. For these islands, set in the midst of the sea and full of high mountains down whose long slopes brooks and streams and even rivers naturally would flow—mountains whose tops are almost always in the clouds, and over whose summits rainstorms sweep in unending procession—these islands are desert and dry. Like Texas in the story, the only things they are short of are water and good society.

At home, you think of turtles as little creatures that live in the water, but here the turtles you will think about most never go into the water at all, and some of them weigh hundreds of pounds.

At home, bats are found in the air, but in these miraculous islands the commonest bats are in the sea, and instead of a few inches across the wings, they spread fifteen, twenty or perhaps even thirty feet, and the weight of the largest is measured in tons.

And then there are the lap dragons, about which more hereafter.

At home, when you go for a walk, you begin it and finish it in very much the same kind of country. But here you can walk in half a day from uninhabitable, waterless, almost impassable cactus desert to tropical rain forest, and the richest of rich upland pastures, which recall nothing so much as certain famous paintings of mist-covered Scottish moors and mountains, except that they are grazed by finer cattle and are beyond comparison more fertile.

Where, then, are the Galápagos Islands, where all these queer things happen, and what are they like?

They lie about a thousand miles west southwest from the Panama Canal. There are some fifteen larger islands and innumerable smaller ones. Every one of them is volcanic and at least one volcano was active in 1928.

(Continued on Page 173)

PRISONERS AT THE STEAK

"They Took Me and Blett Prisoner, and Then They Said They Wanted to Surrender. Blett Got Hit. So They Surrendered. They Want Something to Eat!"

By
Leonard H. Nason

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBIN HENNING

RAIN fell in a cold, dispassionate sort of way. The wind blew at times in gusts, driving the water from the few remaining leaves to the ground in showers. It was bitter cold. Gray, ragged sheets of storm wrack drove across the lead-colored sky; and there was a continuous muttering of thunder that did not come, however, from the sky but from the ground, and was not made by the storm but by man. It was the sound of hundreds of guns where two armies wrestled in a solitude of hill and unkempt meadow and tangled wood.

The feeble daylight, piercing the tangle of wild, unpruned limb and vine-hung branch, outlined at last a queer sort of tent, from one end of which protruded a stove pipe, like a dromedary's neck. Smoke, that was whipped instantly away, came from this pipe, and seemed to indicate activity within. This tent was made of a tarpaulin stretched over the limb of a tree, and upheld by two tottery poles at the open end. It sheltered the rolling kitchen of a company of infantry, which company was now off to the northward in the thickets.

Inside the tent were two men, one garbed in a mackinaw who sat on the trail that connected the rolling kitchen with its limber, and another, smaller man who stood at some distance watching the first man, shivering from time to time, and beating his breast with his arms in an endeavor to keep warm. The man in the mackinaw kept looking at something in the back door of the rolling kitchen, which, from the pleasant odor that drifted from time to time to the nose of the little man, was probably a steak cooking. A hind quarter of beef showed from under a gunny sack in a cart on the other side of the kitchen, and from time to time the little man's eyes rolled in that direction.

The man in the mackinaw finally arose, cast a smoking piece of meat into a mess kit, shoveled some onions already prepared on top, and, walking around to the front of the kitchen, hooked himself a cup of coffee from the *marmite* there. Returning, he opened a compartment in the trailer, took out a can of condensed milk, added it to the coffee, and sugared it to his taste. Then he picked up mess kit and cup, drew up an onion crate to a small table beside the kitchen, and sat down to eat, his mackinaw-clad back to the cold wind, and his feet stretched out to the comfortable warmth that came from the rolling kitchen.

The little man, shivering at the edge of the tarpaulin, looked on. His profile, sharp against the gray sky beyond, showed beyond doubt that he was a member of an ancient race, a race that lived and ruled when Greece was but a hinterland, and the wolf that suckled Rome had not yet been whelped. This race is sometimes marked by wearing headgear and clothing too large. The little man had on a blouse that would have been large for a heavyweight. His neck rose from the collar like a turtle's from its shell. The buttons, worn by constant crawling on the stomach, had disappeared, and been replaced by safety pins taken from ammunition bandoleers. Below the blouse was a pair of mud-incrusted dungarees that allowed a stockingless shin, blue with the cold, to be seen disappearing, by way of a fold or two of dirty sock, into a mass of yellow clay that probably concealed a shoe.

The little man stretched his neck a little higher, as the odor of steak and onions floated past. He wiped his mouth in ecstasy as the fragrance of coffee with milk and sugar in it came to him and disappeared, with the tantalizing faintness of a dream. He drew nearer, a step, and licked his lips. There was a long silence while the man at the table smacked his lips, crunched steak, and drank gurglingly.

The little man took another step and coughed. "I used to be a sergeant once myself," said he wistfully.

The man at the table paid no attention.

"Yes," went on the other, "once I was a sergeant, but I got broke."

"Ugh?" grunted the man at the table. "Whuffor?"

"The Old Man had a hangover. A hangover he should have, when I was sergeant of the guard! Can you imagine that? Comes down the street the colonel in his car. 'Turn out the guard, commanding officer!' I gives a yell. It stops the car. Out jumps the colonel.

"'Very snappy!' says he. 'What outfit?' And so I tells it to him like this. 'C Company, sir.' 'Oh,' he says, 'I didn't know you were here. Let's have a look how good a company it gives what makes it such a snappy guard.'

"So they go get the Old Man, and he looks like something what I hope I never see, all with no shave, and his eyes red like from punches an' all swelled what he can't hardly see.

"'Oh,' says the colonel, 'good morning, captain, and how it was the weather last night, huh?'

"'Raining, sir,' says the Old Man.

"'Oho, so red wine you was drinking you shouldn't catch cold, huh?'

"'No, sir!'

"'So what I see it all over the front of your blouse would be from raspberries, huh? Well, I'll be going now, what I got to see if I can find any more loafers!' So he gets in the car.

"'Who turned out the guard?' says the Old Man. It was me. 'Take off your belt!' says the Old Man. 'You're broke! An' go out from my outfit! If I catch you in town halluf an hour from now you'll be the deadest son of David since Absalom.'"

The little man by now was quite close to the table, and as he concluded he drew forward another crate and sat down. "Tell me now," said he, sniffing, "was it right because the captain drinks it too much wine that I should get my belt pulled? Did you ever hear such things?"

The other man suddenly raised his head, as though he had just become conscious of the little man's presence.

"Hey, who invited you to sit down at this table?" he demanded. "This is the sergeants' table! Drag yourself outta there! If you ain't got nuthin' to do you chop up a little wood! An' don't make no noise an' wake up the cooks or you'll git your frame crawled so you'll think you been run through a meat chopper! You hear me?"

The little man smiled sadly, and getting up, rummaged about awhile until he found a cleaver, and then began to hack hopelessly at a pile of green branches behind the kitchen. Another man, his muddy overcoat displaying the chevrons of a sergeant, appeared from the woods and entered the tent, shaking the rain from his overcoat so that it hissed on the hot stove.

"Who's catching it now?" greeted the newcomer.

"Why, this here second-class replacement," growled the man at the table. "Two days with the outfit an' he sits down at the sergeants' table an' says he'll have patty dee foy graw an' a couple of poached eggs to his breakfast. Well, he got told where to head in at, I ain't kiddin'!"

"Better put him to work," suggested the other.

"I got something for him to do," said the man at the table darkly. "Leave it to me!"

"Well, how about breakfast for me?"

The man at the table arose and going again to the small door in the back of the kitchen, he took out another mess kit, from which the same tantalizing odor arose as before.

"You know the order about frying steaks?" he asked softly, with a wink. "'Nobody but the kitchen force is to do no more cookin'?' Well, ain't I part o' the kitchen force? An' so I just fired up a extra steak for you. I figgered you maybe'd like it!" He laughed heartily at his own joke.

"Well, that's very nice of you," said the newcomer, taking the mess kit and sitting down at the table. "Now just draw me a little java, will you? Two lumps, please, and then I won't bother you any more."

The newcomer ate and the little man chopped wood. Presently, having finished, the former went away, and two more sergeants appeared. These two were coarser-looking men, their eyes still heavy with sleep, but they were freshly shaven, and with their uniforms comparatively free from mud.

"C'm on, Byers," they growled, "put us out some chow!"

They sat down heavily at the table, and rested their elbows on its surface. The man in the mackinaw arose, but this time he did not go to the back of the kitchen; he went to the front, and scooped food from a pan into two mess kits. He drew two cups of coffee to which he did not add milk or sugar, and this food he set before the two sergeants. The larger one of the two then said the Soldiers' Grace: "For God's sake, what's this?" The other repeated it after him.

"It's good!" replied the man in the mackinaw. "Canned willie an' bacon fat. Eat it. You'll be hungry before dinnertime!"

"Canned willie an' bacon fat! You gold-brick! Gee, you call yourself a mess sergeant, and this is all you can give a coupla guys off the lines! I've a mind to make you eat it yourself!"

"You guys are always crabbin'!" protested the mess sergeant, nervously turning up the collar of his mackinaw. "Now listen!"

"Naw, we won't listen!" barked the other. "Cut us off some meat off that hind quarter an' get to fryin' it! Or get up some o' them lazy cooks an' have them do it. I don't care, only give us some food's fit for a white man! Gee, I wouldn't give this grease to an old woman to make soap of!"

"You know the orders!" exclaimed the mess sergeant. "No more steak fryin'! No more w'ittlin' at quarters of beef! That hind quarter there we're gonna make up into slum and stuff for the fellows gettin' relieved tonight!"

"Aw! I don't believe it!"

"Here's some bread!" said the mess sergeant, throwing half a gong-shaped loaf on the table. "I gotta go get the cooks up. That canned willie's all we got an' if you don't like it you can leave it!"

"He's off!" muttered one of the sergeants at the table as the mess sergeant departed. "He knew I was workin' myself up to give him a crack on the nose!"

"Yeh," replied his companion, "but you wouldn't crack no one on the nose, least of all him! Eat your breakfast and forget it!"

"I won't forget it!" He reached over and inspected the mess kit the first comer had left. "Hm-m! Yah, I thought so! That dugout ducker Fulsom gets steak! Smell o' that! An' us eatin' grease an' canned bill!"

"Well, if you had the jack Fulsom's old man has got you could have steak! Go on, eat the canned willie! It's good enough for yuh!"

"Why ain't this Fulsom bird an officer? Huh? If his old man is lieutenant governor or whatever he is, an' owns half the state, why ain't his son wearin' bars instead o' stripes?"

"'Cause when the old man runs for senator he can say he's got a son in the ranks like everyone else, an' all the guys got sons in the ranks will vote for him!"

"Well, if he was an officer, wouldn't all the fathers got sons that are officers vote for him too?"

"Yeh, but there ain't so many of 'em. An' then another thing, they say that if this lad gets to be an officer his old man won't give him no more jack, an' then he won't have no money to go round buyin' himself a drag with mess sergeants an' people! He makes more money bein' a sergeant than he would if he was a brigadier general!"

The little man, seeing the mess sergeant go, had abruptly abandoned his cleaver and come in by the stove, where he stood smiling and rubbing his hands.

"Sure," said he at this moment, "it's better to be a sergeant anyways. Once I was one myselluf. I know!"

The two at the table looked up in astonishment. They noted the dirty, buttonless blouse, the muddy dungarees, the blue, bony hands that the little man rubbed so hard together.

"What's your name?" they demanded.

"Sheehan," smiled the little man.

"Gwan! Not with that map!" scoffed the largest man.

"Yeh," grinned the other sergeant. "Sheeny for short, huh?"

"Yup," smiled the little man. He reached once more for the onion crate and made to sit down, but the sergeant's smile froze.

"Awright," he snapped, "grab these mess kits an' wash 'em. If you ain't been in this outfit long enough to learn that yuh gotta work for a livin' here, it's time yuh got started. An' learn this too! That when the sergeants is eatin', they don't want no dirty K. P.'s hanging around! We got enough things to spoil our appetites! Get out."

Sheehan gathered up the dirty mess kits and withdrew. He rounded the corner of the stove and almost collided with another soldier that had come from the opposite direction.

"Hey!" gasped Sheehan in surprise. "Who it was you want, you should run into a fellar like that!"

The other was quite young, barely eighteen, and fat, with that plaintive expression of helplessness that marks the only child, the pampered darling of maiden aunts, alone and friendless in a world that was very cold and hard.

"My name's Blett," said the fat boy. "There was some sergeant told me to report to the kitchen."

"What for?" demanded Sheehan. He had instant suspicions of this fat boy. His uniform was too new and his gas mask too clean. The fresh gray-green finish of his helmet had not been marred by use as either chair or pillow, and the soft upholstery of his frame did not show the slenderizing effects of long night marches on catch-as-catch-can rations.

"Hah!" went on Sheehan, without waiting for reply. "A replacement, huh? When did you come up?"

"Just about an hour ago!" replied Blett. "Mind you, we were on the road all night! And just as I was going to lie down to sleep, this sergeant told me to report to the kitchen!"

"Yeh!" said Sheehan. "If you ain't been in this outfit long enough to learn that you should work for a living, it's time you got started! Grab hold them mess kits! Wash 'em good! When you get done, tell me; I got it wood to chop for you!"

Blett sighed, but his short army service had already taught him the futility and danger of protest. He picked up the greasy mess kits and looked about him.

"Well," said Sheehan, "when you get done looking the scenery over, maybe you can do what I said."

"Where's the hot water?"

"The hot water! Hot water, the man asks for! Towels, you should want and soap, huh?"

"Well, we always had that, even in the replacement camp!"

"Well, you ain't got it here! This is the Front! Wipe out the mess kit with a piece bread. A handful leaves, maybe. Turn the cups upside down they should drain."

"That won't make them very clean!" protested Blett.

"Well, the next time they eat it will be suppertime and dark, so they

(Continued on Page 102)

A White Cloth Waved From Behind a Bush Attracted the Attention of a Red-Eyed Doughboy of the Beleaguered Platoon

PASSENGER LIST

By Margaret Culkin Banning

ILLUSTRATED BY C. W. ANDERSON

"He's a Cold Fish," Remarked Brett. "Don't Waste Any Time on Him, Kitty." But Kitty Was Wasting a Little

HENRY CARLE expected his traveling arrangements to be as he wanted to have them, and he was quite willing to pay for their being so. In this case he had already paid, and that was why the upset of his plans was particularly annoying. It seemed to be nobody's fault, to be sure, that the Mercury had been partially burned in dock—at least not the fault of anyone within Henry's reach. But he had counted on taking that boat and felt aggrieved. He liked the Gallic Line, he always preferred to land at Havre, and the date of sailing was one he had carefully chosen.

In the New York office of the steamship company he made these things clear to an agent who was altogether too fulsome for his taste. Henry never liked wines or service to be very sweet. At thirty-seven he had become a connoisseur in a good many lines. Men who live alone and have given away most of their illusions for no return are apt to spend a good deal of time in training and sharpening their minor discriminations.

"I can't tell you how sorry we are, Mr. Carle. We're doing our best to satisfy everyone, no matter what the loss to the company may be."

"Well, what can you do to satisfy me?" inquired Henry, clipping off more protestations of good will and regret.

The agent beamed, as one who had it in his power to release a pleasant surprise, but was holding out a little. Henry looked irritated.

"If you can delay your sailing three days, Mr. Carle, we can book you on the Venus. I'll tell you just how that happens. There's a very good room just turned in. We were holding it for Mr. Grayson Dawling. You know, the famous actor."

"Yes, I've heard how Dawling earns his living."

"It's an exceptional room." The agent put a very sharp pencil point on a small square in the plan of the great boat which lay under glass between him and Mr. Carle. "Even better than your accommodation on the Mercury. This is the one—34. On Deck A, you see. Midship. There's a good bath. We can take care of your valet too."

"The Venus," said Carle, without enthusiasm, "is a boat I only took once. Didn't like it."

"We consider it our finest liner, Mr. Carle."

"I consider it the world's finest night club," answered Henry. "I don't like the idea of spending five days in a night club. Nor with its patrons."

The agent, in line of duty, was politely resistant. He became confidential.

"We have a wonderful passenger list on that date," he said. "That's when Mr. Joseph Allen is returning to France."

"An excellent ambassador," answered Henry, "but a bad sailor. It won't matter to Allen what boat he takes."

"We have the Count and Countess de Grieux on the same sailing." The agent was looking over a typewritten list and picking out plums. "Miss Aline d'Arcy. She always takes the Venus. Mr. David Evans."

"Very interesting. But I'm not tempted by American countesses or opera singers or authors or anyone else," said Henry, sparing himself the mention of further celebrities. "Still, I suppose I'll have to take what I can get. All right. Let it go at that. I'll take the room Dawling isn't going to use. At the price I paid for the Mercury reservation."

"The Gallic Line doesn't, of course, want its patrons to share in its loss," quoted the agent.

"That's just as well," Henry remarked dryly. "I'll have my man come in for the tickets and baggage labels."

He turned away abruptly and half collided with a girl who was standing at his elbow. He had been aware that some woman was listening to his conversation, but he had not bothered to look at her. It was a rather delightful perfume, bearable even in the morning, which had made him know that it was a woman who stood there. Now, in a few seconds of apology, he saw enough to decide about her. He didn't find her important or interesting. It was not the tight black suit that was responsible for her failure; nor the vivid, knotted scarf; nor the red mouth splashed on a faultless skin. Her appearance was well enough, though she made such a point of heightening the commonplace. Henry had a good deal of tolerance for deviation from type, even when it was unsuccessful, preferring almost any kind of women to the fashionable ones whose very minds seemed to be under dressmakers' discipline. He liked women who tried to find out what they could do with themselves, who had a sense of their own material and worked with it. He admired French women. The trouble with this girl was that her eyes were bold without confidence—always a bad combination. She didn't know, as she glanced at him, what he would think of her. She wondered if she were exciting attention instead of commanding it. But her glance was forthright. She wasn't afraid to ask the silent question.

"Some little Manon Lescaut who doesn't quite come off," thought Henry, going on his way.

The agent called him back, "Oh, Mr. Carle ——"

Henry took five steps back.

"You didn't say anything about your car. Are you taking one? Can we make any arrangements?"

"No. I have one there."

The girl was already talking to another agent, who was taking care of her case. Her tone was worried:

"Yes, but according to this it will cost two hundred and twenty dollars on the Venus. It wasn't so much on the Mercury."

"Evidently I ship with her either way," thought Henry. "Well, if there's a wreck, I hope she isn't in my lifeboat."

It was so casual a thought that the dropping of it made no sound or echo in his mind. Beyond picking up the incidental information that the Wallace Hayneses were also sailing on the Venus, he gave the trip little further thought. Ocean voyages were no novelty to Henry. He had a certain liking for ships, but none of the anticipations of the amateur traveler for wind, waves, deck tennis or meeting new people. He considered that he knew quite enough people already, and ship-board camaraderie, with its incessant game of strangers matching acquaintances, bubblelike friendships and artificial intimacies, always seemed rather absurd to him. Any voyage exaggerated his habitual reticence, and on the Venus, which advertised the best floating orchestra—with Jakie Weibery leading—as well as the best floating bar—with Bill O'Brien tending—he expected to keep himself to himself rather more carefully than usual.

He did not come down to the pier until half an hour before the Venus sailed. Merryman had brought down his luggage hours before and taken care of all the necessary details, and Henry himself devoted his last evening in New York to his closest personal relations. At 5:30 he had gone to see Mrs. Gerald Whitehead, whose nephew he was and whose heir he was sure to be. He listened with honest sympathy to her complaints about the constant noise of building construction which harassed her neighborhood.

"You really should move, Aunt Bertha."

She looked as if it would be hard to move her. She was very fat and was nearly always sitting down. When she stood, she leaned, an enormous pile without strength.

"No. I'd find a new discomfort somewhere else, I suppose. And I don't want to be driven away from my habits, even if I don't like them. I'm a good deal like you that way, Henry—stubborn."

"Don't put the blame on me."

"It's sympathy, not blame. You've got my kind of stubbornness."

"I'm as pliable as a willow wand," said Henry, with a smile that was rare, because he kept it for people he very much liked.

"Then why don't you get married?"

"I've been married."

She answered with a glance which told him that she knew all about that and didn't think much of it.

"Living alone, Henry," she said aloud, "ages anyone. Of course I don't know what you do in Paris."

"Live alone," he assured her.

"Then you certainly need a wife."

"It's a tricky prescription," said Henry dryly; "you take an overdose or not quite enough, and you're worse off than you were before."

She was thinking, not listening.

"Now, there's Eulalie Mason," she remarked.

"There is, indeed. I'm having dinner with the Masons tonight."

"Why don't you marry her?"

"Perhaps she wouldn't have me."

"You know she would. And she's a nice girl. There's a kind of dignity about Euly that ought to suit you very well, Henry."

"You think so?"

"She's had a hard time," pursued his aunt; "you can see it in her face, pretty as she is. You think she's handsome, don't you?"

"Very."

"You should marry her. She's just what you need."

"How about her?"

"Oh, you'd take her out of herself. You'd give her the kind of life she's been used to and that she respects. She couldn't get along with that man Brett she married, because he didn't speak her language. He was a very common person. I don't mean common. I mean coarse."

"I guess she cared for him."

"She cared a lot too much or she never would have put up with what she did as long as she did. But she's still a very young woman. She deserves something better."

"I wish I felt competent to give it to her."

"You're evasive," answered Mrs. Whitehead. "You don't take advice."

"I listen to it delightfully."

"And never act upon it."

"Oh, I might even do that."

He was nearer to it than he cared to tell his aunt. Every time he saw Eulalie he could not help seeing how reasonable it was. She was so pictorially beautiful. She always would be. Almost any setting would be the better for having her in it. And, as his aunt had said, there was a curious, unstiffened dignity about her which had risen from the ashes of her scandal. Sometimes, when he was with her, Henry felt as if they were protecting each other, because they both knew what it felt like to be publicly hurt. They would never care too much for each other. They had tried that kind of thing and it had blown up with both of them. There might remain a gracious kind of mutual life, based on a good deal of tact. Perhaps that was the best basis for marriage anyway. An establishment with a wife ought to be possible as a pleasant, safe thing, even if it hadn't proved so with Jean.

Henry knew that, as far as Jean went, there was no wound left. He could think of her now, as much as he liked, without pain. The thing was healed. There was a scar on his emotions, of course—a permanently disfiguring one—and there remained a certain inability to trust or feel as he used to. But that was all right. It wouldn't interfere with a marriage with Eulalie. What there was left of his emotions was at his own disposal now, not at Jean's any longer. He no longer kept them in her name. Perhaps, when he came back from this trip, he'd ask Eulalie to marry him and settle things; settle especially this annoying angling which kept even a man of thirty-seven on his guard. He didn't know quite why he put it off. Perhaps he could write her from Paris, stating the case as simply and delicately as possible. They might, in a way, pool their disappointments and disillusions, and make a good thing of them. He watched Eulalie across the table between her father and mother, looking as delicate as the flesh-colored satin of her dress, and yet not ingénue. It was hard on a girl to come back home like that, thought Henry, even if she came to as great luxury. The young crowd wouldn't bother with Eulalie, who was five married years ahead of them, and the young married people ran in pairs, only making room for more daring and spectacular single women than Eulalie could ever be. She was rather badly stuck. She had too much of that quality which his aunt had so highly recommended to him—too much dignity—to take a good or a gay time where she might find it. And it certainly wasn't to be had under the Masons' roof.

They played bridge after dinner and talked about Paris. At eleven Henry looked at his watch.

"I suppose I must go. Boats are peremptory."

"It was very good of you to give us your last evening, Henry," said Mrs. Mason.

"I can't think of any pleasanter way to have spent it."

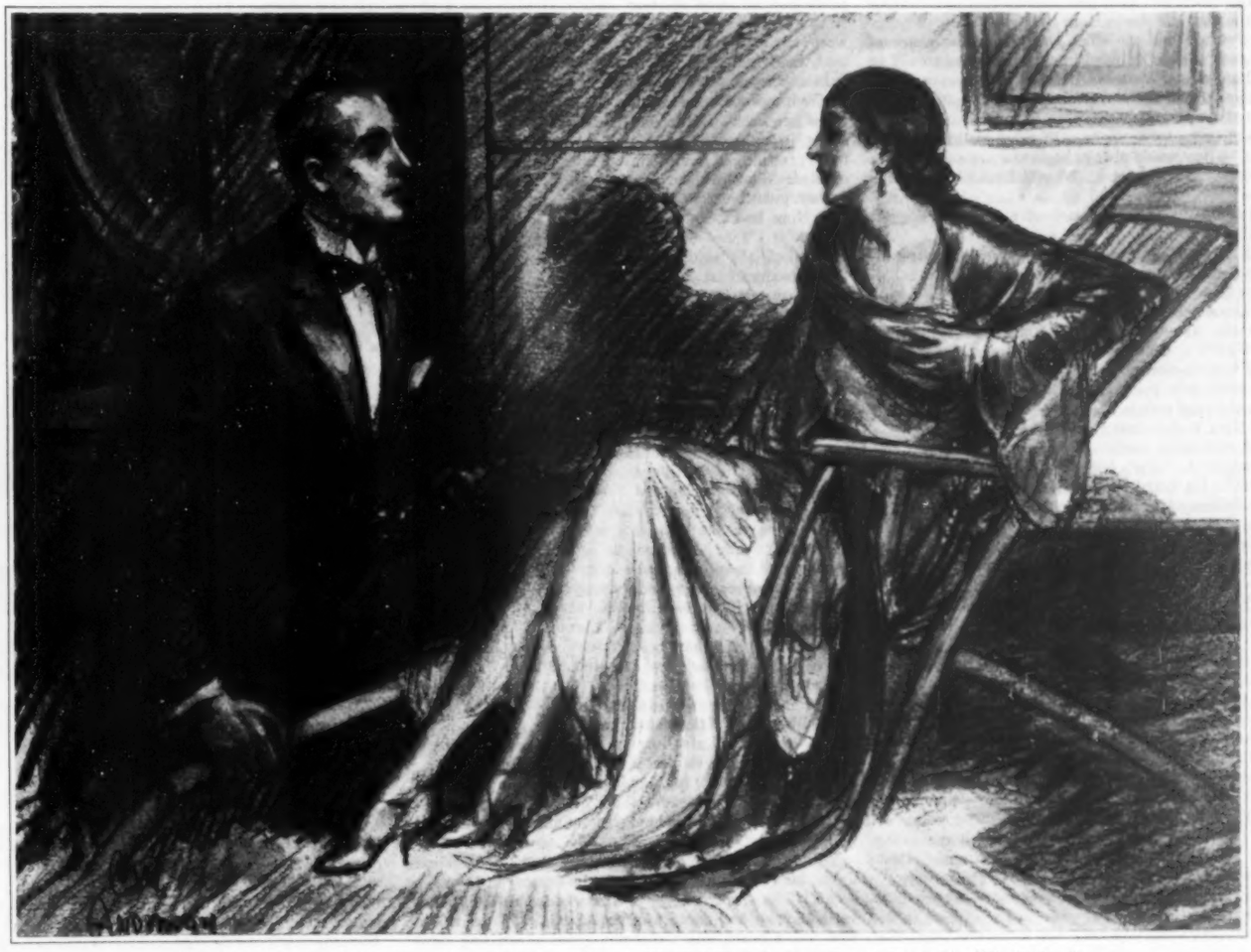
"I'll have the car brought around," said Mr. Mason. "You must let us send you down."

Henry suggested a taxi.

"No," said Eulalie, "let Ludwig drive you down to the pier. I'd like to go along with you."

They rode down the Avenue, with none of the bustle of departure and none of the sentiments of leave-taking. They were both rich people who no longer got excitement from material things and pleasures; so they thought very simply of their human difficulties. Henry felt rather worried about this girl who was too well-bred to sulk under her burden of unhappiness, and wondered what she was thinking about as she looked out at passing lights. He wondered if her mind was on the man who had taught her that cruelty

(Continued on Page 123)



"Let's Drop Talking About Me. Let's Talk About You." "It Will Work Back to You," She Said. "You'll See"

Portraits of Three Women

By A MAN

As Related to Harold Shumate

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

"Morning," She Sang Out. "I've Been Reading That Last Script of Yours"

NINA. Gee, she was beautiful! I think she had black hair. It was dark and it sort of shone; though it was not as dark as her eyes. She was tall too. Poised, I mean. She could have modeled if she hadn't been interested in pictures.

I'd been working three months over at the Acme Studios and the first option on my contract hadn't come up yet. I'd just finished writing my second script. The first turned out rather well when you consider that Lili Dangrue played the lead and Jason Holt directed.

Ray Houston had the office next to me over back of Stage 4, and always dropped in every morning to kill an hour. Ray wrote Westerns. He'd never seen a ranch, didn't know which end of a gun to shoot or what kind of a cow had the wrong disposition, so he'd made a big name for himself doing horse operas. Pictures are like that.

"Well"—Ray would always begin the same way—"got to do a new chase sequence. What'll I take 'em through this time?"

"You could run the stagecoach off a cliff," I'd suggest politely.

"Yeah"—with a sarcastic yawn—"I might. It's always been good."

Having thus disposed of the picture business, we'd start talking about the stock market or women. Generally it was women. Generally it is, in Hollywood; unless, of course, there's a conference set for that morning. No writer of motion-picture stories gets down to real serious writing until he's conferenced with the producer, the director, the song writers, and, often, the gateman.

"Met Nina Wallace last night," Ray began one morning after the customary worry over the chase sequence had been disposed of. "She's hot!"

"Yeah?" I'd heard of her. Who hadn't? Originally from the Follies. A figure like nobody's business, and then she came to Hollywood. I mean, she was an interesting sort of woman. Possibilities and all.

"Ever met her?" Ray asked, trying to look bored. I could see that he had taken this meeting big.

"No," I had to admit, "but I've seen her at openings and around. Beautiful all right, but a clotheshorse, I guess."

"You should be buying the clothes," Ray snorted, and lit another of my cigarettes. He never carried any himself. "Her husband was along," he added.

"That must have been disappointing."

Ray shook his head. "Don't be old-fashioned!"

I met her a few nights later at Ray's apartment. One of those trick houses, Ray's place, built on the side of a steep hill. You drive from the street right into the attic. But it isn't an attic. It's the garage, and you go down a flight of steps to the living room, below. Underneath the living room are bedrooms. A one-story garage facing the street and a three-story house in back. I never did know why Ray called it an apartment. Probably sounded wickeder. You know how it is.

Nina's husband was with her. His name was Tom. He was sort of fat, and people liked him. Nina didn't want people to like Tom. Poor kid. It was a lot easier having people believe Tom was big and sort of mean. He had on a dinner coat, although everyone else wore flannels or knickers. Still, you could hardly go out with Nina without dressing. It would be conspicuous. You know what I mean.

Nina wasn't hard to look at. Statuesque and all. She wore a gown that almost reached her ankles, and right away you stopped and wondered why. A second look made you ashamed of your first surmise. They were worth any man's notice. But that was Nina.

I think her dress was green, or else it was red. She ran to those two colors and looked smart in either. The dress fitted pretty tight, but no one minded. Some women can get away with a tight dress, and Nina had been in the Follies.

"Hello," she said, when Ray introduced us. "I saw your picture last night."

"My picture?"

"Well, your credit was on it," she answered. "Did you do the adaptation or the dialogue, or both?"

"Both"—a little weakly. To think she should have noticed! "I wish you could have read that script before Holt shot it. It's a crime the way they let a director change lines on you."

"I know"—and I could see she did. "A word changed here and another there, and the whole speech is ruined. It doesn't read." She was smart, thinking of that.

I met her husband then, and we all chinned back and forth until Ray went to get some more gin out of the bathtub. Tom was still standing there, but I guess we were alone just the same. I must have been looking into her eyes.

"I'm sure it's lovely out there on the balcony," Nina said to me, and I followed her without another word. You understand, what could I say?

We looked out across the city. Hollywood! A million lights, kind of red in the fog that was drifting in from the ocean. The straight rows that marked Wilshire Boulevard, Melrose and Santa Monica. A faint glow off to the west was a beach city. Red-and-green advertising signs against the fog, and scattered star dust in the windows of homes.

"The eternal footlights," Nina murmured, and I knew she'd been reading the same book I had.

She was beautiful there beside the window, a dull glow behind her from the lights inside. Her lips were parted. Her eyes were closed.

"Tell me," she began.

"Tell you what?"

"About yourself, of course."

Naturally, I didn't want to, so I only started with my college days and skipped all my boyhood. It interested her a lot and she was mighty encouraging. Thought I really ought to be directing. I told her I had some influence over at Acme and maybe I would before long. Right now, I was going to show them I knew a few things about casting this next story. If they thought they could hire hams and ruin my hard work, they were plain crazy. Nina's arms were cold, but her skin felt as soft as a piece of satin.

Inside, they were dancing. Radio. We went in and I danced with Nina. Funny how some women know how to dance and others never learn. Nina was so close to you when she danced, you felt there really wasn't anyone in your arms. You know what I mean. She was kind of like a feather, only beautiful. She could dance!

"I'm Sure it's Lovely Out There on the Balcony," Nina Said to Me, and I Followed Her Without Another Word. You Understand, What Could I Say?

She only drank one cocktail, but made it last a long time, the way some women do. Perched on a big black cushion in a corner and sipping her drink, she looked at me as

though I wasn't exactly poison. I sort of curled up at her feet, and no one paid any attention to us. They never do in Hollywood—that is, proper people never do. Her husband was asleep, I think.

You never saw such a beautiful woman, and she could talk too. The leading stocks on the New York Exchange, the picture business, and love. What more is there to talk about? Especially love! Everybody talks about love in Hollywood, experiences it, and tries to keep it impersonal, like the measles. Of course, when it hits you, it's not so impersonal, but, then, who hasn't had the measles?

We talked. "Isn't your husband ever jealous?" I asked her.

"Why should he be?"

I didn't know, but "You're so darned attractive, so beautiful, and all."

She laughed now, and her voice made a pretty sound, like early-morning bells, clear and deep-throated, maybe with the sun touching them high up in a steeple before it gets around to anyone else.

"Are you being complimentary?" she wanted to know.

Maybe I moved closer. "It's not necessary"—wondering why my throat was so husky. "I'd like to do a novel about you."

"You write novels too?"

"Well, not yet. But I'm going to, later. Maybe I'll make you the lead in one."

"I'd like that," Nina said, in that same low voice I knew I wasn't going to be able to forget.

I sent her some orchids the next day. The florist happened to know her address. The orchids set me back, but nothing cheap would have done for Nina. And I didn't want her to think I was a cheap writer, because I'm not. So I sent her a dozen.

She was wearing my flowers when she dropped into my office the next day. I was pounding out the dialogue for The Royal Heart, and my typewriter was flying. I had a conference with Jason Holt set for right after lunch and I knew he'd want to read the new lines. We'd already argued and he'd got his way. As usual, I'd written it the wrong way first, so he could suggest the only other possible way, which was the right way and what I wanted. Directors are funny. You have to let them suggest the thing you want or they won't feel they've had any hand in the writing of a script. They object to everything at first. So a few of us have learned how to handle these babies. It's sort of a funny way to do things, I guess, but pictures are like that.

Nina came in, and she wasn't wearing stockings. Her skin was pink. It was real warm outside, and her dress was kind of thin. Gee, she was beautiful!

"I've come to collect that lunch you promised me," she said as soon as she was seated in my chair and I was standing beside her.

I didn't exactly remember the luncheon, but I was glad she did. Anyway, I was tickled at the idea, and I knew I could borrow a ten from Ray. I could hear his typewriter going, next door.

"Looks like you've just finished another script," Nina said. She was deeply interested. You could tell it by the way she talked.

"Yes," I told her, "The Royal Heart. It'll go into production in another two weeks. Looks like they're going to make a special out of it too."

"Lovely." You could see she meant it. "Who'll direct?"

"Oh, Holt'll do it. They give him all the soft ones. This opera won't really need a director. Any assistant on the lot could take my script and shoot it. You know, it has everything."

"Good parts?"

"Wonderful!"

"Who'll do the girl?"

"They haven't decided. It's to be an all-star. But, believe me, they'll have to get a trooper for this lead!"

"Emotional part, is it?"

"Well, yes," I told her; "only it has to be played lightly, deftly, with finesse. If they get someone who chews the scenery, it'll kill everything. You know, one of those kid-glove things. A good gal at heart, but she can't help it if men fall for her. In the first sequence ——"

"Do you ever suggest anyone to the front office?"

"Sure," I answered. "After all, I know the character better than anyone else. Of course, Holt will be consulted, but Lehman always listens to me." And, suddenly, as I looked at her, it began to dawn on me that there was no one in the business who could play this lead better than Nina. I wondered why I'd never thought of it before. She was the ideal type and she could act. Everybody said so.

"Say," I asked her, "why don't you let me take you to Holt and suggest you for the part? Then I'll take you in to Lehman myself." She seemed embarrassed, and I felt very badly. I hadn't meant to push things at her. I tried to explain.

"You'd be doing me a great favor," I told her, "because I naturally want to see that part in the right hands. My reputation is involved."

She smiled. "You're a dear," she said, "and, of course, I'd like to do the part. Only I don't want you to think I've been insinuating ——"

"Don't be like that." I laughed. "You wait here while I go next door and see Ray a minute. Then we'll go out to lunch and I'll tell you all about the part. When we come back I'll introduce you to Holt."

She got the part, did the rôle, and wowed 'em, if you know what I mean.

It wasn't long, then. Right after she finished the picture and other producers were keeping her agent's telephone wires hot with offers, Nina threw a party. I bought a new dinner suit right after my invitation came. People wear dinner clothes in Hollywood. No one but the actors owns full dress, and they keep 'em just for New York and London sequences in pictures.

Nina and her husband had moved into a new home in Beverly Hills, and this was in the nature of a housewarming. It wasn't such a big house, but it was neat. Spanish, of course, but not too much.

Nina wore a red evening dress. She had a high red comb in her hair too. Gee, she was beautiful, standing there beneath an arch, greeting people; then sending them on out to the kitchen where her husband was acting as bartender. She gave my hand an extra squeeze. Then I went on to the kitchen, so some more people could shake hands with her.

Oh, Betty Was Plenty Clever. Right Away, I Knew She Was the Kind of Secretary I Needed

Nina's husband should never drink. He was plastered. Trying to mix a new drink with catchup and tabasco sauce as a base!

I knew most of the people there. Nina told them I was her favorite scenario writer and that she just wouldn't ever think of playing a part I hadn't written. Right then I knew I was in love with her!

It's funny the way we sometimes know we're in love and we sometimes don't. Personally, I'd rather know about it, so I can act accordingly. And I knew I was in love with Nina. Gee, she was beautiful!

Of course, she was married and her husband was a swell sort of guy, a good egg, in fact, but could I help it if I was in love with his wife? I hoped he'd be reasonable. And, besides, could he ever create great parts for Nina to play and startle the world with? Could he help her on the road to fame? He was chosen when she didn't have such a big group to pick from. Things were different now. Nina would understand when I told her.

A man doesn't really understand a woman until after he falls in love with her. Before I was in love with Nina, she was just beautiful. Now I could see she had a soul. Of course, she was still beautiful. But you know what I mean—I could understand her. For instance, what did her husband know about the creative urge in Nina's heart? The desire to make characters live? He probably never stood on a balcony and looked out over the city and watched the lights wink on. I'll bet he never even saw the sun set off the Santa Monica Palisades and realized that it was just coming up on the other side of the world. Some people are that way.

Poor Nina! Living her life with such a man. Starving out her heart for the things he couldn't understand, for the things he couldn't give her with all his money. A woman like Nina thought of other things besides clothes and money and diamonds. I went in and waltzed with her.

"They may let me direct a picture over at Acme pretty soon," I told her, not wanting to start the conversation too quickly about ourselves.

"Lovely." And she seemed to snuggle closer to me. "That's a real break, isn't it? But everyone knows you had it coming."

"Gee, Nina," I said, "you're beautiful!" It looked like that was all I could think of when I was with her.

"Then you do like me?"

"Say, I guess I'm in love with you, Nina."

I suppose that kind of took her breath away, because she had to turn her head away for a minute. Her hair was touching my face, and it made me remember how close she was, there in my arms.

"Are you sorry," I went on, "that I'm in love with you?"

(Continued on Page 180)

THE LADY AND THE TICKER

By Elizabeth Frazer

DECORATION BY WYNCIE KING

THE year of 1929 will long be remembered with peculiar poignancy by a vast army of women speculators as the year of the great gamble, the year of busted bubbles, of white magic suddenly and terrifyingly gone wrong. Like the rest of the financially uneducated, they believed in a marvel, a miracle, a kind of new, economic-era genie in the bottle which was to bring them untold wealth. The men were the progenitors of this marvel; they invented it themselves, for their own exclusive pleasure and delight; and then the women horned in on it, and they fell for it even harder than the men; they fell for it blindly, recklessly, *à la folie*, sticking up their capital on the mystic symbols flashed on the translux, burning their bridges behind them, dreaming dreams and getting out of it a tremendous kick. Emotionally it was the biggest thrill producer which had come their way since the war. They stood shoulder to shoulder as speculators with a singular sex solidarity.

When They are Good——

IT IS a salient characteristic of woman that when she goes into a thing, a movement, a popular cause or popular craze, she goes into it with everything she has, with her heart, her imagination, her pertinacity, her endurance; and above all, she goes into it with a big emotional punch. She outdoes the men, for she has fewer handicaps, the complete courage of her convictions, right or wrong, and a greater emotional abandon. A really hard-boiled woman, for example, can give the hardest-boiled bad man on earth cards and spades, and make him eat out of her hand. There is a gunpowder quality of explosion in women when they take the bit in their teeth that literally scares a man to death. That is why so many big, first-class brokerage houses politely but firmly refuse to take women's accounts. They're afraid of pyrotechnics. Not that these occur so frequently, but when they do arrive they can shake the stoutest masculine nerve and cause iron-hearted brokers to mutter in their sleep for weeks. That is why some brokerage houses have made a specific New Year's resolution for 1930: No more women's accounts! Oh, no, these firms assert blandly to pressmen and journalists who ring them up, wishful to know how come, they have nothing against women, nothing in the world; merely a new rule. But the hunted look in their eyes betrays them. Pooh, pooh, Mr. Broker, tell the truth, let the blue chips fall where they may. There was a scene. And spell that word in electric lights a mile high.

Some woman who had lost her shimmy in the market marched into that office with blood in her eye, yelled "Havoc!" and let loose the dogs of war. And those dogs were not any little wrist-watch pets, either, but regular Eliza-crossing-the-ice bloodhounds, slavering for live broker's meat. And they knocked the morale of that office for a loop. But after all, why shouldn't a woman yell when she has just had both legs shot away in the market and the brokers have amputated without ether? The writer is a firm disciple of the gospel of yelling when the pain gets beyond a certain point. So yell, sister, yell, and never mind the men. But when you're able to sit up and take notice again, try to figure out whether, after all, the speculator's path which leads to such brutal operations is the best path for you. If you conclude that it is, ask the broker next time to administer ether before giving the final *coup de grâce*. The best ones nowadays can do it so gracefully that you'll never even know you are dead.

Now by the same law of extremes, when women are good speculators, market-wise, seasoned traders, keen students of economic conditions, they are, so the brokers admit, better than the average man speculator, more thorough, patient and pertinacious, cool in crises and as losers dead game sports. In other words, like the little girl with the curl, when they are good they are very, very good and when they are bad they are horrid. But the sad part of that story is that the bad ones, the ignorant, the financially illiterate, the dyed-in-the-wool gamblers who are out for easy money, who couldn't read a statement or tell you what margining really means to save their immortal souls, who gamble on red-hot tips, rumors, hunches, or what their sweeties say, outnumber the good ones by a conservative estimate of about ten thousand to one. These girls are the trouble makers every time. And mortal man just naturally cannot stand the strain. Embittered brokers have declared that the vast majority of women speculators, taking them by and large, are hard losers, naggers, stubborn as mules, suspicious as serpents, and absolutely hell bent to have their own way, and then they fire the broker if it turns out wrong.

What renders the situation particular hell for the brokers, according to their own confessions, is the fact that it somehow hits a man where he lives to see a woman get hurt. They don't mind when a man makes a star-spangled fool of himself. But a woman, they say, is different. Nine out of ten men will go out of their way to protect a woman, to prevent her from going off the deep end in her market transactions; they will hand out good, solid, conservative investment advice—which they don't follow themselves, but of course that's different again—so she won't get her fingers burned; and nine times out of ten the woman turns and rends them and continues sweetly on her foolhardy career—which makes the men literally froth at the mouth in a fine, chivalrous frenzy. What they cannot understand is that the modern woman does not want to be protected; what she wants is to go fifty-fifty in any excitement that's stirring. Then, when she gets hurt, if there's a man handy, she is likely to sob on his shoulder. That's what shoulders, biologically speaking, are for, but, without doubt, this mixing of biology and business does tend to complicate matters for the men.

An irate investment banker relieved his feelings on the subject thus:

"If I had an enemy," he said, "that I wanted to polish off, I wouldn't hire a gunman or use ground glass or slip arsenic into his tea. I know a trick that's better than these. I'd put that enemy to exquisite torture, madden him by slow degrees, ruin his temper, break his health, shatter his nerve, destroy his faith, batter down his reserves, until some fine morning he'd blow out his brains in sheer mortal ennui of soul—and to accomplish that end, do you know what I'd do? I'd make him manager of the women's department. Oh, boy, that would be a noble revenge!"

From another source comes the following tale, for the strict truth of which I cannot vouch. A man had committed suicide as a result of the market crash, and on arriving below, he looked around for familiar faces and descried two smartly dressed gentlemen walking up and down, one behind the other, the hind gentleman systematically administering kicks to the one in front. At the end of the walk they would reverse and repeat the process. The suicide laid hold of a passing imp and demanded, "Pray tell me who are those unfortunate gentlemen who are so assiduously kicking themselves through hell? Their faces seem vaguely familiar."

"Oh," said the imp, "they are brokers who handled women's accounts."

But probably that story is grossly exaggerated.

Wary Women Investors

LOOKING back across the year 1929, which witnessed the spectacle of a mammoth bull market which soared higher and higher to vertiginous peaks and then crashed with a sickening thud which shook the financial pillars of the world, the early months of that period present a picturesque scene of financial merrymaking on a colossal scale, everybody gay and prosperous, almost everybody with his own little speed boat whizzing madly through the financial seas. And women, for the first time in history, were participating in the pageant on an equal basis with men. Some of these women participants were investors, not speculators. Intelligent, level-headed, for years they had been quietly educating themselves in financial affairs with the aid of competent guides; they had gone soberly to school, learned the rules, the solid principles of constructive investment, bought their securities outright, diversified them, keeping a good backlog of bonds despite the new-era hullabaloo concerning the advantages of common stocks, employing the bull market to increase their capital, but cashing in their profits and shifting their holdings as early as September into panic-proof bonds, so that when the storm broke loose they were safe in the harbor with all their resources intact. The number of these wise virgins with oil in their lamps is not large compared with the vast army of women participants in the market, but they form a solid substratum of stability, the importance of which must not be overlooked, for it indicates what women may achieve, once their feet are on the right road.

Of the other group—the speculators—it is perhaps sufficiently explanatory to say that the overwhelming majority of them were financial illiterates, though they came from

every rank of society—from the chic little manicurist speaking with a foreign accent, the clerk, model, seamstress, teacher, right up to the millionaire dowager with a retinue of servants and a fleet of automobiles. Ignoramuses most of them, though they had acquired a patter of Wall Street argot, a superficial veneer no thicker than the coat of rouge on their cheeks.

It was this group which took grotesque chances with their surplus capital—some because they were ignorant, uneducated, untrained; others because they were gamblers at heart and loved the thrill. This latter group played the market as some women play contract for high stakes, morning, noon and night—for the emotional kick they derived from it, and also for the pecuniary benefits. An infinitesimal percentage of this group were shrewd, intelligent traders, in and out of the market every day, but with a gambling strain in their blood, so that they would rather speculate and lose than invest and win.

Many of these dyed-in-the-wool speculators have crawled out of their cyclone cellars and are back in the brokerage offices trying to recoup their losses. Some of them arrive at their favorite branch office regularly each morning at a quarter to ten and sit there all day, scanning the translux, fingering the sputtering tape, muttering to themselves and occasionally putting in an order. These form the fanatic fringe, though sometimes a real trader may be found in this group.

When the Cupboard is Bare

"BETTER luck next time!" said one of these gay gamboliers, who had started on a shoestring, won a nice little pile of sugar, then played all over the big board, but chiefly with the blue-chip issues, got her bank roll up to one hundred thousand dollars, and was cleaned out with the rest. For a time she disappeared into limbo, but early in January she returned with one thousand dollars which she had collected by peddling her jewelry around among her friends.

"Anything doing?" she asked the manager. Knowing her bent, he gravely recommended an inactive but high-grade, dividend-paying security, good for a long pull. She laughed in his face. "That stuffed bologny hasn't moved since Noah was a kid," she retorted merrily. "I want action." That's what all the speculators want—action, action. They don't give a hoot for anything else.

"Well," she remarked, "I guess I'll trade on balance for a while."

That means speculating for a few points' rise and cleaning up each day. It's about all a speculator can do in a stalemate market. There have been no big field days since the crash, but she's an expert trader and she's making a bit of sugar—enough for her morning coffee, the manager said.

But many of the women, especially the small fry, passed right out of the picture for keeps. It was a slaughter of the innocents; in some cases, murder in the first degree. Retired nurses and teachers and professional women who had put up their entire patrimony on margin careened around wildly when the ax fell, like chickens with their heads cut off.

"What'll I do?" sobbed a retired nurse to a competent woman adviser in an investment house. "I owe my broker thousands of dollars and I haven't a cent in the world. I can't even pay my room rent."

"Go to work," advised the expert bluntly, "and be thankful that you have a profession to fall back on; many of the victims have not even that."

Occasionally these quiet days a woman will bob up in a broker's office who has only just heard the news of the great speculative orgy. Recently such a woman marched into a branch office, her rusty black reticule bursting with Liberty Bonds.

"Can I buy some stock on margin here?" she demanded. "I've got some Liberty Bonds for the what-do-you-call-it."

"Collateral?" supplied the manager, who had just stepped out of his private office and was fingering the tape.

"So that's it!" she muttered, staring with all her eyes at the spluttering machine. It was her first view of a ticker.

"What do you want to buy?" asked the amused manager. She named some cat-and-dog stuff at nine dollars a share. "Come inside," said the startled broker. He took her into his private room and argued with her vainly for half an hour. "I wouldn't buy that stock myself," he said. "And I wouldn't let my mother buy it."

"But I'm not your mother, young man," retorted the old lady, "and that's one thing I have to be thankful for. I know you brokers; you've got special stocks you want to sell—get a rake-off on them, likely. But you can't fool me. I know what I want to buy, and I'm going to buy it in spite of you and your mother. Your mother! Huh!" And she flounced out of the office, clutching her Liberty Bonds. That is the typical reaction of a speculation-crazed person. But don't blame the victim. Blame the speculation microbe which is still flying in the air.

There are two types of vehicles or instruments which people employ in purchasing securities on the stock exchanges. These are, first, banks, investment and bond houses; and, second, brokerage firms. In general, it may be said that the first group is used more widely for investment purposes, and the second group—the brokerage houses—may be employed both for investment and for speculative ends; but for reasons which I shall enlarge upon later, the accent in the latter group is apt to be on the speculative side—margin accounts, rapid-fire trading and a quick turnover of securities.

A brokerage house makes its money by the sale of securities; the greater the number of securities it sells, the more commissions it rakes in. If everybody bought high-grade securities outright and put them away for a gradual appreciation in value, the brokerage houses would go bankrupt; it is in the rapid turnover, the purchase in large blocks, which buying on margin directly facilitates, where the big money is made. These are basic business facts which women, and especially the novices, do not always realize. A woman, let us say, wishes to buy a hundred shares of RSVP outright. But if she buys on a 35 per cent margin she can purchase three times as many shares and the brokerage house makes three times as many sales. Thus, buying on margin is a clear business advantage to the brokers, and its disadvantages to the buyer, especially the small buyer with modest reserves, are apt to be obscured. That, after all, is not the problem of the broker, who is apt to be a busy man, engaged in piling up sales; the customers are supposed to be able to look after their own self-interests. But many of the new crop of men and women purchasers of securities cannot safeguard their own interests because they do not understand the financial machinery. They buy on margin because they can get more shares that way, which means a greater chance for profits. And during the past few years branch offices of brokerage houses have increased by leaps and bounds; they are scattered in a vast network throughout the length and breadth of the land, in smart residential hotels, in the shopping districts, wherever men and women congregate for work or for play. The net result of the colossal increase of these branch offices has been that the speculative end of security buying has been made easy, accessible.

In a Conservative Atmosphere

THE other group—the banks, investment and bond houses—also cater to customers, but here the stress is laid more on investment and purchasing outright. Clients, of course, may and often do buy on margin through their banks, but the banks make no money on the deal; it is merely a courtesy transaction. They are less likely, therefore, to encourage speculation and margin deals. Business, you see, again—self-interest; but in this case the self-interest of this group marches more constructively with the self-interests of the clients who are trying to build up a comfortable fortune. The atmosphere of these places is not so dramatic or glamorous as that of a customers' room. It is more staid, old-fashioned, sober; the talk is more of long-term investment than of rapid-fire trading; buying outright is the rule; the vision is the long vision, extending, perhaps, over a number of years, not the hectic day, week or month vision which is trying to grab a fortune overnight. The advice handed out is dull, undramatic, as stale as a last week's newspaper, but it is apt to be pretty sound. No fireworks. No emotional punch. They actually talk as if 5 per cent on a little old gilt-edge bond were a grand lot of money! If you are a thrill hunter, don't bother to darken their doors.

(Continued on Page 217)

DOUBLE PLAY

By SOPHIE KERR

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

He Heard Harrie's Companion Say Hilariously, "So That's the Guy Who Broke Your Heart!"

NO ONE in the whole community of Balderville was more surprised than Harriette Hastings herself when she got engaged to Rob Caruthers, although she had certainly felt it coming on. It happened soon after his long-drawn-out painful affair with Laura Dearth had come to an end—an end for which Bard Dearth, Laura's husband, was responsible. Bard had said one morning at breakfast that if Rob Caruthers wanted to marry Laura and Laura wanted to marry Rob, he, Bard, would be only too charmed to give her a divorce as fast as the lawyers could wangle it, but that he wouldn't settle more than five thousand a year on her, and she couldn't have young Bard and young Jeanie.

This brought Laura to her senses, for beyond her wish always to appear a conquering beauty who simply couldn't prevent men wrecking their lives for her, she was a fairly sane sort. She liked the unlimited Dearth money, she enjoyed the imposing Dearth house in Balderville, the Dearth apartment in Paris and the Dearth shooting box in North Carolina, and she loved her children intensely. She found, once the choice was so plainly put up to her, that she preferred these things to her emotions over Rob Caruthers, even though he was sinfully good-looking and made love beautifully and skillfully.

So, to make quite a long story very short indeed, Laura and Rob had a grand romantic parting scene, and she went off to spend the spring in Paris with Bard and the children, her vanity quite intact. Rob was not quite so fortunate. His vanity was all shot to bits, for he had had an uninterrupted success with women ever since he was seventeen. Ten years of that sort of thing do not fit a man for letting a woman write *finis* to an affair before he is through with it himself. He wasn't expecting it. He missed Laura, and he couldn't follow her, because if he did he would lose his place in his father's business, and with it the very handsome salary he drew there. Also, the elder Caruthers was quite capable of cutting him out of his will if he did anything so rash. There was nothing then for Rob but to stay at home and take long, long rides alone on the beautiful bridle paths which are the pride and joy—expensive and de luxe pride and joy, to be sure—of all the leading citizens of Balderville.

It was during these rides that he turned to Harrie Hastings, because Harrie was also accustomed to ride alone, and had done it long before Rob ever thought of it. At first Rob simply nodded to her and said "Hello, Harrie," and rode on. Then one day he pulled up and told her she ought to ride her mare Winks in the spring horse show, because Winks was so perfectly gaited. And Harrie said no, Winks was a nervous animal and didn't like horse shows, and no more did she, except as a spectator.

It struck Rob that Harrie must have a singularly sympathetic and understanding nature to care so much about Winks' feelings, and that is why, when they met again, a few days later, he asked if they couldn't ride a little way together. Harrie naturally said yes, and he turned his mount round and they took a fine long ride over Clay Hill and through the Green Woods and Meadows. So it began. Remember, the season was spring.

Before this time Harrie had been to Rob just one of those girls. As a matter of fact, she was not much more to any young man in Balderville, for Harrie was unassertive, and her nose was rather snub, and she was inclined to easy laughter. Everyone liked her, but no one was crazy about her. When there was a big dance anywhere in Balderville, Mrs. Hastings always had to give a dinner beforehand—a very good jazzy dinner—and then Harrie went on to the dance with the crowd, d'you see? And all the young men who were at the dinner naturally danced with Harrie, and she had a good time without the pain of noticing that no one man specially was concerned about her. Any mother whose daughter is not a sure-fire social success must do a good bit of extra entertaining to make certain that daughter does not become a sure-fire social failure.

Harrie was included in everything that went on, but she had been officially out for two years now, and no ardent suitor had appeared on the horizon. Harrie did not mind. She was perfectly aware of her mother's labors in her behalf, and knew that she mustn't appear to notice or ever speak of them. Sometimes she was sorry for her mother, because she knew how much she would have enjoyed a daughter who simply bowled men over like ninepins, and had beaus calling up and hanging round every moment of her waking hours. Rose Martin and Anne Trask were that sort.

It had occurred to Harrie very often that no one might ever fall in love with her, and that she might never have a chance to marry, and quietly she was building up a set of resources for such a contingency. She was studying piano with a seriousness far beyond any drawing-room accomplishment, and she went to classes in the theory and harmony and history of music which opened remote and absorbing new worlds. She made her Italian alive and so good that now and then she did translations for magazines and newspapers. And she had gradually taken over most of the care of the Hastings garden, and anyone who has ever dealt with five acres and a head gardener and three underlings knows very well that it is no slouch of a job. For the rest, she golfed a little, played a fair tennis game, and rode exceedingly well; she put her clothes on with a certain style, and she could talk and listen agreeably to almost anyone. It sounds as if she was quite a supergirl, but when you consider the number of other Balderville young women who were doing such spectacular stunts—Kate Roswell was an aviator; Trude Marsters, a marvelous fancy dancer; Betsy Dennison had written a novel, and so on—well, it made Harrie's abilities not so notable.

Indeed, Rob Caruthers felt that he was doing rather a kindly deed when he turned and rode with her that first time, bringing a ray of sunshine into the life of one who had none too much of it. The next time he met her, though, he found he wanted to be with her, that she had been strangely soothing and cheering to his gloom. And after that it became a habit. They rode together every day, and they both enjoyed it.

From riding they could hardly help going on to other intimacies. If they met at a party, he would drift over to her and ask to take her home. "So kind of Rob," his hostess thought. If for any reason they missed their ride together, he would drop in to the Hastings house and Harrie would play for him, while he sat and thought of Laura Dearth, so far, so fair, so frail. And then, on a sudden impulse, he asked Harrie to go to a concert in the city, and she was wearing a very smart new dress and little hat, most becoming, and altogether did him such credit that he asked her again. When, with the coming of summer, the concert season ended, he took her to the last lingering shows

and the new movies. Harrie was a marvelous contrast to the exacting, emotional Laura, and he rested on her impersonal, steady lightness and gayety as a lacerated man rests against a down cushion.

Not that Harrie felt impersonal. She was, she knew it, falling in love with Rob Caruthers, and she was dismayed and afraid, and at the same time almost light-headed with a shaky, overwhelming joy. When her mother said—oh, how tactfully—that this year she didn't want to go abroad until fall, Harrie dropped her eyes to cover their blaze and replied that she didn't mind—anything mother wanted to do, and so on. She knew that Rob was not going away except for week-ends until August.

So everything went on smoothly and peacefully until late in June. Rob had come over after dinner and Harrie had played for him Debussy, Ravel—strange fey music that went with the moonlight outside and the scent of the honeysuckle coming in from the pergola. He stood at the open window and listened, and when Harrie at last rose from the piano and came toward him in her floating white chiffon, he put his arms around her and kissed her. "My dear love," he said. "My dear, dear love."

Perhaps it might have ended at that and he would have side-stepped out of the situation, but Harrie's instant and touching response made it impossible. Not that she said much, but her hands in his, her instinctive happy yielding to him, her gratitude, her humility—all these things moved him to the inevitable. When he left that night they were engaged, hard and fast, and he was willing to let their whole world know it, with perhaps a little naïve satisfaction that Laura Dearth would see how quickly he had consoled himself. After all, she'd only been gone three months.

The effect on Balderville was electric. Rob Caruthers actually engaged! And to Harrie Hastings, who was the last girl you'd have expected to attract him. If it had been Rose Martin, or Anne Trask, or even Trude Marsters! Rose and Anne and Trude were piqued and jealous. They would have been more than willing to listen to Rob Caruthers! And so would any other young lady in the community, either married or single, although there were plenty of remarks to the effect that it was an awful risk to marry such a fascinating man and keep him interested. Some of these remarks were made to Harrie herself, but she only looked at the expensive dark sapphire on her left hand and smiled, and said that all marriages seemed to be a risk, in one way or another.

Meanwhile Mrs. Hastings dropped her plan for a foreign trip and began to map out a splurgy October wedding, in tones of gold and copper; also, she shopped for a trousseau, for linen, and for bits of fine antique furniture which would go into the new home. Mr. Caruthers, Rob's father, was also inordinately pleased. He went about saying that Harrie Hastings was a corking fine girl and what she could see in that son of his was beyond his comprehension, beaming all the time and waiting impatiently for the inevitable "But Rob's splendid, Mr. Caruthers, and you know it."

It is hard to say just when the shades of the prison house began to close on Rob Caruthers' spirit, and he began to envisage himself in an environment of perpetual domesticity, with responsibilities which might not be evaded, and with one woman who had a perfect right to call him to account emotionally. The weather was warm in July—very, very warm—and that may have had something to do with his feeling so low. Also some of the hardened bachelors of his acquaintance were pleased to crack ribald jests over his coming incarceration, and they made him wince. There was a certain smug we-hail-you-fellow-sufferer-to-be greeting from the married men in the club car mornings and evenings which was wholly objectionable. He began to be moody, and to wonder if he wanted to hear good music well played in his own home for the rest of his life. He began to look at Harrie's features critically, and her nose was assuredly somewhat snub. He wished the color of her hair had been a glorious chestnut instead of brown with blond lights. He wished—oh, a lot of things.

One evening he said petulantly to Harrie, "I don't like that blue frock you wear. Couldn't you throw it away?"

"Why, of course," said Harrie. "I've always fancied it with my ring, but if you don't care for it I'll chuck it tomorrow."

He Went Home, But Not Without One More Glimpse of Harrie Dancing With Young Sidney

"I hate blue with blue; it's so insipid. And for heaven's sake drop such slangy kiddish expressions as 'chuck it.'"

Harrie gave him a long thoughtful look. "Don't you feel well?" she asked at last.

Now he became really irritated. "My dear girl, these very small criticisms I've ventured to make of you do not come from indigestion or toothache or even acidosis, which I believe is the pet ailment of the moment. They are not offered in an unfriendly way, and I must say you receive them very oddly. None of us is perfect, you know."

"I know I'm very far from it, Rob," replied Harrie. "I want to do what pleases you, and I didn't mean to be odd. It was only that you sounded so unlike yourself, and I know that when my head aches or anything I'm inclined to be a little peevish and unreasonable."

"I am not peevish and unreasonable. Of course if you are going to take my every remark as a personal affront ——"

Harrie stared at him in amazement. "Look here: are we having a quarrel? Why, you dear lamb, go ahead and tell me every rag I own is dowdy and everything I say is wrong, and it will be all right with me. I'd wear a zebra skin if you liked it, and I'd look up every word I use in the dictionary sooner than have you misunderstand me. I simply couldn't endure that."

So it blew over for the moment. Only Rob, thinking about it later, decided that Harrie was far too pliant and submissive, that she ought to have more spirit, more independence. Harrie thought about it, too, and there was a queer little bruised spot in her feelings. What he had said had seemed so gratuitous and, she could not help feeling, rather small-minded.

But there were to be more bruised spots. Rob came to see her less frequently, and one evening when he was to be there he neither came nor telephoned. When she asked him quite innocently where he had been, he was resentful of what he called her prying. He talked about freedom and the necessity of privacy in one's soul.

"But, darling Rob, I didn't mean to pry. I was only anxious about you. If I broke an engagement with you, wouldn't you naturally ask me where I'd been? I'd want you to."

Again it was patched up. Harrie's sweet reasonableness made Rob Caruthers feel that he was

(Continued on Page 150)

She Played for Him Debussy, Ravel—Strange Fey Music That Went With the Moonlight Outside. He Stood at the Open Window and Listened

"I Am So Happy," Said Audrey Softly. "I Did Not Know Such Happiness Existed"

DUELLO

IT WAS the priory which De Châteauneuf had bought two years before and was transforming into a home for himself that finally convinced Audrey Leavitt—Mrs. Martin Leavitt—that she must burn her bridges, cut the Gordian knot, throw her cap over the mill, or whatever it is that a woman does when she decides to divorce a husband to whom she has been married six years. She would have to erase finally, she decided, the image of Martin, already somewhat dim, already confused with the image of De Châteauneuf.

Or perhaps it is not altogether fair to say that it was the priory that finally convinced Audrey. That is putting it too bluntly, too materialistically; something that she herself would never have done. Priories, titles were merely adjuncts to spiritual considerations; final touches, pleasant, but unimportant, to the glamour, the intellectual stimulus, the delicate environment, the ever-present sense of romance that imaginative women must have or die. Audrey's father had carved a fortune out of nothing on the shores of Lake Michigan, and being a rude, ungrammatical fellow, had produced the silken apotheosis of Audrey, but to Audrey's mind there was nothing romantic about that. In themselves, fortunes, priories, titles were to be despised. Audrey despised women who married for priories or titles. There were a lot of women like that hanging about Europe, and she despised them.

She came to her decision half an hour after she had first seen the priory, while she and De Châteauneuf, awaiting luncheon, were lying in long rattan chairs out on the terrace, and for a small instant, in the hot June sunlight, a chill ran across her hair and down her neck, as if a ghostly hand, summoned from nowhere, had lightly touched them. Then she felt warm all over, sensible, and greatly relieved. It was the only thing to do. She saw that for the past five months she had been steadily tending toward this determination.

She was calmly content, like a diver who, hesitating above a dangerous and icy plunge, finally darts like an arrow into the water, comes to the surface, swims ashore and basks in the full afternoon. Only she wished that Martin was not so touchingly beautiful and that the first three years of their marriage had not been so perfect. If she could obliterate those two visions from her mind, life would be impregnable. Physically Martin was lovely, tall, slim, dark-eyed, with dark hair and a slow, captivating smile; also, as a young husband, for a while he had been perfection. That was when they had been poor. But after her father had died and she had been left a great deal of money, things had changed. Martin had become more and more absorbed in business, less and less observant of her. He hadn't even cared when she had announced that she was going to Europe for a year or so. She had hoped that he would make a scene. He hadn't. Merely grimaced in that grim, evasive manner that had recently become a trick of his. A horrid trick. Not only then but so often before, she had tried to create a quarrel that would clear the air, that would produce on both sides an invigorating anger, but without success.

Well, Audrey reflected, at all events she could not blame herself and she had prepared Martin for her decision. It would not come as an unexpected blow, if it came as a blow at all. No doubt he would be glad to be rid of her and would before long marry some girl better suited to him—some soulless, standardized, typical American girl. Someone who liked noise and luxury and flying about; who adored the heartless mechanized existence of cities like Chicago.

Audrey had heard a great deal since she had been in Europe about the soulless standardization of American life, and although she realized now that she had always unconsciously rebelled against this standardization, she had never, until now, perceived clearly how soulless it was. Recently, in her letters to Martin—spaced at longer and longer intervals, so that he would get used after a while to receiving none at all—she had dwelt upon this soulless standardization and the happy contrast the leisurely, brave, individualistic life of France presented. He hadn't even taken the trouble to argue with her except once, and then he had said stupidly: "This question of standardization is a subtle one. All races tend toward it in one form or another. It's good for the majority and can't possibly hurt the genius. Also don't forget that as a foreigner no rules apply to you, and that as a foreigner you are less likely to perceive standardization in another race than in your own. Many a wild heart beats beneath a Crescent Shirt and many a rebel eats Sifted Breakfast Food. As for the French, I don't know much about them, but from what I gleaned during the war, it seems to me, in their peculiar fashion, they are about as standardized as anyone else; especially in the relationships of their men and women. The Frenchwoman takes her punishment without a murmur. They've even standardized impropriety, and that's going some. They play love like a game of chess. Good-by, expatriate."

Poor Martin! No nuance, no appreciation of atmosphere. Always pedantic and trying to be a little funny too. Given the right sort of attention, of affection, any woman was willing to be bent to the will of the man she loved, if that was what Martin meant by French standardization. Anyway, he must have known now for at least two months—from the tone of her letters, from their increasing rareness—that he was losing her, and he had made no attempt to hold her—not one.

The terrace, paved with irregular flagstones, was dappled with sunlight falling through the broad leaves of the protecting plane trees. A balustrade of gray stone, waist high, with a broad stone coping and squat, circular pillars, ran along its edge. The balustrade was overlaid with ash-white lichen and green moss. Beyond it, separating it from the lawn, was a broad, shallow moat, in the brown waters of which the plane trees were seen again, and rose petals floated like patches of sunset caught in the pools of a brown road. Beyond the lawn was an old wall, and stretching away from the wall were small fields of wheat rising up in a shimmering concave arc to the crest of the little valley and a comb of green young pines.

The entire valley, narrow and three miles long, belonged to De Châteauneuf. The priory he had found was thirty miles east and north of Cannes, back beyond the first range of mountains. Most of his French friends shuddered when they thought of its isolation, although the road to Cannes was white and perfect, and you could get there in an hour and a half. But De Châteauneuf did not shudder, and when he looked at his spreading acres, as he was looking now, his eyes were dreamily content. De Châteauneuf was really a Breton, but during the war he had picked up about as much rheumatism as a man can and still get about, and

By STRUTHERS BURT

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN LA GATTA

so the doctors had ordered him to the Riviera. De Châteauneuf, being a Breton and a countryman, had not liked Cannes for long; before long he had begun to search about for something to replace the damp, small, yet passionately regretted château in Brittany which had been in his family for five centuries and was now leased for five years to an enthusiastic American family who had no knowledge of Breton winters. You could come pretty near to picking De Châteauneuf out as a Breton by the auburn of his hair which underlay the white of it, and of his mustache, and by the Celtic clarity of his skin which underlay its cavalryman's tan, and by the Celtic grayness and translucence of his eyes. When you got to know him better, you recognized Breton traits of mysticism and imagination not common to other Frenchmen.

Audrey raised her eyes from an unseeing contemplation of her hands, folded in her lap, and turned them slowly upon De Châteauneuf's distinguished and charming profile. He was gazing out at his fields beneath the arches of the plane trees. How young looking he was despite his fifty-five years, and yet, in another way, how old! Ageless and engraved with experience. His gray, bright eyes seemed to have witnessed everything, smilingly, tolerantly and with understanding, but with instant contempt or indignation or command when those were needed. The deep lines about his mouth and down his cheeks were partly due to Africa, she supposed. A colonel of Chasseurs d'Afrique, or rather, a retired colonel of Chasseurs d'Afrique. How like a hawk—a magnificent ruffling hawk—he must have looked in his burnoose, or whatever it is Chasseurs d'Afrique wear about their heads! He could not take off a glove without an unconscious gesture centuries old. You saw generations of men putting down gauntlets. Audrey had never met a man who so clearly seemed not a single man but a succession of men coming down through history. And yet he was so simple, so kindly, and so humorous.

The terrace was immensely still. Around the corner of the old, square, gray-stone house with its long, pedimented windows, came the cooing of doves and the lisp of pigeons' wings from the huge stone stables. The air was filled with the scent of roses and hardier flowers. If you looked up, or at the comb of young green pines on the hill opposite, you saw the liquid, blue, intimate French sky.

Audrey sighed.

De Châteauneuf turned his head. The smile in his gray eyes lingered, but it left his lips. Then it left his eyes, and his eyes widened and their pupils, like sharp points of steel, held Audrey's blue eyes transfixed.

"I am so happy," said Audrey softly. "I did not know such happiness existed."

The smile returned to De Châteauneuf's eyes.

"You like this place?" he asked in his precise, almost flawless English.

"I adore it."

"It is not too lonely?"

"Lonely? It's not far away."

"From Cannes? But if the man you married lived here, you would not see much of Cannes. He would be a farmer, he would love his place."

"Even farmers' wives nowadays sometimes dance."

De Châteauneuf laughed. "Sometimes."

"You would not mind this man if he were an old man—old enough to be your father? If he were a widower of twenty-five years' standing?"

Audrey did not take her eyes from his face.

"Not if I loved him."

De Châteauneuf made a slight, smiling grimace, as if he could not quite believe what he was hearing; then he leaned forward, and raising Audrey's hand to his lips, kissed it.

"The place is yours, my dear," he said, "any time you want it."

"I do," said Audrey. "Oh, I do."

She was bending over De Châteauneuf's bowed head. She stooped nearer. He could feel the warmth of her lips. For a moment the world stood still and the terrace seemed even more quiet, and then suddenly De Châteauneuf drew back and, reaching for his cane, got to his feet.

"*Eh, bien*," he said lightly, straightening his shoulders and smiling down at her, "then it's settled. It will not be easy. I belong to a church and nation that do not believe in divorce; no doubt we will have to seek an annulment, but it can be arranged. Meanwhile, lunch is ready."

Audrey was staring up at him, a frown narrowing her eyes. "I had not thought of that," she said. "An annulment. . . . But I really was married to Martin, you know. Married hard for a while. You can't annul that!"

De Châteauneuf laughed.

"My dear child," he said, "what's the difference between a divorce and an annulment?"

Audrey's frown relaxed and she laughed too.

"None, I suppose. Merely the idea." She jumped to her feet. "Anyway, it's all right."

"Is it?" asked De Châteauneuf gravely. "I wish to be sure. Is it?" He laid a detaining hand on Audrey's arm and, his chin lowered, peered into her eyes. "You are quite sure that it is? That you wish to leave this husband of yours? That there will be no regrets?"

Audrey's eyes did not waver, but once more the cold little wind, like the fingers of a ghost summoned from nowhere, touched her head and neck. The last time she had been proposed to —— That summer night, hot and filled with the scent of wild grape, when Martin had kissed her! It was very different from this proposal. Childish memories! She shook her head as if to be rid of them, and raised her chin bravely.

"Yes," she said, "I am quite sure."

De Châteauneuf had stepped back as if to obtain a better view. With his left hand he was leaning upon his cane, his right arm was raised in a curious, unconscious gesture—the elbow bent close to the body; the uplifted hand, with its fingers turned to the sky, locked as if he were clasping a rapier. He resembled a swordsman awaiting some decision. Against the green shadows of the terrace his hawklike face was stern, but at Audrey's words he relaxed and smiled.

"Good," he said.

The upraised right hand fell to his side like that of a victorious swordsman who lowers his point.

It had not been easy for De Châteauneuf. He was not a philanderer; at least, he was not a man who would set out to steal another man's wife—that is, not for any length of time. Casual philandering was different. That was up to the lady involved. But permanent theft, with all its consequences—divorce, remarriage, somewhere a destroyed household—was repugnant to his Gallic mind. He considered it the most dishonorable of actions. The first time he had met Audrey, misconstruing her appearance and

(Continued on Page 94)

"Listen! I've Always Loved You, and if You Don't Know it You're a Fool"

Natural Parks and Gardens

By JENS JENSEN

As Told to Ragna B. Eskil

IT WILL probably be news to most people who have driven over the extensive park system of Chicago that as late as 1885 little seventeen-acre Union Park that lies over on the West Side not far from the scene of the Haymarket Riot was the important park of the city. It had the zoological garden, and people came from far and near to see the bears and the eagles and the monkeys. Lincoln Park had just gone through its transformation from a cemetery to a park. Columbus Park was waste land; Douglas, Garfield and Humboldt parks were only partly developed, as were the two big South Side parks, Jackson and Washington. That year, however, the animal house in Lincoln Park was finished and the animals were moved there, and after that Union Park was not such an attraction as it had been.

It was still in its heyday, though, when I applied for a job and was taken on as day laborer. I had had my technical training in Copenhagen and had spent three years sketching parks in Germany, but the day I came they needed a laborer and not a trained landscapist, and I needed money. In a year, however, I was foreman, and in 1894 I was made superintendent of Humboldt Park, and then superintendent of the whole west park system, and then consultant landscape architect. In 1920 I severed my connection with the west parks—or, more truly, politics severed it for me—and since that year I have been laying out private estates and parks in other cities. So much for biographical data. This is an article on gardens.

A Service Road on the Julius Rosenwald Estate in Ravinia, Illinois

Formal Beds and Foreign Plants

PERHAPS it might not be amiss to make just a brief statement of the history of the park system in Chicago. Chicago, for all its faults, is famous the world over for the vision of the men who have tried to give it beauty. First of these were those giants who in 1869 planned the present large park areas, with their continuous system of connecting boulevards. In no other city in the world can you ride for so many miles through parks and boulevards. Then there were those who planned the World's Fair; those who made the famous City Beautiful plan; those who in the beginning of the twentieth century established the playground system, and a few years later secured the enabling act for the forest preserves—that stretch of natural wooded and cut-over lands that lies like a great green belt around the city proper and its suburbs.

Lately the emphasis has been all on the lake front. I don't begrudge the beautifying of this, but I wish some group would undertake to establish numerous small parks through the congested West Side district. They need breathing spots there. To my notion, there should be a park area within walking distance of every city resident.

When, as foreman, I had my chance to design a garden, I laid out as formal a plantation as was ever made, and was quite proud of it. If any of the members of garden clubs or university landscape classes who have heard me lecture on natural gardens read this, they will probably smile. But at that time there was nothing else done. Every garden I had seen was formal. I still have some photographs of these early geometric designs in my office files, and occasionally a superintendent or draftsman will bring me one of them and inquire innocently, "Who laid this out, Mr. Jensen?" and I'll say, "Put it away. That's the folly of my youth." And I know that before it is put away there is a good deal of snickering at my expense. However, I can say for myself that I never did commit the crime of clipping trees into sculptural figures.

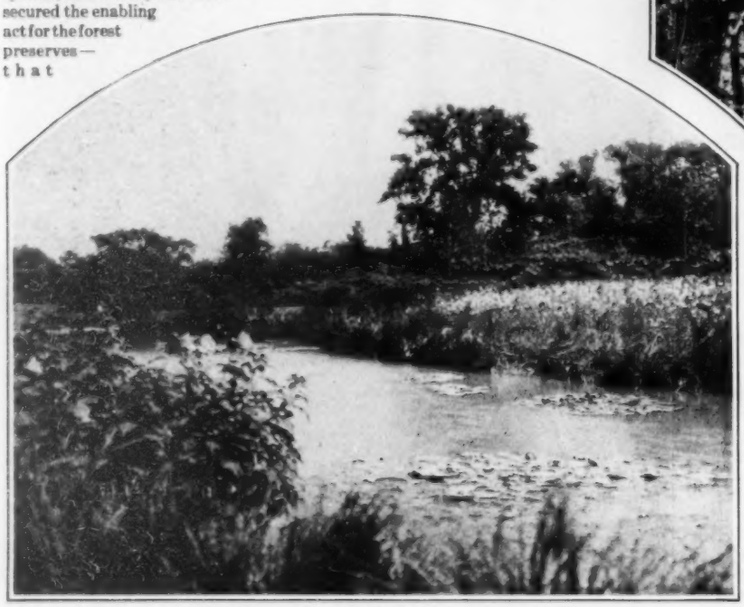
There were two reasons why I turned away from the formal design that employed foreign plants. The first reason was an increasing dissatisfaction with both the plants and the unyielding design—I suppose dissatisfaction with things as they are is always the fundamental cause of revolt—and the second was that I was becoming more and more appreciative of the beauty and decorative quality of the native flora of this country.

Entrance to the Garden on the Edsel Ford Estate on the Coast of Maine

Native Beauty

IN THESE formal beds the foreign plants didn't take kindly to our Chicago soil. They would die out no matter how carefully we tended them, and our propagating beds were kept busy growing replacements. And after a while I began to think, "There's something wrong here. We are trying to force plants to grow where they don't want to grow." And then I took less and less pleasure in looking at these formal designs. They were always the same. There was no swaying of leaves in the wind, no mysterious play of light and shade. And a garden should give more delight the more you look at it.

Then, too, as I said, I was becoming acquainted with the native trees and shrubs and flowers. One of the most vivid memories I have is my first view of a native crab-apple tree. It was on the train coming into Chicago, and through the car windows I saw silhouetted against the sky the delicate rose of a wild crab apple in early bloom. And when I was told it was a native tree, I said to myself, "That tree is a symbol of the beauty of this prairie landscape we have been passing through." And it still is to me today—it and the native hawthorn, whose gray horizontal branches are typical of the rolling lands of this mid-country. Nearly every Sunday and holiday, summer and winter, spring and fall, through those early years, I spent botanizing, studying and learning to know every plant that was native to this region. You see, in those days the city limits weren't so far out as they are now, and by riding to the end of a street-car line and then walking, one could see quite a number of plants in a day; and by taking the steam cars, one had a radius of thirty miles or so. And I was amazed at the richness of color in every season of the year, particularly in the fall. Northern Europe has some color in the autumn, but nothing to compare with this country. Some Japanese shrubs turn red—for instance, the barberry—but otherwise



Flowers in Bloom in Humboldt Park, Chicago

most of the imported shrubs have a dull dead look that is decidedly uninteresting. And here were the lovely American shrubs that nature has adapted to the soil, completely neglected in park planting. Again I said something was wrong.

So I thought I would experiment by moving a number of these plants in and seeing how they looked and fared, and in 1888, in a corner of Union Park, I planted what I called the American Garden. As I remember, I had a great collection of perennial wild flowers. We couldn't get the stock from nurserymen, as there had never been any requests for it, and we went out into the woods with a team and wagon, and carted it in ourselves. Each plant was given room to grow as it wanted to. People enjoyed seeing the garden. They exclaimed excitedly when they saw flowers they recognized; they welcomed them as they would a friend from home. This was the first natural garden in Chicago, and as far as I know, the first natural garden in any large park in the country. To my delight the transplantings flourished and after a while I did away with the formal beds. There was now a period of expansion in the west park system, and the new areas, in Humboldt Park first, and then in Garfield and Douglas parks, were given over to me to design. A part of these parks had been laid out, and beautifully laid out, by Major Jenny, that picturesque figure whose name will go down in history as the designer of the first skyscraper. In the early days park design was done by gardeners, engineers or architects. The famous gardens of Versailles were laid out by Lenôtre, a gardener; the landscaping of our capital in Washington by the French engineer, L'Enfant; and when the west park system in Chicago was planned in the early 70's, the design was, as a matter of course, given over to a leading architect. Of late years the work has become specialized, and a number of universities now give training in landscape architecture—Harvard was the first in this country.

A Snow Scene in Humboldt Park. In Oval—A Waterfall on the Kenneth Alexander Estate, Near Loring Station in Kentucky

The new areas gave me an opportunity of trying out on a large scale this idea of employing indigenous stock, and all the new shrubbery and trees that we planted were native, and wherever replacements were needed in the older areas, these were largely made with indigenous material. Smoke is hard on green things, and parks that are situated in commercial and factory districts, such as Douglas and Garfield are, require a great deal of replanting, and consequently are expensive to maintain. It isn't only humans that suffer from breathing smoke.

A Piece of the Tropics in Chicago

IN THESE two parks there is quite a large area in lagoons—as much as we could have without interfering with the play space for the children; for in a congested district the children must have plenty of ground for recreation purposes. I believe that an inland park should have a great deal of waterscape. Water helps cool the air, it is beautiful to look at, and it provides facilities for boating, swimming, fishing and skating. In the flower garden in Garfield Park we installed a fountain device that made a mist of the spray, so that on sunny days a rainbow played continuously across the top of it. There would always be a crowd of people watching this. Then one dry summer the residents in the neighborhood had difficulty in getting the water to run from their third-floor faucets, and they complained that the fountain was using too much water. So the city ordered it turned off. I wanted the park board to install pumps that would permit us to use the same water over and over again, but they didn't see fit to make the appropriation, and the fountain has never played since, although the pipes are still there.

Speaking of Garfield Park brings to mind the Garfield Park conservatory. There had been small conservatories both in this park and in Douglas and Humboldt parks, and it required a lot of money to maintain and keep them in repair; also there was necessarily a great deal of duplication in the plant life they contained. I conceived the notion of putting all three conservatories under one roof, and since this was Chicago, and Chicago is accustomed to doing things on a big scale, I thought while we were about it, we might as well build the largest publicly owned conservatory under one roof in the world. The park board appropriated $275,000—I had wanted a larger sum for a larger building, but didn't get it—and in 1907 the conservatory was completed. Many persons called it Jensen's Folly; they predicted that the glass wouldn't hold up in a building of such size, that a windstorm would smash it, that it couldn't be heated. But the conservatory is still there; it is still the largest in the world under one roof; last year more than half a million people visited it—there were more than 27,000 on one day—and the value of the plants in it was estimated in the annual report at nearly $1,000,000. And it is still one of the sights of Chicago.

Perhaps it might be interesting to tell an incident in connection with the designing of the palm and fern rooms, which face the main entrance. My idea in the first room was to show an idealized tropical landscape, and in the second room an idealized swamp scene. The first room was not so hard to arrange, but in the fern room we encountered difficulties. Since Chicago is in prairie country, I wanted this to have the feeling of the prairie, and we employed stratified rock for the ferns to grow in. For the end of the room I designed a prairie rapids and a prairie waterfall. When the workman who was to build the waterfall had finished it, he expected me to praise him, but I shook my head. I said he was thinking of an abrupt mountain cascade, but here on the prairie we must have a fall that tinkled gently as it made its descent.

He tried again and again, but every day I said, "No, you haven't it yet."

Finally he said, "I can't do it any better."

I made no comment, but asked him if he could play Mendelssohn's Spring Song.

He looked at me in a startled way and answered, "No."

I asked, "Can your wife play it?"

"No."

"Do you know anyone who can play it for you?"

He thought a moment and then said they had a friend who was a good pianist.

"Well," I said, "you go to her house tonight and ask her to play the Spring Song over and over for you."

How to Build Waterfalls

THIS is what I heard later. He had gone home that evening, and the first thing he said to his wife was, "Jensen's gone cracked. He has so much work to do that it has at last affected his head." She asked what made him talk so, and he repeated the conversation. She considered a while, and then she said, "Maybe he meant something by it. Anyway, we'll go over to Minna tonight, and ask her to play." So they did, and the friend played the Spring Song for him four times. Then he jumped up, exclaiming, "Now I know what Jensen meant." And the next time I came, he stood to one side, smiling proudly. "Ah," I said, "you have heard the Spring Song." And the water tinkled gently from ledge to ledge, as it should in a prairie country.

Those who have been in the conservatory may remember the plain green slope of moss that lies between the brook and the waterfall. The contour of that slope was the most difficult small thing that I have ever done.

(Continued on Page 169)

A Pool on a Private Estate

WHERE THE HEART IS

By THOMAS BEER

ILLUSTRATED BY H. R. BALLINGER

IT CAME toward him and it was gray. Ailanthus drew up his legs when the mouth opened and set his shoulders heavily among the pillows. His head touched wood. The engine screamed on a curve or a crossing. He knew where he was, but he could not wake up, and this thing was coming toward him, crawling in the density of the dream, colorless and gross. It came toward him, foully waddling but noiseless.

"You get out," he told it. "My name's Ailanthus J. Westlund 'n' I'm twenty years old 'n' six feet! Get out! You're nothin' but a dream!"

Yet it came toward him and he saw its slanted teeth. Its claws moved on his feet buried in blankets. Ailanthus howled and kicked out with both legs, and some woman shrieked from another berth, and he was wide awake, with sheets and things all wrapped around his ankles, and his heart slowing down.

"Porter," said a lady, miles up the aisle, "this is absolutely inexcusable!"

"Lady," the porter said, "I guessed it was a bull. . . . Is you sick, chief?"

"I had a dream."

"You surely did," the porter murmured, between the curtains. "If you wasn't dreamin' it'd be a dawg you'd ate for supper."

"Strawberry shortcake," said Ailanthus humbly.

"Boss, March is too soon for strorbries. Would I get you a drink of water?"

"Naw. . . . No. I need a smoke."

It had been recklessness to eat that shortcake in the restaurant at the big station, with midnight at hand. Ailanthus found some cigarettes and rolled modestly out of his berth into the indignant canyon of curtains. A bald man and a young female with very pink shoulders looked down from shelves at him. Lights showed in cracks of the hangings. Everybody had an eye at a fissure to watch this offender paddling past. The porter was the only person who respected him at all.

"You could take a prize for yellin'," he said, sweeping several pairs of shoes from the cold leather bench in the smoking room. "I got an uncle can yell some, mister. But he yells goodest when he had delium trembles. He ain't temp'rate. Lemme light you a match."

The monster was still rather real to Ailanthus. It should have been black and orange, he thought, curling his bare feet up under him. Dreams were mostly gray, of course, and in this one he had been in a cavern all gray and velvety black, a sink of shadows. And yet he had known he was not in any cavern and that the monster was not real.

"Of course, they only run about two feet long," he said.

"Who run?"

"Gila monsters. What I was dreamin' about. Their real name's *Heloderma suspectum*. They look as if they were made of glass beads. It ain't certain they can poison a man either. They do poison little animals. Wish I knew what made me think of a Gila."

"Boss," said the porter, spitting on a patent-leather shoe, "I dunno what made you think of no such thing, but please don't dream of him no more. This here's a slow express. Folks can get off too easy and wire complaints to the comp'ny."

Ailanthus saw that this was meant humorously and smiled. But he felt a shame in his smile. It was pretty humiliating to have got through a week in New York without doing anything foolish and then to disturb the peace within a few miles of home. Morning commenced on the patches of dying snow outside this train and he saw a barn heel past on a slope, a white barn with a glistening roof. It had rained in the city last night. Perhaps the water had fallen on three states, or four. Well, anyhow, winter was dead. And he hoped that there would be pancakes for breakfast.

"Blandyburg's half-past five, ain't it?"

"Yessir. You an' 'nother gentleman gettin' off."

"Another?"

"Yes. He's got the stateroom. All by hisself too. I call it extravagance to buy a whole stateroom to sleep five hours in. Howsoever, he packs four suitcases and a big box. He ain't been asleep. Dealin' hisself cards all night. . . . I reckon you made him drop an ace when you had your dream, boss. A lady I used to be married with says redheaded folks don't have bad dreams. If I knowed her address I'd surely write an' contradick her. . . . If I fotch your things down here, you could dress easier, chief."

"Is it five?"

"Two minutes of, boss."

Ailanthus heard himself chuckle, which the professor said was an infantile reflex action and perfectly meaningless as an expression of pleasure. But he was pleased. Something warm passed up his long legs and shook him inside. He was getting home, after six days and nineteen hours. The car would be waiting for him in the shed beside the station, with a blanket over the radiator, and he would be out at the house in fifteen minutes, or ten if he chose to race. Jake, the oldest hired man, would be thinking about the cows; and Rod and Dan, who really did some work, would be getting the cows milked. Yes, he had been homesick up in New York, with the professors fussing over him in the blue office at the university, and the flower girl at the hotel telling him who all the important people in the lobby were, and how they got to be so. He had been homesick. It needed that to make him try to speak to Mrs. Corvo Smith when she didn't want to be spoken to, and it would surely amuse dad to hear that Mrs. Smith had cut a Westlund in New York. But he had been homesick. The porter laid his clothes and his suitcase on the bench and gave his shoes an extra swirl of the rag. Ailanthus dipped his head into a nickel basin and splashed water down his white back. A metropolitan barber had wronged him with some perfumed grease, yesterday, and dad would tease him if he came home smelling that way. He then dressed—it wasn't time for a shave for two days yet—in three minutes and sat down to examine the newspaper clipping in his wallet. Dad would want to see that.

The hounds of the press were turned loose on a defenseless phenomenon yesterday by Professor Hartmann's Bureau of Applied Psychology. The phenomenon proved to be more interesting than the hounds hoped. Mr. A. J. Westlund, the boy whose astonishing memory got him into the papers last summer in the famous Blandyburg murder case, was lured from his rural home last week to submit his brain to the psychologists. He was run to earth at the Hotel Marengo and did not turn out to be a spectacled freak with a gift of gab and a quantity of ideas about the future of America and the miseries of an industrial civilization. And, girls and boys, he is not going to write a book! Mr. Westlund is a tall youngster, aged twenty years, with the brightest collection of red curls seen in the metropolis in some years, and a pair of solemn blue eyes. He says he does not know how he came to have such a good memory and that he does not mean to go into business. He runs his father's farm outside Blandyburg and, on being questioned about his interests, admitted that he likes farming better than anything. The young phenomenon is the son of the proprietor and editor of the Blandyburg Argus, from which witty bits often find their way into the exchange columns of newspapers. He also has an uncle in Congress, but did not make any fuss about it. The two most important things in Mr. Westlund's view of affairs are that he was going home tomorrow night and that "dad" lost an arm in France in 1918.

"Then I Deny it," She Said. "Him and His Newspaper Pieces!"
Ailanthus James Westlund Opened His Mouth Again and Gaped. Then He Said, "I Bet You Are!"

Having answered enough questions for one day, Mr. Westlund grimly started uptown to enlighten the psychologists some more, and left a pleasant smell of clover and new milk with the minions of journalism.

Dad oughtn't to mind that. Ailanthus put it away again and watched the porter lug four mighty suitcases of patent leather past the tremulous curtain of the smoking room. The other Blandyburg man must have bought a ton of clothes in New York. A bit of something blue trailed from one case. . . . Would he remember that bit of silk or linen locked out of the black case ten years from now? How was it—the professors had kept asking him—that he could recall the shape of his grandfather's finger nails, and the name of his first school-teacher's brother-in-law who sent her the basket of apples which she distributed one day at recess? Well, he might remember that streak of blue stuff years ahead, or it just might sink out of his mind by noon today. And, anyhow, the train was slowing, and there was Bolling's white barn, and here came the little tunnel under the northern hills. And so he was home again! Ailanthus grabbed his suitcase and his hat and shoved out into the vestibule, and shoved into a man who was lighting a cigarette.

"What's the rush?"

"Excuse me. I'm gettin' off here."

"So am I," said the man, over the collar of his fur coat. "And we can't either of us get off until she stops."

His large, pale hands rose as he struck another match. He gave an impression of great bulk inside the coat and the reddish fur stood up around his neck, making a background for his face. But the face itself was hard, not fat on the cheeks; and the hands were hard too. Out from under curly black eyebrows his eyes stared intensely, and because of that stare he was not strange to Ailanthus. But what was curious and had no place in the boy's memory was that the second finger of the man's right hand was gone. Nobody in town had lost that finger. Meanwhile the man stared.

"You're Hosea Westlund's kid!"

"Yessir."

"But you're not built as big in the shoulders as Ho is."

"No," said Ailanthus, "I ain't, and that's so. I've got more chest'n he has, but his shoulders are thicker through. He's got bigger hands too. I guess that's the Cass blood. Mamma and Aunt Mira and Uncle Nolan all 've got slim kinda hands. But dad and me—I—can wear each other's shoes."

The porter had opened the door. Immense, cold air climbed up the steps into the vestibule. Ailanthus swayed back and let the man get down and rather admired him for pulling a long box of tin that must be eighteen inches high down after him. Clumsy thing to have to carry. But Ailanthus was hauling air into his lungs. Now that he left it, he knew how foul the hot car was. A dense, sour smell seemed to blow out and hang above the platform when he was handing the porter fifty cents. He added a quarter because the man inelegantly said, "You'll surely be glad to get outa that stink, boss!"

"It's pretty bad," Ailanthus agreed, beginning to sneeze.

"An' whatever he's got in 'at old biggety box certainly," the porter concluded, "ain't sanitarious. Good-by, sir."

The train had stopped long enough at such a small place as Blandyburg and was now moving out. Ailanthus sneezed luxuriantly and sneezed twice. They had put up a new Navy poster on the wall close to the ticket office, but nothing else had happened to the red brick station since he left town. A thin gray streak of wood smoke ascended from a chimney across the yellow sky. A little milk cart

The Flower Girl at the Hotel Told Him Who All the Important People in the Lobby Were, and How They Got to be So

seemed to be a toy on the height of Market Street, close to the Square, and a dog named Pete, resident at the jail, followed the white cart optimistically. Out along the valley the hills were still black. But the snow was almost gone. A bird hit a note and clung to it while Ailanthus blew his nose. He was very happy. And there was the car, with a blanket on the radiator, beginning to twinkle in the shed of Olsen's wood yard.

"Here," said the man in furs, "how do you get out to Hosea's place?"

"They've left the car for me."

"Oh, I see! . . . Well, it'd be charity if you'd drop me at Tam Ling's. That's just a block up on the Square."

"'At's all right, Mr. Smith," said Ailanthus.

Michael Smith slipped out of the greatcoat and became lean in the dawn, staring at Ailanthus with one eyebrow quivering. He said, "How on earth ——" and his pale face became pink while Ailanthus blew his nose again, rather upset because the man's name had risen out of his mind so easily.

"It's your eyebrows," he said.

"But—you were a baby! Listen here! I've not been in this town since 1914. March, of 1914. You—you can't possibly remember me!"

"But I was five, then. Of course," said Ailanthus, "I remember you. I've got an awful good memory. It's embarrassin', kinda. I saw your mother—your stepmamma, I mean—in New York day before yesterday. In the Hotel Marengo."

"Oh? And what was Mrs. Corvo Smith doing in New York?"

"Dunno. She was talkin' to Ralph Bathsley. His ship's in. You could see it from Riverside Drive."

"And who is this Mr. Bathsley?"

"Oh, you wouldn't have known him! He's a feila worked in the telegraph office here. Went in the Navy in the war and stayed. He's been promoted—commissioned. He's some kind of ensign or somethin'. Awful good-lookin'. Pretty nice, I guess. He —— Here comes Tam."

A terrible little old car lacerated the last of its paint by bunging into the third post of the shed above the platform. Old Tam Ling was no driver. He more or less fell from the machine and came trotting absurdly to Michael Smith, the tail of his long blue tunic flapping under a sheepskin jacket which Ailanthus could remember for many years. But it was funny to see the laundryman bob his head three times when he got to Michael Smith. And then it was funnier to see Mr. Smith's face behave, wrinkling strangely around the mouth. A thin gold chain wrapped twice on his left wrist sparkled. He lifted his hand to his mouth. And then Ailanthus picked up his suitcase and ran away. He wasn't going to stand there and watch this man cry.

He puzzled half the way up Market Street to the Square. He hadn't meant to cross the Square at this hour, but the car seemed to have carried him that way, and he might as well go on, since he had started. He drove three blocks on the other side of the Square, among quiet houses, and halted the machine delicately in front of the Baxter gates. It might be encouraging Kay unduly to leave five pounds of New York candy on her doorstep, but something had made her

(Continued on Page 160)

TEA FOR LOVERS

By Bertha Lowry Gwynne

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRIETTA McCAIG STARRETT

BRENDAN WAKE, flying home to marriage, was looking over her shoulder at love. She was hastening back to duty, heartbreak, high resolves. She was running away from Dyack McGill.

Brendan had not known that love would be like this, and at first she had not recognized it as love. She had been conscious, at first, only of her own body. For weeks she had lain motionless in a plaster cast, held in a tyranny of pain, seared by sharp agonies. She had looked up into Dyack McGill's eyes—very blue eyes—attentive and deeply concerned. And after a while something held in this deep and resolute gaze brought to Brendan the knowledge that Dyack McGill loved her, although by no act or word did he tell her so. Brendan knew, too, that she loved him.

After that she spent all the days of her convalescence thinking up ways to tell him about Bill Banning. Seven broken ribs and a sprained back, in comparison, had seemed nothing at all to worry about.

Young Doctor McGill, as a surgeon, was incredibly skillful, remorsefully tender, gravely intimate. But as a man—her heart pounded at the thought. He was hard-bitten, arrogant, fiercely determined. And he had a high temper! Brendan could never, she knew, make him understand about Bill Banning. It had seemed easier to run away.

Outwardly, Brendan's going had held no suggestion of panicky flight. She had left Baltimore and the hospital properly and in order. But it had been at a time when Doctor McGill had been called to New York for consultation. She had been grave and sweet when she had told them all good-by—the doctors and the nurses. But they were as shadows walking to Brendan Wake. Underneath her soft composure a frightened urgency sped her on. She must, she told herself, get away quickly. She must think.

She smiled now at fifteen-year-old Jimmy Dyson, who, in his for-hire car, was driving her home from the station in the early morning, recounting meanwhile the neighborhood news. She was hearing nothing. Think? She could not. Love had brought with it no wisdom; only a deepening of emotions, stirrings of joy and grief and pity.

Jimmy turned from the highway, which had been paved during Brendan's sojourn at the hospital, into the old river road that led to Wakefields. And Brendan, looking into the dark reaches of the woods that bordered one side, was moved by a beauty that had never touched her so deeply before—the sight of oak trees and poplar trees and slim silver beeches; the odor of damp leaf mold and blooming wild honeysuckle. All familiar things pressed upon her heart with ardent significance.

Wakefields lay in the half-moon curve of the river—a blue-grass stock farm. This was the heritage of which Brendan, as the eldest of the family, was head. Her father had died when her youngest sister, Joan, was a baby. Her mother had lived seven years longer. It had been two years since Brendan's mother had died, and the farm that she had kept out of the hands of the sheriff by luck and skillful management now showed signs of neglect.

Far away, Brendan glimpsed the stables and paddocks. She saw the roof and chimneys of the old brick house whose formal gardens, edged with boxwood, stretched down to the river's low bank. And beyond lay Riverturn, where Bill Banning lived with his widowed mother. It was a magnificent country place, in blue grass also, wooded, and watered by limestone springs.

The two estates had been held for generations by the same families. They were connected by ties of distant kinship, of traditional friendship. And the hope of their elders had been realized when, at seventeen, Brendan Wake had become engaged to young William Banning, four years older.

Brendan was thinking of that day now. Their wedding had been agreed upon as something for the far future. Bill was home from Princeton—a chunky, charming Bill—talking her language. The proposal itself was so casual that, to a listener, she might not have been a girl at all, but a young filly, with—as Bill nobly conceded—a fair promise. There was gay talk of his colors, her past performances and—he'd ask her owner! He had kissed her then. It was not a casual kiss, although the words that accompanied it, except for a husky break in Bill's voice, had been unimportant enough: "Whoa! Steady now! Don't be so skittish, youngster! Here's a carrot."

There Was Gay Talk of His Colors, Her Past Performances and—He'd Ask Her Owner!

And that, she had thought then, was love!

Jimmy Dyson's car was crawling. They were approaching a group of great black-oak trees that stood by the pasture fence.

Here, as a child, Brendan had played with her two younger sisters, Julia and Candace, sipping tea for their dolls out of acorn cups. The doll house still stood propped against the oldest oak, but it was peopled no longer by weather-beaten ladies. Brendan's nine-year-old sister, Joan, who played there now with Gem Peachy, the black cook's youngest, was bound by no maternal fetters. Joan leaned toward science.

Jimmy stopped the car.

"That Joan," he began appreciatively, "she's keen as a brier! Look at what she nailed up here yestiddy!"

The sign above the doll house read:

Helth Senter.
Docter Joan Wake. g. Peachy aSSiSTunt
WarTs reMoved 10cents
also HeeveS in HorSeS
earS Pearced
fiTTS cured
maGick Tee one Dime per Sip.

"They seen the fancy hot-dog stands over on the new highway, and they played at this game all yestiddy," Jimmy explained. "I paid 'em a dime for a swig o' their magic tea. It was right sweetish and mintish tastin'. And Miss Julia and Miss Candace and Mr. Banning, they come along while I was there, and they sampled it too."

"Not Mr. Bill Banning?"

"Yes, ma'am, Miss Brendan. He got in soon in the morning yestiddy from Paris, France. I drove him 'cross the river to his ma's house. And yestiddy evenin' Miss Julia and Miss Candace, they took him over to ketch Number Thirteen. I heard him buyin' him a ticket to Baltimore."

Brendan sat quite still, staring at the health center, glistening with dewy, morning spiderwebs. Cold perspiration broke out on her forehead.

After a while she said faintly, "Let's be moving on, Jimmy. I—I don't feel very well."

She stood presently in the hall at Wakefields, where Jimmy had deposited her bags. She called up the stairs to her sisters. No voice answering her, she walked down the hall, through a door, and following the odor of freshly made coffee, on out to the kitchen.

For a moment she stood unnoticed, looking in.

Candace, placing a rose on a carefully arranged breakfast tray, said, "Hah!" in a venomous voice.

Julia was bending over a skillet of smoking bacon strips, her face crimson with heat. She threw a gold lock of her bobbed hair out of her eyes with an impatient backward toss of her head, and saw Brendan.

A curious look passed over Julia's face. It held Brendan silent for a troubled second. Then there was soft confusion of sound; they ran to Brendan, who stood clinging to the door knob, her gray eyes enormous in her thin, white face.

"Brendan!"

"Why, Brendan!"

Their arms were around her. "Here, get to this chair, Brendan. Sit down, honey. Brendan, why didn't you tell us?"

Brendan sat leaning on the kitchen table, her smooth black head drooping, her slim hands upturned before her in curves of weariness. Her sisters' low voices, stressing, lifting the final words of their sentences, came to her indistinctly. They beset her with questions.

"I'll tell you all about it presently," she said.

Julia pressed over her. "Drink this, Brendan. My coffee, and all wrong! Hotter and weaker than anything you ever tasted!"

"Isn't this idiotic of me?" Brendan raised her head. "Why, I'm practically well. I'm—I'm strong ——"

She sat sipping her coffee as Julia dashed around, scrambling eggs, making toast. Her affectionate gaze rested on her two sisters.

"Oh, it's good to see you again! Where's Joan? What's become of Cally and old Selina?"

"We've let Cally go," Julia said.

Brendan looked up, sharply questioning.

"We—we are getting along very well without her," Julia went on a little hurriedly. "But Selina was struck

Brendan's Nine-Year-Old Sister, Joan, Was Bound by No Maternal Fetters. She Leaned Toward Science

down yesterday with a misery. She didn't show up this morning, and I've sent Joan to see about her." Brendan made no comment on Cally's dismissal—Cally, the housemaid they had had for years. Her eyes turned to the tray.

"Company?"

Julia and Candace exchanged rueful smiles.

"Cousin Sara Gaunt is staying with us," Candace said. "We didn't write you about it, Brendan, but she came the day after you were hurt. To take care of us, she said. We've waited on her, hand and foot, ever since."

Groaning, she picked up the tray. "Look here, children; no important conversation while I'm gone. I don't want to miss one word." Over her shoulder she called back to Brendan: "Cousin Sara's subject to hives and hay fever; I'm hopin' strawberries garnished with roses 'll kill her!"

The look of laughing, tender indulgence that passed between the two left in the kitchen was the one that always followed Candace Wake. At seventeen she promised to be a great beauty. But it was an audacity of spirit that gave her charm.

After a while the three sat together at breakfast. A family resemblance marked them, although Brendan was taller than the others, and her hair was black. Julia and Candace had their mother's red-gold hair, her deep-set blue eyes. All three were alike in the conformation of their bodies. Small-boned and strong and roundly slender, they bore a look of race.

Brendan answered their eager questions. They had not seen her since the day of her accident, when her horse, jumping a high fence, had fallen with her. They had left her, bruised and broken, in a Baltimore hospital, after being assured by a tall, blue-eyed young god in a white linen operating gown that her injuries were not serious, although her recovery, he had said, would be tedious.

They inquired about him now. Doctor McGill? And as if he were not nearer to her that minute than they were—and dearer, even—Brendan's reply was a gem of casual indifference.

Candace said, "Bill Banning got in yesterday morning, Brendan. He went on to Baltimore last night to see you."

"Jimmy Dyson told me that," said Brendan, and took a slice of toast. "Is he over his attack of malaria?"

"He's still a high yellow round the edges," Candace answered. "The Rudds had been to see him in Paris. They told him that your accident was more serious than you'd made out to him. He came hot-foot as soon as he was well enough. Bill thought we-all should have stayed on with you in Baltimore."

"How dear of Bill, and how like him," Brendan said. "He has never been able to get it through his head that we're as poor as the devil."

"Bill's shared everything with us except money, since we were babies," Julia said in her low voice. "You know that, Brendan."

"True, noble words," said Brendan gently. She turned to Candace: "What did Cousin Sara say about my bust-up?"

"Such recklessness! You are a throwback to our great-great-aunt Jinny Breck, the Family Outcast, who ran away to be a rebel spy and married a Yankee sergeant!"

Brendan laughed and came to her feet. "Well, I feel the part. I wish Joan would come. Here I am home, and not even my dog on hand to welcome me!"

She went to the door and whistled. Three notes, clear and sweetly piercing, brought a flying brown streak from the stables. The little dog ran in ecstatic circles around Brendan, who stood laughing, a vivid, arresting figure, her weariness forgotten. The dog drew closer, darted away again, around and around. Calmer now, and trembling with happiness, he rested his forefeet on her knees, adoring her with clear brown eyes.

Brendan said, "Why weren't you here to bay me a deep-mouthed welcome—hah? Hobnobbin' with Millandra, I reckon!"

The dog looked toward the stables and whined.

Julia said slowly, "Honey, we've sold Millandra."

The laughter died in Brendan's face. She sent a sick, scared glance toward Candace, who had suddenly begun to busy herself with the breakfast dishes.

"Oh, Candace, your own mare! Why did you?"

"I wouldn't have sold her to just anybody," Candace spoke in a careful voice, "but this man took a fancy to her and wouldn't look at any of the others. He gave us a mighty big p-price. He was a sweet old cuss."

"But you'd raised her by hand!" She turned to Julia. "Did you-all have to sell her?"

Julia said reluctantly, "Well, things were pretty thick. Everything seemed to pile up. You know, Brendan."

"Yes," said Brendan, "I know. And it's all my fault! This accident has wrecked us ——"

"That's utter nonsense—you're still delirious!" Julia spoke strongly. "Come on upstairs, Brendan; let's get you to bed. I just know you shouldn't have left that hospital. You look like something out of a tomb." And then: "I wonder what's keeping Joan? If Selina isn't better today, I'll have to scout around for another cook."

Julia was turning down the bed now, pounding the pillows. And Candace, helping Brendan into her nightgown, whispered, "Don't you worry."

Brendan gave her back a steadfast look. She crept in between lavender-scented sheets and closed her eyes. Her two sisters fell silent. A dream had ended. Brendan knew now that back of her flight from the hospital there had dwelt a hope, never formulated in words, of happiness for herself. She was swept by a wave of self-contempt.

Here before her, she now declared to herself fiercely, lay her clear and bounden duty. In this very room, when her mother lay dying, she had promised to keep the family together. How could she have forgotten them all in those strange, wildly sweet days at the hospital?

There was a tap at the door. The little dog growled. Cousin Sara Gaunt entered. Julia and Candace stood with grave courtesy while Cousin Sara, after embracing Brendan, sought the most comfortable chair. She was a tall woman, with thick iron-gray hair piled high on her head. She wore a negligee of gray brocade with a cascade of lace down to the hem. She sat stiffly erect.

Cousin Sara spoke sternly, but in a beautifully incongruous, golden voice, with lifts and modulations like Brendan's own. She pointed out to Brendan the folly of reckless riding and hoped that the resultant pain and expense

(Continued on Page 188)

"I'm Diggin' Yellowroot. It's for a Friend's Gum Boil"

STRAIGHT-SHOOTING DODGE

By Stuart N. Lake

The cow town's dead; it's many a day
Since spurred heels trod her walks.
But o'er Boot Hill, o' nights, they say,
The Two-Gun Man still stalks.
[*With Apologies.*]

A LITTLE slow on the draw, most of 'em," the Old Cowman recollected; "some, maybe, didn't get an even break; a few were fools who figured that gun fanning and such show-off, which went great on tin cans and telegraph poles, could hold up in a gunplay against plain, straight shooting. But every man jack of the bunch we buried here went out with his boots on—which is why we called it Boot Hill."

The Dodge City Indian Nations Stagecoaches of the Early Days. In Oval—Texas Jack, a Frontier Character, Whom Mike Sutton Qualified in the Cow-Camp Court as an Expert on Prevarication

From the highest point of land within the limits of Dodge City, Kansas, the narrator swept with a retrospective eye the modern brick-and-concrete city which fell away below us to the tracks of a pioneer transcontinental railway and, beyond, the mile-wide sand bottoms and the rolling bench lands of the Arkansas River valley.

"I've seen a million buffalo in this valley, in a single herd," he continued. "Fifty-seven years ago, it was; early in December of '72. The Santa Fé records will show that for three days and nights all traffic west of Dodge was suspended while that one herd of buffalo was crossing the tracks."

The Old Cowman walked to an eminence which offered a wider view and where his lean, six-foot figure was sharply silhouetted against the sky. His spurred and booted heels were planted firmly, well apart; the worn leather chaps which covered his herringbone pantaloons bowed outward with a pair of legs which testified eloquently to early years in the saddle.

"I was just remembering," he said, "about some who were buried here on Boot Hill. I saw a number of 'em cash in, including two of the fancy gun throwers. Dodge, when she got down to business, was a plain, straight-shooting town."

There was a moment of ruminative calculation in which fingers and lips were employed to cast up memory's accounts.

"More than a hundred, all told, I should guess; but I'll play conservative. In the early days we used the south slope of the hill, and we buried twenty-five there the first year, not counting Black Tex, who was shot by Denver Ed and planted off to one side. There were some Mexicans and Indians buried near him from time to time, but we didn't keep track of those. There were eighteen more white men that I'm certain about, put away on that south slope before the boys shifted their grave digging to the north end. I may have missed some in the tally, but I'm certain about forty-three."

Men Who Went Out With Their Boots On

"EVERYBODY knows what they found on the north end in leveling to build the old school and in cutting and grading for streets. Forty-eight they took up, off and on. There's ninety-one—ninety men and one woman."

"A woman buried on Boot Hill?" I asked.

"Just one," the Old Cowman replied.

"Did she go out with her boots on too?"

Blue eyes twinkled and one end of a thin white mustache lifted slightly as the point was considered.

"Not exactly. But there were unusual circumstances, and there was that community sense of the fitness of things in which old Dodge took her greatest pride. I'll tell you about the woman some other time. To get back to the Boot Hill roster. On occasions like this there's apt to be disputes over facts and figures. What's more, folks of today laugh at our yarns of burials with boots on as crazy cow-town brag. I'm heeled for an argument."

From inside his woolen shirt the Old Cowman drew a worn leather wallet a foot in length, and from this he extracted carefully a number of time-browned newspapers.

"I picked these at random," he said. I've more at the hotel. Here's a Ford County Globe of April 30, 1878. Read that."

The paragraph announced that Hays, a cow town to the north, had recorded the burial of the sixty-fourth victim of gunplay in her Boot Hill. "Hays," the Dodge City editor commented, "will soon be giving us a run."

In another column, the Globe reported an ordinance passed by the Dodge City council to prohibit additional burials within the corporate limits and aimed, it was stated, at Boot Hill; further space was given to a plan for moving the bodies from the north end of Boot Hill to a section of the Prairie Avenue Cemetery, a burial ground thitherto reserved for such as had the forethought to die between blankets. The issue for the following week stated that last resting places for two more gun toters who were a little slow on the draw had been found on Boot Hill during the interval between printings, and again, on May fourteenth, after chronicling a half-dozen shootings, the editor urged:

> Hurry up with that new cemetery; we know not the day, or the hour.

Months afterward it was evident that losers in Dodge's six-gun arguments still were being carried to Boot Hill. The Globe reported on August twenty-first that George Hoyt, a Texas cowboy who "had essayed to shoot it out with Marshal Wyatt Earp, was buried on Boot Hill in grand style." Similar disposal was made of one Bill Lee.

The Original Dodge City Cowboy Band. George Potter, Drum Major, Holds the Steer Horns and Banner; Ed Hall and George Horder are First and Second From the Right in the Middle Row; in the Front Row Chalk Beeson is at the Extreme Right, Next is Frank Warren, Then Billy Lybrand. The Rest are Unidentified

Additional Boot Hill burials were noted frequently during the fall of '78, but on New Year's Day, 1879, the newspaper stated that the project for removing bodies from that section of Boot Hill where a school was to be built would be discussed at the next meeting of the council. On February fourth, this item appeared:

> Thirty-three skeletons removed last week from Boot Hill were in a fine state of preservation. Even the coffins were as sound as when placed in the ground. Colonel Straughn, the coroner, says they were as fine a collection of the extinct human race as he ever handled. Some were resting quietly with their boots on, while others made more pretensions to style, having had their boots taken off and placed under their heads for pillows.

Sportsmanship

"THAT refers to just one batch from the north end," the Old Cowman explained. "If you want documentary proof about the others, I can get it. The council paid bills for Boot Hill burials at almost every meeting, at the rate of thirteen dollars apiece—four dollars for grave digging and nine dollars for a pine box. That came after the camp got sensitive about her undertaking style. In the first years, when some fellow shot too wide or too late, we wrapped him in a blanket, if one was handy, hauled him up here and rolled him in, boots, chaps, hat and guns, all in place. If a good sport had knocked him off, he'd give five dollars to the gravedigger; otherwise, the council paid four."

"You're right," an elderly bystander interposed. "I helped plant two on the south slope, and blankets were the only coffins they had."

The Old Cowman turned with outstretched hand, very evidently pleased at such corroboration.

"What's your name, old-timer?" he asked.

"Lantz—Fred Lantz."

"Got you! You rode for Old Man Hardesty."

"Right," Mr. Lantz replied. "I haven't been in Dodge since '84. I'm back for the Boot Hill Round-up."

While Hamilton B. Bell is generally thought of by the present generation as the sedate owner of Dodge City real estate and numerous business enterprises, occasionally he is referred to in current print as "the last of our two-gun sheriffs." He reached Kansas from Hagerstown, Maryland, as a lad of nineteen in '72, and after two years as a buffalo hunter went to Dodge City, then a hide hunters' trading post, where, in '74, he opened the Elephant Corral, the camp's first feed, sales and livery business. So well did he fit into the Dodge City scheme of things, he became Ham Bell overnight and, at about the same time, a member of the council, was successively or concurrently United States marshal, sheriff, county commissioner and mayor, in the days when, to hold any one of the jobs, a man had to be able to handle his horse, his guns and his temper simultaneously. At this period of his life the editor of the Globe recorded:

In addition to his corral in Dodge, Ham has a branch at Burrton, cuts his own hay, grows his own corn, puts up ice, hunts buffalo and wolves, runs cattle and a line of teams into The Nations, and keeps up several other businesses. But he never has anything to do and will give you a trade for a horse, a jackknife, a meetinghouse or a cast-iron jail.

The Old-Timers' Round-Up

HAM BELL and his cronies recalled the days when the only municipal structure deemed essential in Dodge was a calaboose, with floor, side walls and ceilings of solid two-by-six timbers, placed conveniently close to the Dead Line, and into which the most famous peace officers in frontier history heaved what was left of buffalo hunters, bullwhackers, railroad boomers, mule skinners and cowboys who insisted upon shooting out their resistance to a newfangled order against gun play north of the tracks. On top of the calaboose the city attorney, judge and clerk perched a shack where they ran the municipal business.

It was Ham Bell who got the idea of a reunion of old-timers, an idea that aroused no particular enthusiasm with the Dodge City generation that never knew the cow town; but the old-timer summoned Doc Simpson, Heinie Schmidt, Lem Pogue, Fred Hobble, Charlie Kinkaid, Tom Bell, Merritt Beeson and a few more kindred spirits to consultation, at which the self-appointed committee decided to make the ceremonies that were to be held at the laying of the corner stone of a new municipal building the excuse for a Boot Hill Round-up, a reunion of all living who had known Dodge when she was too tough to be curried. Letters telling of the event were sent to some two hundred persons who had known Dodge prior to 1886, after which date, as the parlance had it, Dodge turned good.

Dodge City's First Church, for Which the Front-Street Crowd Furnished Most of the Money. At Left—Seven of Dodge City's Leading Citizens of the Cow-Town Days. This Photograph Was Taken in 1883, When Wyatt Earp Was Called Back to Dodge to Mediate a Feud Between Ab Webster and Luke Short. Left to Right: Standing—W. H. Harris, Luke Short, Bat Masterson; Seated—Charlie Bassett, Wyatt Earp, Frank McLean and Neal Brown

"You knew Boot Hill when there was some purpose in its name," the announcements concluded. "Come back and we'll make the old camp live again—our first round-up since 1886, our last before we hit the long trail West."

A far larger number of acknowledgments were received than there had been invitations mailed. So compelling was the glamour of old Dodge, even after forty years of prosaic existence, that press associations picked up Ham Bell's message and carried it to the far corners of the land. Old-timers responded in forms that ranged from pencil scrawls on sheets torn from grandchildren's school tablets to dictated, typewritten replies on bond parchments impressively engraved. More than six hundred pledged attendance, a few sent messages of regret, at least one wanted more details.

"I was a member of the Pioneers' Society until they took in people who came into the state by train," the inquirer wrote. "But, if you are running a sure-enough old-timers' round-up, I'll be there."

It was with a few of the advance guard that the Old Cowman forgathered on old Boot Hill on Thursday morning, and it was with such as he, Fred Lantz, Bob Vandenberg and their contemporaries that association promised the most authentic cow-camp reminiscences.

"When I first came to this country," the Old Cowman remarked as the chauffeur headed our automobile westward along a highway that paralleled the railroad and the Arkansas River, "traders, emigrants and travelers generally were still using the old wagon route from Independence, Missouri, to Santa Fé. The railroad hit Dodge in '72, but it was '78 before they got steel into New Mexico. I knew a lot of the mule skinners and bullwhackers who freighted over the old Santa Fé Trail, some who'd been at it thirty or forty years, and a couple who'd hauled goods for Henry Clews, of New York, who established the first Yankee trading post in Santa Fé in 1826."

Luke Short, Famous Gambler of the Frontier, Dressed for a Trip to "the States"

A few miles west of Dodge we turned into a byroad, ascending the bench land to the north, and at the crest of the rise went on foot to a stretch where both slopes of the ridge followed a steady, easy gradient. The turf was unusually resilient to the tread, and the Old Cowman stooped for closer examination.

He turned to scan the valley and the hills.

Old Trails

"THAT shoulder of rock jutting out on the flat is where Joe Briggs killed the last wild buffalo shot in Ford County, in '83, and right near the foot of those rolling hills was The Caches, where the trail came down from Fort Larned and the wagon trains camped before they tackled Cimarron Crossing."

"You still can see the old dugout," the driver said

"There was a well there, supposed to have been dug by the French traders," the Old Cowman recalled. "It was one of the first outposts the United States had on the Santa Fé Trail. Old Fort Atkinson was over there to the south, half a mile, on the river bank. That was headquarters for scouts and Indian fighters after 1850."

The driver guide led the way to a point which commanded the southwestern slope to the Arkansas. Ahead, the eye followed a ribbon of altered sod which climbed the easiest grade from the river. In the middle distance the ribbon divided itself into a series of parallel depressions and ridges running lengthwise, and in the foreground these took on their true form, yard-wide troughs more than a foot deep combining to a collective width of more than one hundred feet as they surmounted the benches.

(Continued on Page 145)

The Dodge City Plaza in '78, After Two Years of the Texas Cattle Trade

UP THE LADDER OF GOLD

Her Face Was Upturned Toward the Sky, and, Seeing it for the First Time in Repose During the Brief Period of Silence Which Followed, He Realized With an Emotion of Peculiar Pleasure the Fine Delicacy of Her Profile

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

XIII

IN THE little night restaurant across the road from the Casino, Tellesom found Sarah Hincks, without her usual air of joyous vitality. She drew him down to her side upon a divan and shook her head at his little gesture toward the dancing floor. He appreciated the fact that she humored his weakness and made no effort to introduce him to her high-spirited and somewhat noisy little coterie.

"I can't stand this atmosphere," she confided. "Let's go and find two chairs in the garden."

He agreed with alacrity. They found seats in a comparatively quiet corner, and the waiter brought them a cool drink. She slipped a little down in her place, with an air of luxurious content. Her face was upturned toward the sky, and, seeing it for the first time in repose during the brief period of silence which followed, he realized with an emotion of peculiar pleasure the fine delicacy of her profile, the womanly softness of her tender mouth. She was like a long slim wisp of curiously feminine humanity as she turned her suddenly serious eyes upon him.

"I want to ask you something, Colonel Tellesom," she said. "Never mind about his being your employer. Will you tell me, please, the name of the man who came over from Cannes in the racing motorboat?"

He turned toward her with upraised eyebrows, and an apologetic smile upon his lips.

"My dear Miss Sarah," he regretted, "you ask me just the one thing which, as I attempted to explain before, I cannot do. He is a man of very peculiar temperament, and it is one of the conditions of my service with him that I never mention his name. He has almost a passion for secrecy in all his movements and undertakings. Very difficult sometimes, but he's as firm as a rock about it."

"He would be," she half whispered.

"You know him?"

"I think so. It is years since I saw him, but I think that he is Warren Rand, my father."

Tellesom looked at her incredulously.

"Your father!"

Momentarily bereft of words, she nodded. From inside the heated, crowded little building came the sound of drum and saxophone, and a vision through the window of a congealed phalanx of swaying humanity in all manner of costumes. Overhead, the leaves of the tree beneath which they were seated rustled faintly.

"Forgive my being so surprised," he begged. "I had no idea that Warren Rand had ever married."

"In his younger days," the girl reflected, "he used to devote every energy toward keeping his life secret, just as, from what you say, I should imagine that he does now. My mother divorced him the day after war broke out, or rather she commenced proceedings on that day. Her people came from Washington, and they were very pro-English. She couldn't bear my father's attitude toward the war. He spent millions trying to prevent it. Many people think that he kept America from coming in after the Lusitania was sunk. I don't know anything about that, but he loathed the whole idea of it. When the divorce was arranged, we children were given our choice as to whom we should live with. I chose mother; the boys chose dad."

"You have brothers?"

"I had. Two. They were both killed in the war."

Again Tellesom was silent for a few moments. The revelations to which he was listening seemed to him increasingly amazing.

"Do you know, I am intensely intrigued," he confided at last. "Your father has been such an interesting study to me, and I have so often failed to understand him. Shall I seem impertinent if I ask you one or two more questions?"

"Not in the least," she assured him. "Now that this has come at all, it is rather a relief to talk about it."

"Your brothers," he inquired—"did they enlist with your father's consent?"

She shook her head. "He was passionately opposed to it. In the end he gave them a million dollars each, on condition that they changed their names before they joined up, and on condition, too, that they never communicated with him or spoke to him again as long as they lived. Well, they didn't live, so that was that!"

Her eyes were very soft, and he saw the fingers which were holding her handkerchief twitch.

"I'm a brute to question you like this!" he exclaimed.

"Nothing of the sort," she assured him. "It does me good. Ask me some more."

"Your mother?"

"She is rather a gay lady. She married the Prince de Montmercy years ago. You must see her name in the papers sometimes. She is up at Aix just now, and I am here with some friends. Hincks was my mother's name before she was married."

"Yes, your mother is a very well-known woman," he reflected. "One sees her name in all the society papers."

"She likes that sort of thing," Sarah confided. "I don't. That's why I came here with the Maitlands. I don't think I should have come if I'd known."

She waited for a moment, and then went on: "That seems silly to you, of course. I can't help it. I have always felt like that about father. I scarcely ever saw him—sometimes not for a year together. He has always been generous on paper. My mother is very extravagant, but she can never spend the income he settled upon her. He treated me in just the same way—generous with parchment, and pen and ink, and dollars, and a terrible miser so far as a single word or look of kindness went. Tell me about him now," she went on, almost eagerly. "What sort of a man is he to speak to, to be with? Does he ever smile, or pity anyone, or show fondness for anybody?"

"I don't think that he does," Tellesom admitted, "but, on the other hand, he must have feeling, for he is devoting his life and his immense fortune, his brain, every impulse of his being, toward one hobby, which I must say I can't altogether understand, because it seems to me too Utopian for a practical man, but there is no doubt whatever that it is not a selfish one. He has nothing to gain for himself in any of the schemes with which I am connected, at any rate."

"Except more money," she murmured.

"But he couldn't use any more," Tellesom pointed out. "I know a little of his affairs, although I never talk about them. His wealth has been accumulating all the time. It's like a living force. I don't think he could stop it if he would."

"And what have you to do with it all?" she asked.

"I am practically the head of your father's personal secret service," Tellesom confided, glancing around, although they were well apart from the rest of the world, and lowering his voice a little. "I have to make the plans to protect him from assassination. I have to have spies working always from my bureau to discover and forestall schemes of all sorts against him. I don't feel altogether comfortable in having left him alone tonight. He insists upon it, though; so there's nothing for me to do."

"Is he very much hated?"

"Not for himself. Very few people know him. He is hated sometimes financially, and a great deal more politically. He plays a great game in life, Miss Sarah. I confess to you that I have never seen him show a moment's weakness or behave in any way like a lovable human being. All the same, he rides in the clouds. He wields a power so tremendous that he is bound to have enemies on every side of him. There isn't a chancellor of the exchequer in Europe who isn't a little afraid of him, or a banking institution that doesn't hate to hear that he is operating in the markets."

"And what is to be the end of it all?" she demanded, a little note of passion in her tone. "He never accepts honors or decorations. He must have passed beyond ambition, beyond avarice. There must be something driving him on. He must have some goal."

"He has, however imperfectly we may understand it," Tellesom acknowledged. "The fact of it is, he is a living paradox. You wouldn't think it possible for any man to work as he does for so many ends which seem to me amiable and philanthropic, and not be an idealist himself of the finest type. There he is, though, Warren Rand, as you know him, and I know him—loveless, tyrannical, even, to all appearance, devoid of friendliness. Yet he can have but one end and aim in life—he wants to make war impossible. Day by day, week by week our work goes on. We are always clearing the way, plotting and scheming to upset new alliances which might lead to trouble, cracking the whip to drive in the laggards to Geneva. He'll stand over them like some Jove wielding a new power from the skies, until the great pact of nations is signed. When that is done ——"

He broke off. She waited for a moment. Then, finding him still silent, she urged him on.

"Well, when that is done?" she queried.

"When all the nations have signed and the jury of conciliation has been chosen, how can one be sure that it will work? How can one be sure that when the time comes the powers that have signed will keep their word? Supposing they form themselves into groups again, and one combination is far stronger than any other, don't you think that some excuse will be born for tearing up the pact? You can make laws all right, but where are the policemen coming from?"

She sipped her drink for a moment meditatively.

"Don't you think, perhaps," she asked, "that he has even some further scheme at the back of his mind, something to clinch the whole affair?"

"He may have," Tellesom admitted. "As a matter of fact, I am perfectly certain that he still has unformed ideas upon which he broods, but no mention of which has passed his lips to any human being."

One or two of the young men of the party found their way out into the garden. They were not troubled with shyness, and they made prompt approach. There was a little chorus of reproaches:

"Say, Sarah, you promised to tango with me!"

"You can't do this on us, Sarah! Bill and Jo have found their way into the kitchen, and they're sending up the finest Welsh rabbit you ever tasted."

The ringleader, a tall, pleasant-looking young Harvard man, addressed Tellesom apologetically: "Sorry to butt in, sir, but we want the young lady. Our party's going kind of dumpy without her."

She rose reluctantly to her feet.

"Come in and join us, won't you?" she asked Tellesom, a little timidly.

"Can't mix the generations to that extent," he demurred, shaking his head. "Besides, I can't stand the atmosphere."

Sarah turned to her cavaliers.

"Run away, you children," she directed. "I'm coming right in. Colonel Tellesom will bring me to the door."

Sarah and Tellesom were left alone. With the memory of his last words in her mind, perhaps for the first time she realized the depths of the lines in his face, the maturity of expression in his deep-set gray eyes.

"It is very troublesome of you not to come and dance," she complained. "I am tired of these sit-round parties and playing the fool for a crowd of boys. I think I shall go up to Aix."

"We may be leaving ourselves tomorrow," he remarked.

"What on earth brought my father here at all?" she asked.

He became suddenly blank, and she was swift to apologize.

"I quite forgot my promise for a moment," she assured him. "I won't ask you a single question. Thank you for coming in, and don't dare to go away without saying good-by to me."

Tellesom walked with her to the entrance of the packed dancing hall, stayed until her little crowd, rushing forward in a body, carried her away, and himself made leisurely progress toward the gate. A large, florid man, bare-headed, with his arm round a girl's waist—a fragment of chiffon and gossamer she appeared, in the light from the newly risen moon—was crossing the road from the Casino. As they approached, Behrling recognized the tall, spare figure standing in the gateway. He broke off in the song he was singing lustily, and waved his hand.

"Welcome, my enemy!" he cried. "You remember Chloe. This is little Chloe who sat opposite to you at the night club in London. Join us. We are gay tonight. Chloe

(Continued on Page 134)

The Trees Drooped Low About the Narrow Entrance, and in the Tangle of Lights and Shadows it Seemed to Tellesom—Never an Overimaginative Person—That the Real Behrling Was Suddenly Revealed

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Whom to Trust

EVEN if the most extravagant guesses as to the number of persons who were in the stock market last fall are accepted as fact, the aggregate was and is far less than the number of those with a stake in the quieter and less-exciting investment media of savings-bank deposits, building-and-loan shares, life-insurance policies, annuities and trust funds.

Opinions differ as to whether the stock market is the road to wealth. Even the president of the New York Stock Exchange has expressed the opinion in a public address that "most stock-market profits remain in the market because of the reluctance of most stock speculators to set, in practice, any limit to the amount of money which they wish to make." Surely the billions of actually realized profits, earnings, savings and bequests held in trust by savings banks, life-insurance companies, trust companies and similar institutions mean more in the lives of the people than the mirage of stock-market fortunes.

These holdings keep on increasing whether the market goes up or down. They are invested in a manner largely independent of temporary fluctuations on the Stock Exchange, and they represent, with other conservative investments, the backbone of individual prosperity. The well-being of which we Americans are all so proud rests upon industrial productivity, but it would not find expression in the lives of the individual and the family except for an increase in savings and investments.

There are a few men and women who make such large incomes or profits in their professions or businesses that savings do not matter. But these are the rare exceptions. With most people a nest egg in addition to the current earnings of the individual or the family is the price of comfort throughout life.

As these holdings increase, an ever-greater responsibility rests upon the insurance-company official, the banker and the trustee, individual or corporate. Under the complex financial conditions now existing, institutional rather than individual trustees seem the more logical. The old family lawyer may now and then be the very person to handle the property of widow and orphan, and faithless officers or employes are sometimes found even in trust companies. But in general the bank or trust company has a variety of protective resources denied the individual. With the good name of the directors involved and the legal liability of all the stockholders, there are multiple safeguards surrounding trust funds. Trust companies have a wonderful record of faithfulness in handling funds confided to them, and the same is true of life-insurance companies and savings banks.

The inheritances, the savings, the competences of the people cannot be too secure. Unfortunately, many persons, even after all the years of financial education, still intrust their accumulations to rascally individuals or to irresponsible, fly-by-night organizations. But strong, enduring institutions for the care of such moneys are to be found on every hand, and it is impossible to exaggerate the responsibility resting upon their managers. These men stand well in the community today, but they will stand even higher in the future, provided their criterion of integrity and conservatism is maintained.

The ability to produce wealth will continue to be one of our distinctive national assets, but the conservation of savings will surely receive more honor in the future than it has in the past.

Economic Neurasthenia

READING through a patent-medicine booklet, Jerome K. Jerome was worried to learn that he had well-defined symptoms of all the diseases listed, with the possible exception of housemaid's knee.

A wealthy man nearing middle age came into the office of a famous physician. "I want the most thorough physical examination that you know how to give me," he announced. "I do not care how long it takes or how much it costs, but I want to know everything about myself, and if there are any diseases which you think I might have in the future, then we can take the proper steps."

"Have you anything the matter with you now?" asked the doctor.

"No. At least nothing that I know about. I feel all right."

"I am afraid you are in the wrong place," answered the doctor. "I could give you the examination you want, but I won't. I can tell you without any examination that you are not in perfect health. No one is and no one ever will be. I can find out quickly if your heart and lungs are all right, and make a few simple tests. But if I put you in a hospital for a week I should find a list of imperfections in you as long as my arm. And from that moment onward you would think of yourself as an invalid. You can't pay me to do that to you."

We are reminded that the state of the country has never been examined in a deep, thoughtful, scientific way without discovering that it was awful, and getting worse.

We have not achieved the perfect state, and neither have we perfect business. That ought not to bother us, for if we were perfect, then we should have nothing left but to decline from perfection. It will, indeed, be a sad day when every prospect pleases and not even man is vile.

A keen, stirring dissatisfaction with business is healthy and normal. We should get nowhere at all without it. But going under the microscope for the sole purpose of finding defects to weep over is another matter. That is economic neurasthenia.

Tariff and Philippine Independence

THE question of the independence of the Philippines has been much discussed on political, ethical and military grounds. This winter the congressional debates on the tariff bill have served to develop a somewhat new aspect of the problem. The broad purpose of the protective tariff is to raise the standard of living. It now begins to become apparent that the inclusion of tropical possessions complicates the traditional application of the tariff.

Farmers wish to raise the tariffs on sugar and vegetable oils in order to enjoy the home market and raise prices on sugar and vegetable oils—and inferentially on animal fats—to the producers. But when the products of the Philippines, Porto Rico and the Sandwich Islands are included as domestic and enter free, the farmers believe this nullifies the protection.

There seems to be a general disposition to let the objection pass for Porto Rico and Hawaii. But farmers object to calling the Philippines domestic producers. They insist that coconut oil is as alien as anything can be, and ought to carry an import duty if any foreign fat or oil does. If the present coconut oil and the future sugar production of the Philippines come in free, tariffs avail little or nothing, fear the farmers. If we must accept their products duty-free or give the islands independence, then independence it is, runs the farm opinion.

We do not venture an opinion on the technical question. We do not know how widespread is the reaction described. But the occurrence and development of the new argument are highly important.

Coffee Control Uncontrolled

ANOTHER artificial control of a necessary foodstuff has collapsed in the recent failure of the control of the price of coffee. Coffee is not a necessary foodstuff in the physiological sense, but it has become a necessity in the diet in the modern standard of living. Certainly is this true in this country, which has the largest coffee consumption of any country of the world. The price of coffee has therefore in this country a social as well as an economic importance.

Just now Americans are enjoying the cheapest coffee of half a dozen years. Since last autumn the price decline has been under way; in some of the countries of production the price of coffee has declined as much as a half, in others a third.

The attempt is made to relate the decline in the price of coffee to speculation, disturbances in Brazilian exchange, difficulties in renewal of foreign loans to Brazil, and to the monetary policies of the producing countries. Even the stock-exchange collapse in November is blamed. But we shall not go far wrong if the decline in price of coffee is ascribed basically and primarily to surplus of coffee. And for this congestion of supplies the artificial control of coffee is to be held largely responsible.

Valorization of coffee was first set up in Brazil nearly twenty-five years ago. The present scheme was established in 1921. The institutions through which the control is executed in Brazil are called the Coffee Institute and the Coffee Defense Committee. The state takes the load of carrying coffee off the producers. The control aims to retard the flow of coffee from the interior to the seaports, and to retard the rate of exports.

It is desired, of course, to promote the use of Brazilian coffee, but it is sought to keep stocks low in the important consuming countries, to keep the trade dealing on a hand-to-mouth scale. If control of stocks is maintained in Brazil and large stocks cannot be built up by importers, then conditions favor a higher price.

The control really does not fix the price, but through regulation of shipments it effectuates the complexion of a seller's market. As a whole, the control has been skillfully handled. It is to be granted that a remunerative price for coffee is highly important to Brazil, since it determines the purchasing power of large classes, and coffee is the means of paying for imports.

The trouble has come about partly through stimulation of growth of coffee in countries outside of Brazil. Central America, Africa and Asia all enjoy the higher price determined by valorization in Brazil. Since they enjoy it without cost, production tends to rise. This, with a large crop in Brazil, has brought about a congestion of supply. For the current coffee year the total supply is calculated at considerably more than forty million bags; the consumption is around twenty-two million bags. There is about a two years' supply in hand. Another large crop would only exaggerate the surplus. This situation affords the final explanation of the decline in price.

At lower price, more will be consumed, especially in Europe, where substitutes for coffee are ubiquitous. Even in this country more will be drunk.

Whether this means a lower-price level for some time is not clear. Brazil will make every effort to regain control of the situation. But the lesson will not be lost on the consuming world.

THAT CROSS OF GOLD

By WILL PAYNE

IT WAS thirty-three years ago last July that a young man from Nebraska, not much known at the time, electrified a national convention and captured the nomination for President by declaring, "You shall not crucify mankind on a cross of gold." With the fullest vote ever cast in a presidential election only about 6 per cent less than a majority of the voters agreed with him. Eighteen years later, in a World War, the gold standard everywhere went overboard; it was one of the first casualties. For ten years after the war, amid many fiscal distractions and discouragements, mankind struggled unremittingly to nail itself firmly back on the same cross, and finally, with much effort and sacrifice, accomplished that purpose. Now some eminent economists are saying that this was all a mistake, and the gold standard, having been abandoned in the war, should have been left in the discard. In England especially a very pretty argument is going forward about it and has already produced quite a library of learned books and essays.

Americans might not be so much interested in this, only, at last, it all turns on the simple and universal question: How good, at a given time, is your judgment, or anybody's judgment, or everybody's? For if men's judgment is always trustworthy, then there is no longer any particular virtue in a gold standard and critics of that system have the best of the argument. Their contention that adherence to that standard may involve the world in another era of falling prices and hard times, such as the one that culminated in 1896–97, has plausibility in the light of economic history. Presumably to such original Bryan men as are alive and firm in the old faith, it sounds like a long-belated letter from home.

Bryan was the voice, but the economics of the free-silver movement came largely from an ingenious West Virginia lawyer named William Hope Harvey. In 1894 he published, in Chicago, a paper-bound pamphlet, copiously illustrated with cartoons and diagrams, entitled Coin's Financial School. The front page represents Coin as a pretty lad in knee breeches, swallow-tail coat and silk hat, standing beside a blackboard, conducting a class in economics. The text assumes that the most distinguished bankers and editors of Chicago are attending the school. From time to time they interrupt the teacher with objections and gold-standard arguments which Master Coin demolishes as easily as everyone has always demolished an objection which he himself framed beforehand for the purpose. Perhaps these personal touches helped make the work popular.

At any rate, its vogue was enormous. Probably no political tract since Tom Paine's Common Sense had so great a popular success. There were many editions and it was issued as a quarterly, which gave it the benefit of cheap second-class postage. A year later, Mr. Harvey, as his own publisher, was able to announce that Coin's Financial School was selling at the rate of 5000 copies a day. With no invidious intention, it may be mentioned that owners of silver mines had a powerful financial interest in promoting its circulation and the whole free-silver movement.

However, there was no denying the main facts. During, roughly, the second quarter of the nineteenth century, while the production of goods increased with no corresponding increase in the supply of primary money, prices fell. At the middle of the century gold was discovered in California and Australia, and the yearly output of the yellow metal rose to $130,000,000, or nearly ten times what it had been a decade or so before. With that stimulation prices rose till the 70's. By that time California and Australia were yielding decidedly less gold, owing to the exhaustion of mines; also, silver was being discarded as primary money, throwing the whole burden on gold. United States mints stopped free, unlimited coinage of silver, and coins of that metal were made legal tender only up to five dollars. This was the celebrated Crime of '73 that figured so luridly in the first Bryan campaign. With demonetization of silver and reduced production of gold, prices began to fall and kept on falling for nearly a quarter of a century. The decline

(Continued on Page 210)

An Early and Welcome Harbinger

POST SCRIPTS

"Try Reasoning With the Proud Beauty, Ferdie"

If this little talk does put some spirit in some of you, I'll bet a hat that the guys that make the team are the ones that have the most outside activities. It's the ones that aren't doing anything that will lay down.

That's all. Thank you. —JOHN O'HARA.

To His Lady, Who Expects Quite a Lot

BEFORE you mentioned it, my dear,
I knew that I could never be
Aught but a laggard in the sphere
Of high romantic gallantry;
From sad experience I had learned
That my approach lacked savoir faire,
That my devotion crudely burned—
But, darling, are you not aware
That, if I were a second Byron,
I'd woo some more exotic siren?

I fear that you were less than kind,
Although your charm persisted still,
To say I have an able mind,
But not much amoristic skill;
And, with the deepest of respect—
For you will always rule my heart—
I beg of you to recollect
That, had I Casanova's art,
Such consequences might ensue
That I would have no time for you.

I might, with diligence, acquire
A dashing cloak-and-sword technique,
And court you with the sultry fire
That, I am told, all maidens seek;
I might affect the light guitar,
Approximate the Romeo touch,
But if I did, the chances are
You would not see me very much.
Say I am dull, but don't forget
The tiger's useless as a pet!

—Harold Angell.

Out-of-Town Papers, Please Copy

I THOUGHT that when he went away
I could forget him, but I find
It grows more difficult each day
To get him off my doting mind.

And when I conscientiously
Attempt to love another, it
Is lamentably clear to me
I do not get ahead a bit.

For every kiss is meant for him,
And I but wait the moment when
It suits my lord's uncertain whim
To think of coming home again.

—Margaret Fishback.

Chapter Chatter

D. K. U. Forms Court Team

BROTHERS, I wonder how many of you guys noticed that sign I put up on the bulletin board the other day about interfraternity basket ball? Just in case you don't know it, it's printed in English, and it says candidates for the Delta Kappa Upsilon basket-ball team will please report to me before Friday night at supper. Well, so far I have four names. With myself, that makes five, but I'm not supposed to play if I play on the Varsity.

What kind of a showing is that? Four guys out of thirty-some. And I know exactly what you're going to say, some of you. You'll say, how about those that are out for other activities; do they have to play interfraternity basket ball? Well, go ahead and ask me, but I warn you beforehand that's about the punkest excuse you could think of. The last year this house won the interfraternity cup for basket ball, do you know who was on the team? Well, Ed Finger jumped center. Ed made Phi Bete that year, and also sang in the glee club. The guards were Bob Nettle and Hal Inglebach. Bob had time to go out for basket ball, and just incidentally—just incidentally—win the epee championship at the intercollegiate fencing championships. Hal was on the News board and worked hard enough to be editor the next year. He had time enough to go out for basket ball.

Then the forwards; Dan Snide was one forward, and he was working his way through college driving a bus part of the time and doing other stuff where he could pick up a dollar here and there. Dan had a lot more spirit than some of you guys that don't even have to wash your own cars. He shot the field goal that beat Psi E for the cup that year.

The other forward was Tommy Murphy. His old man had as much money as any guy's old man that is in the house now. I mean, his family had more money than any of your families, and Tommy got invited around as much as anybody here now, but he managed to have enough D. K. U. spirit to play interfraternity basket ball.

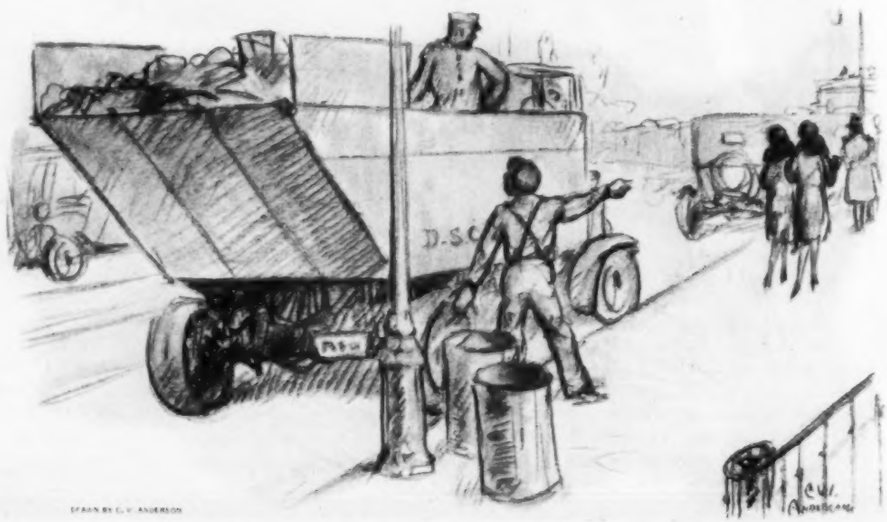
So don't come around with that line of bunk you're going out for some other activity and you haven't time to go out for the house basket-ball team.

Being a Debutante

HE: I SPOSE you've been rushed with parties and things since you came out.

SHE: Oh, heavens, yes, my dear! But the worst thing about being a debutante is all the poisonous things you have to do on account of belonging to the Junior League and all!

(Continued on Page 177)



"I Ain't Saying They Ain't All Right. They Just Don't Appeal to Me, That's All"

When the diet is strictly vegetable

Four delicious soups for Lent—for Fridays for any day

In many homes, on special days throughout the year, or in special seasons, the exclusion of meat from the diet makes these delicious and nourishing vegetable soups all the more charming and beneficial.

At such times when your choice seems more than ever limited and when your daily problem of serving fresh and attractive meals is intensified, how comforting and helpful to have these splendid soups at your command!

Made with the finest vegetables that grow, blended by skilled French chefs in kitchens of spotless cleanliness, Campbell's Tomato, Celery, Pea, and Asparagus Soups contain no meat in any form whatsoever. Instead their wholesome, tonic vegetable foods are further enriched with choice creamery butter. And they are deftly seasoned to bring out the most tempting flavor. 12 cents a can.

And all the Campbell's Soups on this page make the most delicious Cream Soups, with the addition of milk instead of water. (See the labels.)

An artist with the brush—
An artist with the spoon—
Campbell's Soup in front of me
Disappears so soon!

TOMATO SOUP

Isn't it delightful to know that the world's most popular soup —*your favorite*—is strictly vegetable and so can be eaten by you any day in the year! This is Campbell's Tomato Soup, of course, served oftener and by more people than any other soup in the world. It is the smooth puree of red-ripe and luscious tomatoes, sun-sweetened right on the vines and blended with golden butter. You never tire of it.

CELERY SOUP

Crisp, snow-white celery! Here in this dainty, yet nourishing Campbell's Soup you obtain all the tonic goodness and the peculiarly ingratiating flavor of the choicest celery. Creamery butter gives its extra richness. And at every spoonful you realize that here is a soup blended and seasoned by the master-hand.

PEA SOUP

In Europe, pea soup is one of the main foods—the constant source of the family's food supply. This shows you how nourishing pea soup is. In Campbell's, you get it at its very best. It's made from the sweetest of peas, blended in a tempting puree with creamery butter. How everybody in the family enjoys it!

ASPARAGUS SOUP

Just when the young asparagus shoots are most tender, they are cut and made into Campbell's Asparagus Soup. Here is one of the early spring garden's most precious delicacies captured for your delight all the year round!

MEAL-PLANNING IS EASIER WITH DAILY CHOICES FROM CAMPBELL'S 21 SOUPS

THE DOOR

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

XXIII

WITH the surprising recuperative power of youth, Dick was out again in a few days. But although preparations for Jim's trial were going on rapidly, that attack had not only completely undermined the morale of my household; it was causing Inspector Harrison some sleepless nights also.

He had examined the hillside again, but without result. The weather had been dry as well as warm, and there were no footprints. He was completely baffled, and he did not hesitate to say so.

"I don't want any miscarriage of justice," he said. "I'm not like the district attorney. I do my work and my job goes on, convictions or no convictions; and I don't give a particular damn for the press. What I want is the guilty man. And I'm not so sure we've got him."

Dick had been hurt the twenty-seventh of May, Friday. On Monday morning I came downstairs, to find the inspector having a comfortable cup of coffee in the pantry. He was not at all abashed, put down the kitchen clock, which he had been examining, said briefly that it needed cleaning, and followed me into the front hall. After his habit, he stopped at the lavatory and looked inside.

"Has it ever occurred to you," he said, "that that pencil Walter Somers produced was not what he found in that air shaft?"

"I think Judy ——"

"Ha!" he said. "Trust Miss Judy. She knows. Well, it wasn't. Now, here are the facts about that pencil, Miss Bell. In the first place, I believe that it was yours; to be truthful about it, we found your fingerprints on it—yours, and Walter Somers'. No others. In the second place, I believe it was taken from your desk that night and deliberately placed on that skylight. I have not said that it was taken for that purpose, although it might have been. Do you recall Walter Somers using a pencil that night? Before he started the investigation?"

"I don't think he did. He may have."

"He didn't look into the skylight, get down and go on some errand into the library?"

"Yes; he came down and went into the library for some matches."

"Matches, eh? Well, he's a smoker, and the average cigarette smoker carries them. I think he got that pencil, and let's see if I'm right. We have to remember, of course, that Walter Somers knows something he's not telling. Now, he looks down that air shaft and he sees something there which he recognizes—a key, maybe; or a watch charm, or a fountain pen, or a false tooth! Anyhow, something that he knows at sight, or suspects. He comes down, goes into the library for matches, and picks up a pencil and slips it in his pocket. He climbs the ladder, gets this object, shows you the pencil instead, and there you are. Being afraid of nothing, he seals it up for the police. Clever, wasn't it? Only it was a bit too clever."

"He fooled us all, then."

"Five o'Clock Right, Seven o'Clock Left, Press on Six," Said Laura, and Did So

"Not quite all of us," said the inspector cheerfully. "You're not a smoker, I take it?"

"I don't smoke. No."

"Don't carry pencils around in your pockets?"

"Women have no pockets nowadays."

"All right. And what sort of clothing did Walter Somers wear that night?"

"His dinner jacket."

"Black. Now here's what the microscope showed, Miss Bell. That pencil had been carried in the pocket of a black suit—in the side pocket, where a man often carries a package of cigarettes. There were bits of tobacco from cigarettes caught around the eraser, along with black filaments from the pocket. Now, I've watched Walter Somers. He doesn't use a cigarette case; he carries his cigarettes in a paper packet in his right-hand coat pocket. And I don't mind telling you that I've had that coat, and that this pocket bears out the facts. He had that pencil there before he climbed that ladder."

"Walter!" I gasped. "But I thought you said ——"

"Not so fast," he warned me. "No, he didn't kill Sarah Gittings, if your alibi for him is correct. Although alibis are tricky things. Still, three alibis are good and sufficient for anybody. But look at the case against him! He gets his father to change his will in his favor. The news leaks out, and he's afraid it will get to Mrs. Somers and the good work will be undone. So he kills Sarah Gittings for fear she'll talk, and Florence Gunther because she's trying to see you and tell you what she knows. Then, later on ——"

"He would never have lifted a hand against his father."

"No? Well, I dare say not. Anyhow, he didn't. We have him checked for that night too. But it's a pity. It's a perfect case otherwise. But to get back to this pencil. We have only two guesses: Either he had had it in his pocket for some time, and substituted it for what he found on the skylight. Or he already suspected or knew what was there, took the pencil from your desk, and used the ladder to remove something which was damaging."

"To him?"

"Not necessarily; but to someone." He sat back thoughtfully. "I've already said that this is a family matter. I've never seen a family more apparently united to frustrate justice and protect a criminal. It's disunited every other way, but when it comes to these murders it turns a solid front to the world. Now, what was the purpose of that little drama on the hillside the other night?"

"To see if poor Jim Blake could have recognized somebody there."

"Precisely! And Jim Blake keeping his mouth shut and ready to take what comes! Who is he protecting? Who is Joseph protecting? He helps somebody out of that shaft, or at least to get out of the house. He finishes your job in the cellar and burns the carpet, and later on he gets knocked on the head for his trouble. How far can the police go in a case like that?"

They had not found Mary Martin. That is strange, when I think back over it. She was not trying to hide; not then, at least. She was, indeed, as the inspector was to admit disgustedly later on, "under their noses."

Nor were any of us seeing much of Wallie. Judy suggested that he was trying, like the police, to locate Mary.

"But why?"

"Because he's crazy about her."

"I don't believe it."

"Don't you? I found her in his arms the day he came to New York, after father died. He had gone out, but he came back."

"Judy!"

"Well, I did. She was crying, and he was smoothing her hair and whispering to her. I just backed out and let them be miserable."

"She may have broken down and he was trying to quiet her."

But she only smiled, as from the depths of some secret knowledge which she knew well enough I did not possess.

I thought over that after Judy had gone. I thought back to the night of Sarah's death, and Mary's sudden pause in the drive when she learned that Sarah was still out. Wallie had been nervous, too, I seemed to remember. At some time in the evening he had asked about Sarah:

"And where was Sarah while all this was going on?"

"She was out."

"And she's still out?"

"Yes."

(Continued on Page 34)

Libby's Asparagus, succulent and piping hot, served with Hollandaise Sauce

To be certain of fine flavor in each of these foods ask your grocer for Libby's . . . Vegetables, Fruits, Canned Meats, Pickles, Condiments, Salmon, Evaporated Milk

PARTIAL LIST OF VEGETABLES

ASPARAGUS ASPARAGUS TIPS STRINGLESS BEANS
SPINACH PORK AND BEANS SWEET POTATOES CORN
SAUERKRAUT SAUERKRAUT JUICE TOMATOES PUMPKIN PEAS

Tune in Tuesday evenings and Wednesday mornings!

Fascinating series of radio concerts—"Around the World with Libby." Famous artists, Libby Concert Orchestra. Tuesday evenings, coast-to-coast network of stations associated with the National Broadcasting Company: 8:30 Eastern Time; 7:30 Central Time; 6:30 Mountain Time; 5:30 Pacific Time. And Wednesday mornings over the same N. B. C. stations, Mary Hale Martin's Household Period: 10:45 Eastern Time; 9:45 Central Time; and by special arrangement, 11:15 Mountain Time; 10:15 Pacific Time.

LIBBY McNEILL & LIBBY - CHICAGO

(Continued from Page 32)

It seemed to me now that he had looked slightly surprised and rather thoughtful, but how much of this impression was due to what had followed, I was not certain.

But what did Mary Martin know? What possible business could she have had with Howard? A business so furtive that she must wait until Sarah was out, and so urgent that she had gone as white as a sheet when she was stopped.

She had not gone to Walter. Her errand—provided there was an errand—was one she was apparently concealing from Walter. It was a part of that same motive which had lain behind that strange procedure of hers when she had walked into Katherine's New York apartment and by sheer audacity superseded poor Maude Palmer. According to Katherine, she had not wanted me to know that she was there.

"Why?" Katherine had asked.

"She would think I had used what I know, to my own advantage."

Frightened, beyond a doubt; pale as she had been pale that day at the hotel; but quietly determined. Hiding herself away in a little room downtown, going out at night to throw something into the river, and then going to bed and "sleeping well"—as though some weight was off her mind; as though now, at last, all was well and safe. Poor Mary!

I had had my talk with the inspector on Monday morning, and on Tuesday he asked permission to go over the house once more. Never have I seen a more exhausting search or less result from it, unless I except the bewildered indignation of the servants. But I did a thing I shall regret to the end of my life: I locked the ormolu cabinet and put the key away.

Simmons was in charge, and he came to me about it. But I explained that it had been examined, and that my mother's Chelsea figures inside were very precious and not to be handled. He was satisfied, and so it was not opened.

Nothing else escaped them—the chair and sofa cushions, the mattresses, even the kitchen utensils and the washing machine in the laundry were closely examined; and the unfortunate Simmons spent some warm hours in the wood cellar, carefully moving the wood. But they found no papers, nor anything resembling a clock dial save on the clocks themselves.

The mere fact of the search, however, had greatly unnerved both Clara and Norah, and had a result beyond any of our expectations. Norah asked that night to be allowed to keep Jock in her room, and Clara took Isabel. The total result of which was that I was awakened at three o'clock in the morning by a most horrible scream. It seemed to come from the back of the house. I leaped out of bed and threw open my door. Joseph had similarly opened his, and I heard his voice:

"Who is it? What's wrong?"

There was a moan, and turning on the lights, Joseph and I ran to the back stairs. Norah, in her nightdress, was crouched there on the landing, her hands over her eyes.

"I've seen her!" she wailed. "I've seen her!"

"Stop that noise," said Joseph sternly. "You're scaring the whole neighborhood. Who have you seen?"

"Miss Sarah! I saw her, right at the foot of those stairs! She was standing there, looking at me. In her uniform too. All white."

And to this absurd story she adhered with the dogged persistency of her type.

It appeared that Jock had wakened and had demanded to be taken out. He had whimpered and scratched at the door, and at last, none too happily, Norah had started down with him.

At the top of the back stairs, however, he had stopped and given a low growl. Norah had looked down. There is a lamp on the garage, and since our trouble I had ordered it left burning all night. Through the pantry window it sends a moderate amount of light into the pantry, and in that doorway Norah claimed to have seen her figure.

"And after that, what?" I demanded.

"I don't know. I shut my eyes."

Only one thing struck me as curious in all this. So far as I know, Elise, terrified by Judy's dire threats, had said nothing of the figure in the attic and was now at a safe and discreet distance.

The next day I went over the house again with Joseph. New locks had been placed wherever possible, and bolts supplemented them at the doors, and in the basement I had had placed over the windows gratings of stout iron well set into the bricks.

Judy Made a Fine Witness, and She Got Over More Than the Prosecution Allowed

"What is it, Joseph?" I asked. "Do these women imagine these things? Or is somebody getting into the house?"

"They're very nervous, madam. And nothing has been taken."

I looked at him. It seemed to me that he stood not as erect as formerly; that he looked older and very tired. And lately I had noticed that he was less certain in his movements, slightly incoördinate. I put my hand on his arm.

"This is wearing on you, Joseph," I said. "Would you like a vacation? I dare say we could manage."

But he shook his head. "Thank you, madam, but I'd prefer to stay. I've been a bit shaken since the attack; that's all."

"And you still have no idea who struck you?"

I thought that he hesitated. Certainly the arm under my hand perceptibly tightened. But although I know now that Joseph knew perfectly well who had struck him and that his very soul was seething with anger, it shows the almost incredible self-control of the man that his voice was as impassive as ever:

"Not the slightest, madam."

He must have been intensely curious. That searching of the house by the police—what did it mean? But he said nothing, asked no questions. A perfect upper servant, Joseph. A very perfect servant.

The incident did not add to my peace of mind. I would lie in my bed at night and imagine that I heard stealthy movements, faint stirrings. Nor were these limited to the lower floor; sometimes they were over my head, and once, indeed, in my very boudoir, next to my bedroom. When I called out sharply, they ceased and were not renewed.

It was on the second day after Norah's experience, and sitting alone in my study that evening, that I decided to spy on my house; to lock myself securely in my room and listen to it. And this was less difficult than may appear.

The old speaking tubes in the house are simple of operation. To use them, one opens them, and drawing a long breath, expels it into the tube. The result is a wail of no mean caliber, wherever the tube may lead. But, once opened, these tubes are excellent conductors of sound, and as during a long invalidism my dear mother had managed her household from her bedroom, some four of these tubes led to the chamber which I now occupy, practically forgotten, but still serviceable.

Joseph was out, but Clara was in the pantry. I shall never forget her face when I told her to go to the wood cellar and to bring me a small piece of wood to the library.

"And a knife, Clara. A very sharp knife."

"A knife, ma'am? A butcher knife?"

"The sharpest one you can find, Clara."

She was still staring at me as I turned and went out, and it shows the state of nerves in the household that after she had brought me the knife she turned and ran like a scared rabbit.

I cut my wood—and also my finger—and in the end I managed to prop open all the tubes except that in the pantry. After I had sent Clara to bed, I opened that one also, and by midnight I was safely locked in my room with the lights out, and ready for my vigil.

For the first hour nothing happened. I heard Joseph come in the back door, apparently pick up the knife, mutter something and put it away. I heard the sound of the refrigerator opening and closing, and gathered that he was taking a little refreshment up to bed with him. And then, until one o'clock, there was a complete silence.

At that time I began to hear a faint sound. It came from the drawing-room and was too far away to identify, but it was unmistakable. Now and then it stopped, only to resume again. It was a stealthy scraping, rather like that of a mouse nibbling at a board. And indeed, as it went on interminably, I believed that that was what it was. The tube ran through the old walls, and we are liable to onsets of mice, as are all old houses.

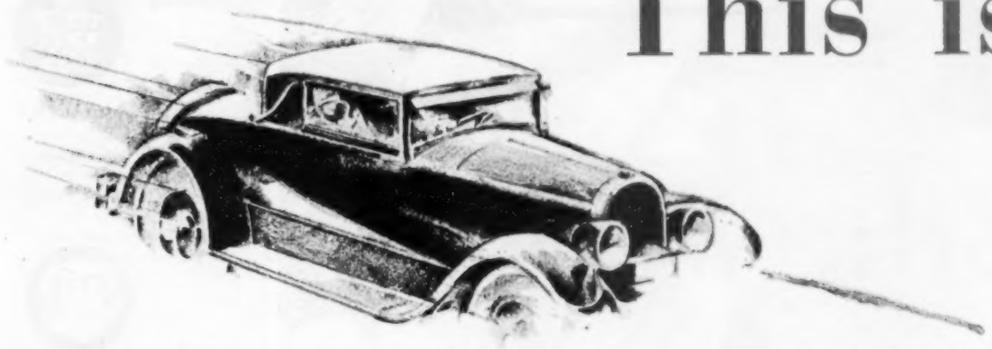
I do not know how long it lasted or when it ceased. It stopped abruptly, and although I listened intently, there was nothing further. No stealthy footstep followed it. The silence was complete.

I was up early the next morning, a trifle ashamed of the whole proceeding, to remove the strips of wood. The drawing-room was undisturbed, as was the rest of the lower floor.

But Joseph was to interpret those sounds for me that very morning, and with my breakfast tray.

(Continued on Page 111)

From the cross-roads hardware merchant to the proprietor of a metropolitan filling-station chain . . . This is what they know about oil for your engine



You will find the New Mobiloil at all kinds of dealers—handsome filling stations on densely-travelled highways, and just as often in obscure by-ways.

Big dealers—little dealers; immaculate service-station men—grimy trouble-shooters, hardware merchants, car agents, storage garages—we are proud of every one of them.

And here is what they have in common:

All appreciate the vital importance of correct lubrication. All know that oils which sell at the same price may give very different engine results—in hill-power, in easy starting, in quick acceleration, in carbon-deposit, in repair expense.

They know that back of Mobiloil is the greatest lubrication experience in the automotive field. They know that back of the Mobiloil Chart is the most extensive study of automobile engines in all the world.

They know that oils which cost less to *buy* may easily cost far more to *use*. They know, too, that oils which cost more than Mobiloil cannot possibly deliver more lubricating value.

That's why they carry Mobiloil and hang up the Mobiloil Chart. With Mobiloil in your crankcase they know that your engine will keep its first-year feel for at least 30,000 miles.

That's an important fact to remember next time you stop for oil.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Makers of high quality lubricants for all types of machinery

the New GARGOYLE Mobiloil

GENERAL MOTORS

BODY by FISHER

FISHER designs, engineers, and builds motor car bodies of such surpassing beauty, comfort, durability and value as to win for Fisher Bodies almost universal preference. The superiorities of Body by Fisher include such important features as the Fisher Non-Glare Vision and Ventilating Windshield which affords all the advantages of clear vision, adequate ventilation and reduces annoying windshield reflection; the form fitting cushions and adjustable front seat which add so much to riding and driving comfort; the Fisher wood-and-steel construction which makes a motor car body so strong and so satisfactory; the clarity and beauty of the genuine plate glass; the Protectalok door handles; the convenience of the appointments; and many other advantages of equal significance. The final result is value so much greater as to be unmistakably plain to everyone. This Fisher Body value establishes a leadership in every price field for General Motors cars, which are the *only* cars that enjoy the advantages of Body by Fisher. Make certain of these Fisher Body attributes by selecting a General Motors car.

American Business and Business Men—By David Lawrence

TWENTY-FIVE years ago, Buffalo cast envious eyes at Cleveland and Detroit. All three cities offered equal advantages in lake transportation, but Buffalo, in addition, had the Erie Canal for shipment to seaboard and Niagara Falls near by with unlimited electric power. Yet Buffalo saw Detroit acquire the automobile industry while Cleveland tapped the rich steel territory of Ohio and developed an industrial growth which, both in population and resources, quickly outstripped Buffalo.

Introspectively the Buffalonians wondered what was the matter. The usual answer was that the banks lacked progressive spirit and that capital apparently did not have confidence in its own neighborhood. Then there came a change. A new generation of progressive business men grew up. Banks were merged and the lending of large sums for commercial transactions was thus made possible.

If there ever was an example of how a sound banking evolution transformed a community, it is to be found in the industrial progress of what might be called the Niagara area, now one of the most active industrial sections in the country.

And recently out of Buffalo came a half-billion-dollar banking corporation, exemplifying the group-banking idea. At the head of this huge enterprise is George F. Rand, aged thirty-seven. Twenty-five years ago the Marine Bank of Buffalo began to absorb other banks, so that today the Marine Trust Company can trace its ancestry to sixteen banks in the city of Buffalo, out of which have grown thirty-four branches. You can number on the fingers of your hands the cities outside of New York and Chicago which have a bank with resources of $300,000,000, or a second bank with $150,000,000. But Buffalo has two such institutions.

What George Rand did inside of Buffalo he has now reached out to do outside the city limits. With the telegraph, telephone, automobile and airplane, a state takes on the characteristics of a large city, as hardly a point within the state cannot be reached from headquarters within a few hours. The Marine Trust Company, itself the product of seventeen banks, is joined with seventeen other banks in other cities of New York State.

Out in the Northwest the group-banking development has not been limited by state lines. The Northwest Bancorporation and the First Bank Stock Corporation are each affiliating banks throughout the Ninth Federal Reserve District and beyond. The first has eighty-seven banks in the group with combined resources of $474,000,000 while the second group comprises eighty-two banks with total resources of about $450,000,000. The Guardian Detroit Group, Inc., and the Detroit Bankers Company are other outstanding examples of the same kind of development. The First Wisconsin group is active in Milwaukee and vicinity. Columbus, Cleveland, Louisville, Seattle, Portland, Boston, Atlanta and several cities in the South are also centers of group banking.

There are three hundred groups of varying sizes controlling more than 2000 banks in the United States, with total resources of about $14,000,000,000, representing about one-fifth of all the banking resources of the country. Statewide branch-banking exists in thirteen states, while national banks now have branches in many cities and in some states. The banking fraternity is as much divided about group and chain banking, on the one hand, and unit or independent banks, on the other, as are the grocery or drug-store or department-store owners throughout the country on the chain idea. Can banking be standardized like retail selling? Can centralized purchasing, which has made the chain-store principle effective, find a strong counterpart in the central investment board handling securities for small banks? Can the local bank which is part of a group or chain render as efficient service as the independent bank? These and other questions will be made the subject of inquiry by Congress and state legislatures during the next year or two.

I asked George Rand what prompted him to extend beyond the city limits of Buffalo—what was his reason for engaging in group banking and how it differed from chain banking.

PHOTO. BY BLANK & STOLLER, INC.

George Franklin Rand

"In the first place," he said, "group banking is nothing new. Individuals have from time to time owned stock in several banks. The relations of banks in several cities in a district or area have been particularly intimate. The only thing that is new is the formation of a holding company which centralizes the ownership into a single institution and puts a definite emphasis on management. Group banking, which I consider the middle ground between out-and-out branch banking and independent banking, gains for each member of the group the prestige and strength and resources of the whole group. In recent years the trend in industry, transportation and public utilities has been toward combination. Each member bank in a group, through the ability to exchange information by conference, may improve its efficiency in the problems of scientific bank management and organization. A central examining organization furnishes each bank with a careful periodic check on its own condition. Economies may also be effected in the purchase of supplies and equipment. As contrasted with the vicissitudes which might affect a one-man bank, group banking assures the stockholder of a continuation of capable management for his company over a period of years.

"Most important of all is the fact that the communities served are assured of greater financial stability on the part of the local member institutions. Under the group system a local bank is able to render a uniform and continuous service, independent of temporary depressions affecting one locality or industry. Adequate resources are available for financial needs of business and enterprises in cities and towns served by group banks. Trust, investment and foreign-department facilities of an improved character and quality are available to the public in smaller communities. Specialization exists today in the banking field, and group banking permits of the employment of men to supervise and direct the operation of such departments functioning in a group-member bank which the same institution as a unit bank could not afford.

"The holding company, being structurally affiliated with the bank, seeks to bring each bank in the group the benefit of centralized control and at the same time retain the advantages of local administration. This form of group banking is unlike the old type of chain banking. The chain system is controlled by one or more individuals who may form a corporation to secure their aims. Group banking is controlled by a holding company whose shares are widely distributed.

"The two systems are unlike in that group ownership is openly known, while chain control is often kept secret. The reason for this difference is due to the dissimilarity in the motives which usually underlie the two systems. The chain system could be and is at times used to deprive the community of its own funds, diverting them to other places, while group banking seeks to improve credit facilities in a locality. Chains have been known to be formed by individuals who wish to capture the credit power of a bank and apply it at times to a nonbanking purpose. The group system, on the contrary, is interested only in banking operations. In other words, group banking is generally built around one or two large, strong, central institutions by men who are familiar with banking problems, whose purpose is adequately to serve the territory in which they operate, in a banking way.

"For the interior banker confronted with all the problems of operating a small local bank with adequate provisions for safety, the increased cost of overhead and increased difficulties of getting proper technical and expert management, the group system offers a practical solution of one of the most pressing financial problems now confronting the country.

"The group plan is peculiarly adapted to American economic conditions, since it preserves the individuality of independent banks. The independent bank maintains local contacts between the banker and his customers and permits local freedom of action and autonomy. The interior banker thus maintains his prestige and gives his community not only local but national service. Finally, various group-banking systems have shown a complete willingness to cooperate with the Federal and state banking authorities, and under this system cooperation in governmental examination and supervision can readily be developed in the interests of both banking as well as public policies."

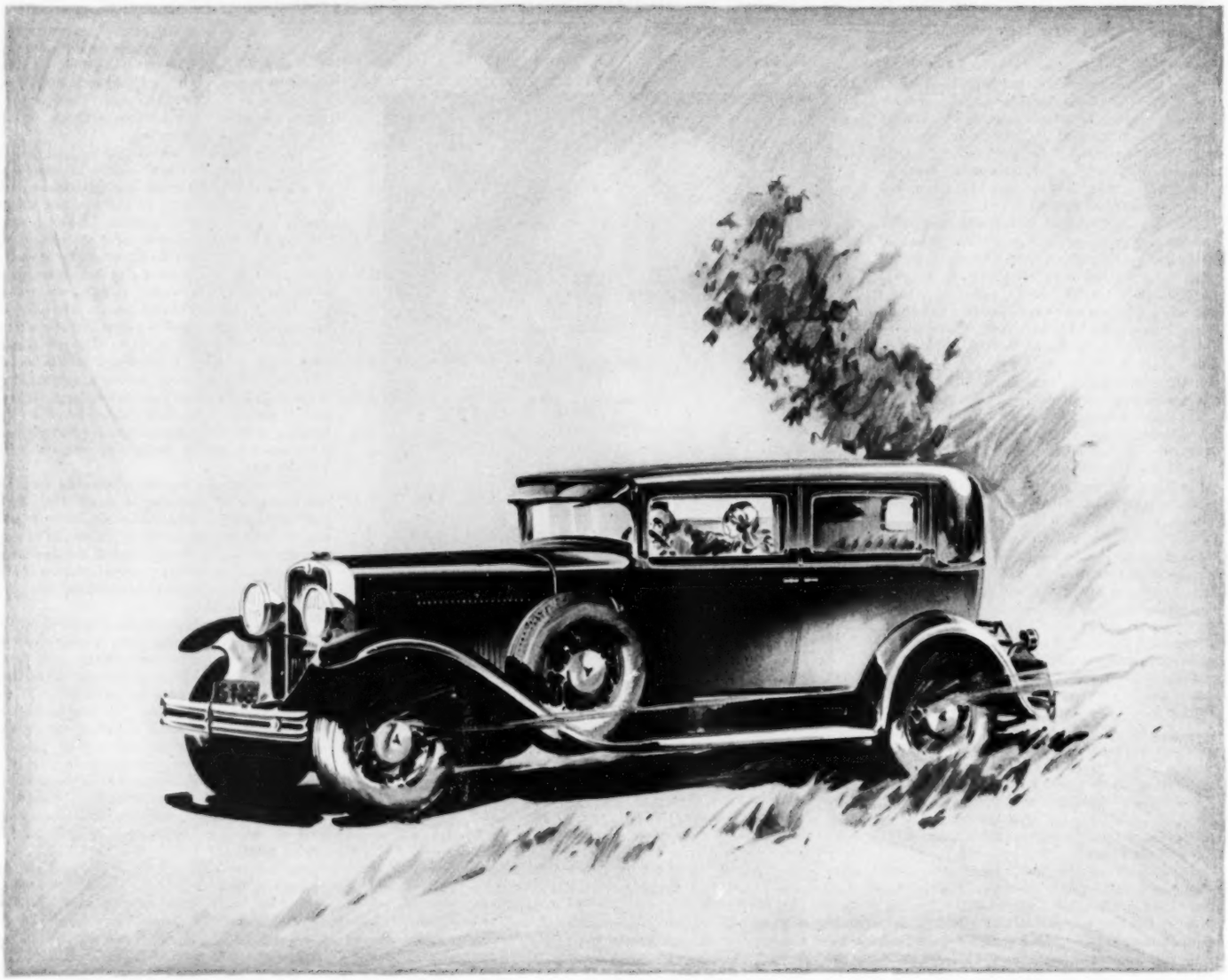
Part of the plan of the Marine Midland group is to set up or acquire a bank in New York City. Usually the largest business enterprises in the country emanate from New York. Group banking started in the West—in fact, on the Pacific Coast—and chain banking has been thriving in the Middle West, especially in rural districts.

The Other Side of the Case

BUT if it be supposed that group and chain banking, inevitable as it may seem to those who are sponsoring it, has a clear field ahead, it is in the Middle West that the greatest opposition to groups and chains of banks is developing. For twelve years Martin A. Graettinger, secretary of the Illinois Bankers Association, has been waging war against the group theory in banking. Almost at his elbow, however, group systems have been created, and just the other day another holding company was formed in Chicago, known as the National Republic Bancorporation, comprising fifteen banks, with total resources of a quarter of a billion dollars. I queried Mr. Graettinger on his objections to the group and chain systems of banking.

"There has been much discussion," he replied, "of the various systems of banking and, while the Comptroller of the Currency is urging the extension of branch banking for national banks, groups and chains of banks have been formed in numerous sections of the country. Group and chain banking is only another form of branch banking, although perhaps the latter would be preferable to either of the former if any change of that kind is desirable. The bankers of Illinois have always opposed the system of branch banking for the reason that, in their opinion, it places control of the finances of the people in the hands of a small group which, when extended, would become a menace should the management fall into incompetent hands. It removes to a large degree the interest that a banking

(Continued on Page 209)



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VIKING EIGHT

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

IN THE SENATE

By George Wharton Pepper
Former United States Senator From Pennsylvania

RUNNING FOR OFFICE

Senator George Wharton Pepper at the Time of His 1926 Campaign

THERE are many ways of classifying senators. There are those who talk little and say much, and those who talk much and say little. They may be graded with reference to the actual contributions they make to constructive legislation or according to the effectiveness of their opposition to what others propose. But from whatever angle senators are viewed, one conclusion always holds good. It is that there remains a sound threefold classification: First, those who understand how to get the office and keep it; second, those who can discharge the duties of the office when they have it, and, third, the rare men who can do both these widely different things.

It did not take me long to discover how difficult it is to learn the technique of keeping an office, once attained. Under a governor's appointment, I took my seat in mid-January. Almost before my ears had ceased to ring with the predictions of optimistic friends that a senator from Pennsylvania could remain in the Senate all his life if he wished to, I detected the sound of a coming storm. I was not to be permitted, I heard, to receive, at the May primary, the Republican nomination for the unexpired term of Senator Penrose. I was to be pictured to the electorate as a man of privilege, knowing little of the life of Pennsylvania and nothing of the problems of the toiler. I was to be announced as the representative of special interests and the enemy of the workingman. I might be smart as a Philadelphia lawyer, but I was, the story ran, not wise enough to be a senator from Pennsylvania.

When the Hardest Fight Comes

THE advice of warm friends with political experience impressed upon me the necessity of taking immediate steps to give the county leaders and the voters a chance to meet me and draw their own conclusions. Overnight the map of Pennsylvania took on, for me, an entirely new significance. I had been accustomed to think of the state in terms of judicial districts and courthouses in which cases were to be argued. In wartime the sixty-seven counties assumed an individuality which they had never had before, but this was for purposes of national defense, the sale of Liberty Bonds, and the dissemination of the teachings of the Food Administration. Now I was to learn, as must every newcomer in politics, how little I really knew about the people who controlled the vote in these counties; to discover that I was unknown, even by name, to many of those who were effectively engaged in plying locally the trade of king maker.

With a dying colleague, with a tariff bill in the making and with Senate technique to learn, it was out of the question that I should take the time to visit every county of the state. Wise advisers indicated the strategic centers and put me in touch with upstate leaders, of whom I knew as little as they knew about me. Then began a series of night journeys from Washington to distant points in Pennsylvania, meetings, on arrival, with local committees hastily organized to greet me, solemn conferences in the offices of men higher up, maiden political speeches to groups gathered in courthouse squares or in available halls, and endless handshaking in the lobbies of local hotels as the faithful were marshaled in impressive array by those squad leaders upon whose activity the local effectiveness of the state Republican organization depended.

Meanwhile an impromptu campaign committee was being formed to support my candidacy. A valued friend and colleague of the Philadelphia bar, with political contacts far more numerous than mine, consented to act as chairman. My lawyer friends and those with whom I had come in contact in wartime became important assets in effecting emergency organizations throughout the state. Meetings were scheduled, itineraries arranged, and I was notified of the engagements that I must meet.

Since this was a primary campaign, I could not call on the Republican State Committee or its recognized branches throughout the counties for assistance. Later, in the general campaign, after a candidate had been selected, this committee, with the weight of the state organization behind it, would function. Yet an organization of some sort was necessary, for political ideas, like social and economic truths, require elaborate organizations to propagate them, and candidates need similar support. There is a great difference between the average citizen's impression of a political election and the things that really occur on and immediately before election day. Arousing interest among voters and influencing their votes require the expenditure of both time and money. Someone must ring doorbells in every precinct or division. In a city-wide campaign this requires intensive effort. In a state-wide campaign the effort must be extensive as well. In almost solidly Republican or Democratic states as, for example, Pennsylvania or Alabama, the great effort is concentrated, of course, on the fight for nomination in the primary election. This fact contributes tremendously to the strain and expense of running for office under modern political conditions.

I was at the time a member of the Banking and Currency, Military Affairs and the Library of Congress committees in the Senate. These assignments required frequent attendance at meetings, and long hours of study over bills demanding favorable or unfavorable reports. I was trying to guard the interests of Pennsylvania in the complex tariff-making situation. I was profoundly concerned with the problem presented by the limitation-of-armaments treaties, which, when I went to the Senate, were under consideration by the international conference called by President Harding; and was deeply involved in discussions of the proposed bonus for veterans of the World War, the Dyer anti-lynching bill and a host of both public and private measures which demanded of a new senator not only careful consideration but long hours of intensive study.

A County a Day

IN THE midst of the work I was called away frequently to help my own campaign. I spent twenty-five days in twenty-five of the sixty-seven counties in Pennsylvania, making an average of five speeches a day. I had to do this while discharging as well as I could my senatorial duties at Washington. Of course I should have gone into every county. While this effort undoubtedly detracted from my ability to serve the state with undivided energy, I believe that it had its advantages in bringing me into closer contact with constituents and in increasing my capacity to understand and properly represent my commonwealth.

Despite the great strain it puts on the candidate, the primary system has the one great advantage of giving to all the people a sense of direct contact with their Government and their public men. It may produce, as many critics have suggested, a poorer quality of representatives in Congress than emerged from the convention system. Under the social and economic conditions that exist in America today, however, it seems quite possible that only the men who rise from obscurity by a process of direct selection are capable of influencing the masses which give them prominence and power.

My chief opponent in the 1922 primary was an experienced officeholder who had served acceptably as congressman-at-large and who therefore had been before the electorate and had had the experience of actually polling a heavy state-wide vote. Carrying a union card and proclaiming himself as a fellow toiler with the workingman, he was able to appeal to a wide audience. With a sagacity born of experience, he made the most of his opportunity to list various public questions on which I had declared myself and, by taking the opposite side on each, to find a ready-made constituency whose friendliness to him was, in fact, less dynamic than its opposition to me. This, of course, is a not unusual situation in American politics. I had announced that I would not advocate a bonus measure granting an outright sum of money to all veterans of the World War.

This attitude aroused much resentment among those who favored a bonus, and advocacy of the grant became one of the strongest planks in my opponent's platform. Another interesting factor operated to some degree in his favor. As legislation had then recently abolished the office of congressman-at-large, he was in the position of an officer whose horse had been shot under him and was able to make to the regulars a moving appeal for another mount.

There is always a great deal of vote-making sympathy for the man whose office has been taken away from him, which is in marked contrast to the way in which, in America, the public always loses interest in the man who has met with defeat. Failure to get elected seems, at times, to be almost the unforgivable sin in American politics.

Almost always it precludes a man from ever running again for office. In a dynamic nation interested, as ours is, in results rather than in processes, success is emphasized to an extraordinary degree. In politics, as in athletics, there are few instances in which the man is remembered for the plucky fight he made. In the great majority of cases the defeated officeholder becomes at once unavailable politically and the dethroned champion is amazed by the quickness with which he lapses into obscurity.

As I gained experience in the course of my campaign, I became aware that the senatorial contest was being deprived of much of its usual significance by the circumstance that a great political drama was being staged in connection with the struggle for the governorship. The able administration of Governor Sproul was drawing to an end. A caucus of state Republican leaders had proposed as a candidate for governor in the primary a man whose eminent qualification for the office was equaled only by his reluctance to run. The disappointment of other leaders who, with candidates of their own, had been unable to make their choice effective, naturally detracted from the support given to the candidate so selected and offered an opportunity to any aspirant who should enter the lists as the people's champion and profit by the lukewarmness of many of the organization stalwarts. Gifford Pinchot, who had himself been a member of the governor's cabinet, saw his opportunity and was quick to take it. He conducted a campaign of his own, relying chiefly on the unlovely, but nevertheless suggestive, slogan, Clean Up the Mess. He was nominated by a slender margin. In the resulting astonishment at what had happened, the fact that my own campaign for nomination was won by a majority of 241,159 votes was a political circumstance that passed almost unnoticed.

Although, as I have said, I recognize the value of the open primary in establishing a wholesome relationship between the candidate and his prospective constituents, and although our experience is not yet sufficient to make a wise change in the laws under which it operates, my own experiences in 1922 and again in 1926, have given me a sympathetic understanding of the attitude of many public men who have expressed skepticism respecting the system's ultimate success. I believe that any system of making nominations is good if it results in the choice of a responsible candidate and unifies the party for his election. An unfit candidate supported by a unified party means trouble ahead for the party. A well-qualified candidate who cannot command unified party support is badly handicapped from the start.

Primary Election or Convention

THE party convention—in which the candidate is selected by delegates chosen by the people—was discarded because it was thought to produce machine candidates. Moreover, there is in this country a decline of authority which manifests itself, among other ways, in impatience with party control. To take nominations out of the hands of conventions suggested itself as a wise reform. The open primary—in which the people vote directly for the nomination of their favorite candidate—is, however, proving far from perfect as a candidate picker, and it has developed some features which menace party existence. Some of the debit items in the account of a state-wide open primary which my own experiences have demonstrated are these: Intensified factionalism, confusion of issues, unwholesome expense and undue strain upon the candidates. Let me illustrate:

If there is a long and bitter preprimary fight between two qualified candidates, the danger is that the friends of the loser will either not work for the winner when the general election comes on, or will even bolt and vote for the candidate of the other party. This difficulty is not absent from the convention system, but it is much more acute in the open primary. A candidate defeated in a state-wide primary is popularly regarded as having been as effectively thrown into the political discard as if he had been beaten in a general election. This often results in losing to a party the continued activity and service of a man the party cannot afford to lose. Such a result embitters his friends. Any system which brings this about involves a waste of party man power.

A convention chooses not only a candidate but a platform. The party nominee runs upon the party platform thus chosen. The platform is usually drafted to harmonize with the national platform of the party. In an open primary, however, each aspirant for a nomination may set forth his own platform. He may think it popular to announce himself as a wet or a dry, or as an opponent of evolution, or as a free trader, or as committed to a particular brand of farm relief, or as favoring a certain foreign policy. If, for example, he wins the Republican nomination and election to the Senate by some such slogan, and if the Republican Party in National Convention adopts an opposite policy, he is still considered a Republican, but he must either vote against his party on the issue or repudiate his own slogan. Enough senators elected under such conditions could destroy all party harmony and efficiency. The number of men thus chosen appears to be increasing at a rapid rate.

It is not unnatural that some candidates with state-wide campaigns to carry through successfully should make great expenditures of money, not necessarily for purposes of corruption, but to meet the demands of sordid political practice. Probably to a greater degree today than ever before do the men and women interested and participating in political activities expect to be paid for their work. In the majority of cases a candidate with many admirers interested in his election will receive enough contributions to his fund to finance the campaign. But to the candidate with a big bank account of his own, this type of support is unnecessary. He personally can supply all the sinews of war. Though it is a serious matter to have a candidate's admirers waste money in his behalf, it seems far more serious for a man without responsible backers to secure the party nomination by means of lavish use of his own money.

The difficulties which have arisen in attempts to regulate primary expenses by law are born of the fact that the primary system is by its nature an expensive one. The process of disseminating political information is costly and varies in different states. In Pennsylvania a single well-written form letter, addressed and mailed to each Republican voter, could cost $150,000 or more. But although much of the criticism of primary expenditures in large states is uninformed and, at times, malicious, it serves a good purpose, because it is a deterrent to waste and tends to make campaign managers careful instead of prodigal. At best, however, the primary system is an expensive luxury and in the long run it may prove dear at any price.

The President Takes a Hand

THIS explains why many prospective public servants whose enlistment would be invaluable to state or nation are reluctant to seek any office involving a state-wide campaign. The prospective candidate, if he already holds office, recognizes that he is confronted by a task which involves three distinct and harassing duties: First, the actual day-by-day work of his office; second, the bitter internecine fight of a primary campaign; and third, the renewed fight involved in the general election. Of these, the primary imposes usually the greatest strain. Responsible party organizations compete in the general election and usually observe decently the rules of the game. But into the primary any irresponsible candidate may enter and, by a campaign of abusive charges boldly made and plausibly maintained, damage irremediably his opponent's chances and character. The difference between the general campaign and the primary may thus, in many instances, be compared to that between lawful and guerrilla warfare. Principally because the primary can become so unlawful does it stand as a barrier between many worthy citizens and public office.

The period between the primary and the general election of 1922 gave me the opportunity for some of the most interesting work of my Senate career. Apart from the routine duties mentioned above, a second campaign had to be waged. Gifford Pinchot, David A. Reed and I headed the ticket supported by the Republican State Committee. Largely under the expert direction of the late W. Harry Baker, first as secretary, then as chairman of the committee, a man whose political knowledge and ability were surpassed only by his likable personal qualities, an active fight was conducted, with the outcome never in doubt. All three were elected with substantial majorities, together with almost the entire state ticket. This campaign demanded, of course, a repetition of meetings and speeches throughout the state—speeches for which I was again drafted from my Senate duties. I also responded to calls for a number of addresses in other states in support of candidacies of Republican senators whose prospects seemed doubtful.

If I had hoped that attained success in the primary and prospective success in the general election would set me free to concentrate on senatorial duties, I was sadly mistaken. The illness of Senator Crow, who was chairman of the Republican State Committee of Pennsylvania, made necessary the choice of a successor. Senator Penrose had been Republican National Committeeman from Pennsylvania and his place had to be filled. Over the state chairmanship there was an acute conflict within the party. Joseph R. Grundy, influential because of his faithful service to the manufacturing interests of Pennsylvania and his consequent ability to raise campaign funds, had been dissatisfied with the choice—made against his protest—of a gubernatorial candidate to oppose Pinchot in the primary. Determined, it was generally believed, to rebuke those who had differed from him, he sought to effect the election as state chairman of a man of his own choice. He called on me to support his candidate. I, however, concluded that the preservation of the State Republican organization required the election of Baker, who had been the able and experienced lieutenant of Senator Penrose. My refusal to support Grundy's candidate caused a breach between us never afterward healed. Baker's election by an overwhelming majority followed. At the same time I was elected to succeed Penrose on the Republican National Committee, not because I had the political sagacity required for the position, but because, having no political background, I had few enemies; whereas the nomination of any one of the so-called leaders could have reopened the factional fight which alone had made Pinchot's nomination possible.

In the midst of all these preëlection activities, it devolved upon Senator Reed and me to take an active part in the negotiations which led to the settlement of the serious anthracite coal strike which, for workers, operators and consumers alike, had darkened the spring and summer of 1922. At that period of the strike, mine workers and operators had reached what appeared to be a hopeless deadlock. The then Secretary of Commerce, Mr. Hoover, told me that I, as senator from the anthracite state, should try to act as mediator. As a new senator, I felt that I had no standing to volunteer, but said that I would make the effort if thereto requested by the President. In due course I received a letter of request from President Harding, which was delivered to me personally by Secretary Hoover. I established contact with Governor Sproul at once, and with him I called upon William A. Glasgow, Jr., an able and high-minded lawyer and a friend of many years. He was at the time counsel for the United Mine Workers, and had the confidence of their president, John L. Lewis. Lewis was at the moment in Indianapolis, where Mr. Glasgow called him on the long-distance telephone, told him of my mission, advised him to consider my proposal sympathetically, and ended by putting me on the telephone in his place. As a result, Lewis came to Philadelphia, where we conferred. With his approval, the governor and I established contact with a committee representing the operators. There ensued a long series of nerve-racking conferences in my rooms in the Senate Office Building, in which Lewis and his lieutenants and the committee of the operators argued backward and forward for hours at a time, and often far into the night. I acted as moderator, and, with the indispensable assistance of my new colleague, Senator Reed, gradually brought the minds of the disputants together. The details of the transaction, interesting as they are, cannot be told here because of space limitation. It is enough to say that no political capital was sought to be made out of the settlement and that publicity was avoided rather than courted. Terms were reached satisfactory to both sides, a basis was laid for the appointment of the United States Coal Commission, a year's agreement was signed, the men resumed work and the public got its coal.

Mrs. Harding's Little Book of Names

IT WAS during this period also that I enjoyed some of my most interesting associations with President and Mrs. Harding. During the long summer session of 1922, when the day's senatorial work began at nine in the morning and lasted until midnight, it was a life-saver to be invited by the President to use the White House tennis court. At seven o'clock on three mornings each week, spirited contests took place there in which Senator Hale, of Maine, Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., and I were regular participants, while either Senator Wadsworth, of New York, or my colleague, Senator Reed, made a fourth. While we were playing tennis the President was often practicing golf strokes on the lawn, and the relative merits of the two sports became the subject of good-natured controversy. A shower and some breakfast made everybody fit for the day's work.

Mrs. Harding, though always hospitable and kind, was seldom carefree. She not only took seriously the responsibilities of her position but was as much concerned with the details of her husband's work as she had been with the events leading up to his nomination. She was a shrewd politician and, except where her personal likes and dislikes were involved, a keen judge of men. On one occasion she told me that she had kept for years a little book in which she entered the names of people whom her husband ought not to trust and the names of those in whom he might safely confide. I have often wondered what the book would disclose in regard to some of those who later shamefully abused Mr. Harding's confidence.

Her highly nervous organization gave Mrs. Harding a liking for fast driving which sometimes made an automobile ride with her a thrilling experience. Once when Mrs. Pepper and I were motoring from Baltimore to Washington

(Continued on Page 197)

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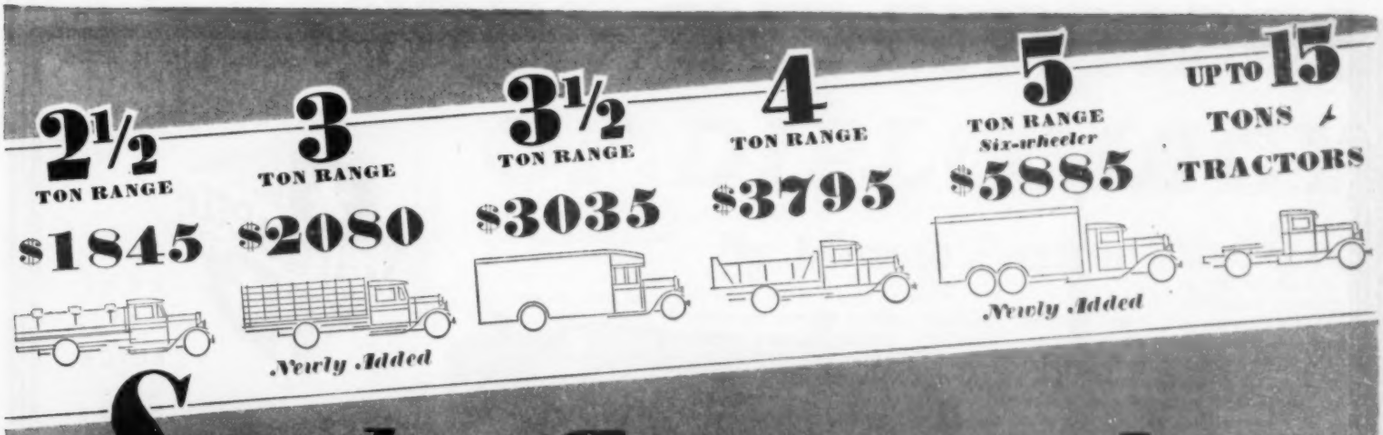

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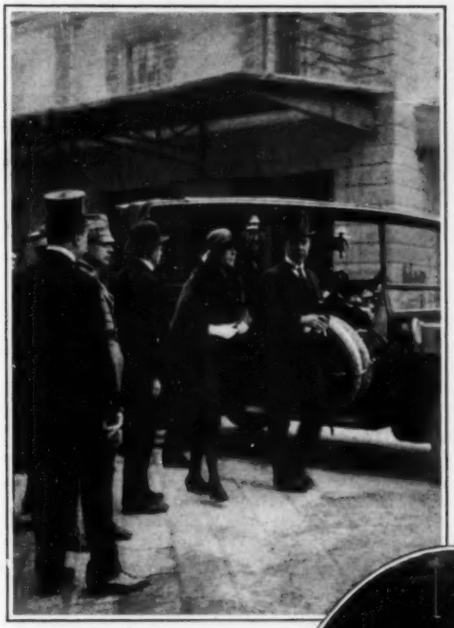
PLEASURES AND PITFALLS OF DIPLOMACY

By Maude Parker



Former Ambassador and Mrs. Child at Genoa, April, 1922

GENOA, ITALY, April 16, 1922.

DINNER last night with Lloyd George and his family proved much the most interesting and, in a way, difficult, of all the social and political events of our first week here.

We came up from Rome because Secretary of State Hughes appointed Dick as unofficial observer to the international economic conference which opened on the eighth. In as much as Genoa is part of the country to which he is accredited as ambassador, our presence is in a way a mere transference of diplomatic duties for both of us. But the change is not merely geographical; between our crowded days in the capital and our existence here, there is an even greater contrast in the quality of the duties to be performed.

Lord Curzon at the Lausanne Conference

First of all, the disappointment and resentment of the other countries against Washington's refusal to take an active part in the congress is so widespread that at times it requires a special technic of personal behavior on the part of the individual who carries out that policy. Moreover, not being officially members, there is no reason for inviting us to the formal dinners which, despite the pressure of work, are inevitably held. This seems to have been solved, however, judging by our formidable array of engagements, which has necessitated our telegraphing to Rome for our own car, as distances are great and the delegates are housed for miles along the coast on both sides of the city.

At the formal opening session we were allotted seats in the first row of spectators, which happened to be just behind the Russian delegation, who are the object of the most intense curiosity, as it is the first time their new government has met on equality with other nations. In fact, one of the most-talked-of reasons for this gathering of so many distinguished men was that the Allies, in order to restore economic peace to the world, had invited not only this committee but representatives from Germany and Austria.

This publicly advertised "desire for world-wide accord and forgetting of past enmities" had impressed me with the belief that the altruistic lions would lie down with the lambs and great practical strides toward world harmony would result. Unfortunately, the first time I heard them all talk, I realized how naïve had been this supposition.

Facta, as the premier of Italy, is in the rôle of host to the others, and therefore presided. But with the exception of his courteously expressed pleasure in welcoming the various nationalities to his country, and Lloyd George, who exhibited extraordinary personal magnetism and quick wit, every other speaker—French, Belgian, German, Japanese and Russian—concentrated entirely on the needs of his own country, dilating on its past hardships and future demands.

For five hours we listened to these long addresses, which were given in both English and French, and a more tedious and disheartening performance could not be imagined.

The only break in the monotony occurred after the Russian, Tchitcherin, had delivered his speech. Barthou, the chief French delegate, sprang up and indignantly denied three major points just made. Tchitcherin answered quickly and with great presence of mind, quoting, as one authority for his statements, a previous declaration of Lloyd George. Whereupon the Welshman arose and with masterly quiet humor and the good-natured tolerance of a sympathetic schoolmaster restoring order to a roomful of unruly boys stated that the ship was already loaded to the limit of its capacity, and he implored the gentlemen to combine in an effort to finish the voyage before adding to the cargo. He elaborated this simile, and even stretched it to include a regret that among the active crew there was no American.

With difficulty Facta suppressed further recriminations between Barthou and Tchitcherin. In his excited efforts to keep order, he reverted from the official languages of the meetings to that expressive Italian word "*Basta! Basta!*" [enough] and adjourned the meeting.

It was then half-past seven, and as we made our way back to the hotel in the center of town, where we have a small suite, any apologetic feeling I might have had about our country's failure to join in the fray vanished.

When we received, yesterday, a telephone message asking us to dine informally with Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd George, the invitation naturally held a significance quite different from that of the usual one. It has been plain from the start that Great Britain especially deplored the aloofness of the United States from this present situation, and we realized that this overture was an attempt to learn everything possible regarding our country's attitude and, perhaps, change it. The speculation as to how this might be carried out added another element of interest to my already strong curiosity to meet him.

After I had said we would be delighted to accept the invitation, the voice at the other end of the line told me, with the admirable explicitness the English employ in social matters, the exact motor route to follow in getting to the villa in the country which has been loaned Lloyd George for his stay, that we would dine promptly at eight, and as it was most informal, a dinner coat and black tie would be the correct costume for my husband.

When we entered the long drawing-room we found only our cordial host, his wife, their pretty young daughter Megan, Sir Edward Griggs, and a self-effacing young man who was the typical personal secretary.

The atmosphere was completely lacking in any sense of strain; in appearance it was the true dinner *en famille*, so often suggested and so rarely met with.

During the first few minutes at the table a great deal of bantering went on between Lloyd George and Megan, who are obviously most sympathetic. She seems, indeed, although only about nineteen, to be a youthful counterpart of him, with his charm and alert intelligence; although, naturally, without the shrewd calculating quality which one feels beneath his apparent casualness. She was teasing him about his dislike of the sea, which, she maintained, was the real reason he had refused to join her that afternoon on Lord Birkenhead's yacht.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd George and Their Daughter, Megan

Her father answered, "On the contrary, I wanted to go, but nobly stayed at home to work. But," he added quickly, with a twinkle in his eyes, "when I saw the waves and knew how rough the sea was, I realized that the Lord was showing his approval of my nobility."

There was very little general conversation, after the polite preliminaries necessitated by first acquaintance, before he plunged into a serious discussion of Woodrow Wilson. He was eager to know his status in the United States, as someone had told him that he was gaining in power and, in proof of this contention, had said that recently, in Washington, there had been tremendous applause when a picture of our ex-President was shown with the caption below: "He did his best."

Dick replied that the response of the audience might not necessarily indicate the increased power of Wilson, but might express sympathy for him.

"Yes, yes," Lloyd George agreed, with the immediate *volte-face* which seems an indigenous part of his temperament. "The phrase does seem ominously like an epitaph. As for me, I'd rather they said: 'He did his damnedest!'"

It seemed to me that in this instance, as well as in later conversation, he seemed to feel a certain similarity between Wilson's and his own potential position in public esteem.

Also it was typical of the way in which he at once caught his listener's reaction and played up to it, shifting rapidly from one point of view to another. This is quite unlike the sympathetic way in which Colonel House, for instance, senses one's attitude and tries to understand it. House does it because he forgets himself; Lloyd George because he always remembers himself.

During his discussion of the Peace Conference, Mrs. Lloyd George contributed almost her only remark. Her husband was describing Wilson's habit of preaching to the smaller nations, and she looked down the table and said, "Yes, David, and he used to preach at you too."

From the discussion of Wilson, whom he criticized severely for his part in the Paris Peace Conference—apparently assuming that Dick, as a Republican, would of course be receptive to this idea, but being firmly undeceived—Lloyd George, of course, made a prompt transition to the present conference and his deep regret that America was not officially in it.

Occasionally, in the conversation which followed, the Premier would turn to his silent secretary and ask for confirmation of a fact or date, which would be given at once with encyclopedic accuracy, into which respectful "sirs" were interjected, but with this exception the talk resolved itself into a dialogue between Lloyd George and Dick. Dick, as the guest of his questioner, was confronted by a delicate dilemma, but no matter how aggressive Lloyd George became, he averted a serious conversational situation while skillfully upholding our Government's policy.

After we had left the men in the ugly modern dining room and returned to the salon for coffee before an open fire, Mrs. Lloyd George talked fluently and well—chiefly about her husband. She makes no pretense of dressing smartly or of striving for any sort of effect, but has a simplicity, a fund of common sense and a complete absorption in his interests which make her extremely likable.

In discussing her husband's laborious days during the war, she waxed indignant at the memory that he had not even had time for the relaxation of a game of golf. However, no one could look more physically fit than he does now; his vitality is apparent in every glance of his luminous hazel eyes and in every word he utters. They told me that he has learned the invaluable habit of being able to drop asleep, even in a chair, whenever an opportunity for a few minutes' rest occurs, no matter how weighty or distressing the problems he is engaged in solving.

Megan, who has her mother's simplicity but a greater surface worldliness and chic, asked me about mutual friends, particularly about the success in diplomatic life in Washington of Princess Bibesco, whom they knew so well as a child. The Princess' mother, Margot Asquith, is one of the kindest-hearted and most generous women, Mrs. Lloyd George declared, and added that during their years of living so near each other in London, no one could have been a more friendly neighbor.

When at last the men returned, it was late and we stayed only a short time. In saying good night, I felt as if I had obtained some clew to whatever masculine discussion had gone on over cigars and coffee. For on the way to the hall, where our hosts accompanied us, we all paused before a table containing lemonade, and whisky and soda. The Prime Minister again said he was sorry America was not at the conference. Dick again made an adequate answer, and to my astonishment Lloyd George threw up his arms, and, I believe, with the only spontaneity he had exhibited all evening exclaimed, "And I wish we were out of it all too!" Then recovering quickly he added, "But since we're in it, we wish you'd help us out."

May 19th.

Endless parties have been given, and we, in turn, have entertained many people. But no gathering, with the exception of those instigated by some of the Genoese we've met, who have asked us either to their country places or to their old palaces in town, and certain dinners with American residents or tourists, has been really social in its purpose. The formal parties we've attended, given by all the delegates except the Russians, have ostensibly been only for recreation, but even at them the only topic discussed has been politics. And the smaller luncheons and dinners do not even make the pretense of any other inspiration. It is a great contrast to Rome, where no man ever mentions a serious subject to a woman, and one which I find exhilarating, even while it demands wariness.

Rome Protected by Barbed-Wire Entanglements Against the Invasion of the Fascists

The gayest of all the parties was a luncheon given by the Austrian delegation; the table was laid in the garden of their hotel on the sea, and not only had they exerted themselves to provide an excellent menu but their extremely amusing comments directed at one of the hosts, the Minister of Finance, made their particular reference to their country's dilemma a welcome change from the grave statements to which we've been accustomed.

The King of Italy, Former Ambassador Child and General Allen at the Tomb of the Italian Unknown Soldier

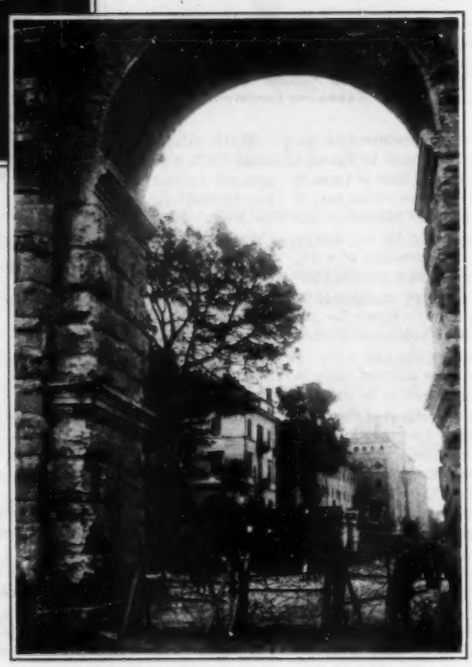
At the dinner given by the Germans I sat between Wirth and Von Simpson. The latter talked unself-consciously of the dislike with which his country is now regarded by the rest of the world. He said he tried to console his fellow countrymen by telling them that all emotional states were followed by reactions, and since it was impossible they should be hated more, they might, in time, be hated less.

But despite extremely interesting meetings with the French, Czecho-Slovakians, Italians, Poles, and other nationalities, our contacts with Lloyd George stand out in my mind as the high point of the entire conference.

I have seen him five times in all—having lunched with them, breakfasted in the garden of their villa the other morning, dined again two days ago, and the other day had an even better chance to talk to him when they lunched with us.

We chose an outdoor restaurant high up on a hill above the picturesque harbor, with a view on the other side of mountains and sea. This out-of-the-way place would provide, we felt, a pleasant change from the publicity the Prime Minister receives when he enters any of the popular hotels. But upon arrival we found, to our dismay, a veritable army of reporters and cameramen. They were waiting, we learned, for Barthou, who was entertaining the French journalists, but they were delighted at the unexpected opportunity to see Lloyd George. The first part of our supposedly intimate luncheon was photographed from every angle, and we finally gave up trying to talk freely and amused ourselves by wondering how moving-picture actors, photographed while eating, disposed artistically of olive pits.

When Barthou made his appearance he came up to our table and chatted in a vivacious, friendly way in French, which, incidentally, Megan speaks beautifully and, when necessary, interprets for her father. Then he and his guests went into the adjoining restaurant, all the doors and windows were shut, and we could settle down to the private discussion which was the reason for our being there.



Barbed Wire Reënforcing an Old Roman Gate in Preparation for the March on Rome, October, 1922

After a short time we heard from the near-by building a roar of applause.

"I know what that statement of Barthou's was," Lloyd George declared. "He's saying, *'À bas les Anglais!'*"

Later on he pointed toward the closed windows and said, to give point to his plea for close British-American coöperation, "Even more important than the bond of a language in common is the bond between nations who like fresh air!"

The thing that interested me chiefly in the long discussion which Dick and he maintained throughout luncheon was not so much any one thing Lloyd George said—most of which was too important to be put in this journal—as the spirit in which he said it. He was totally unlike the person he had been the first night we dined with them—not nearly so quick, but immeasurably more sincere. He was less consciously fascinating, but from the human

(Continued on Page 178)

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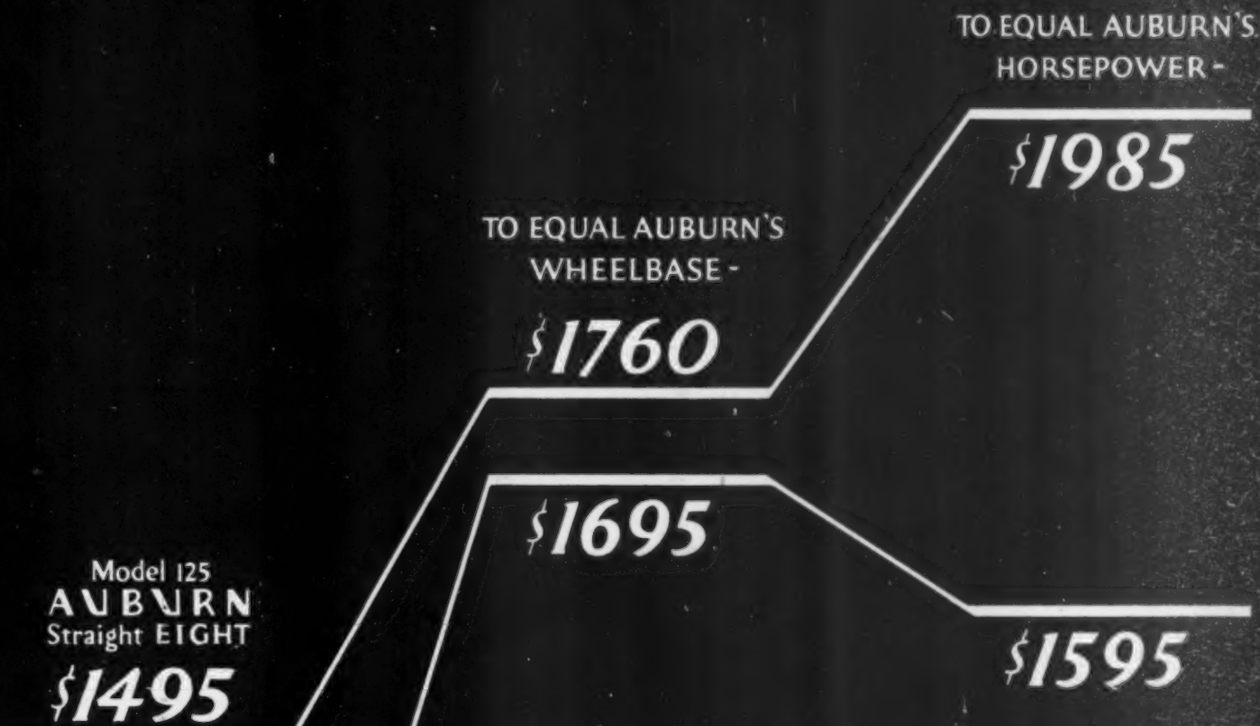

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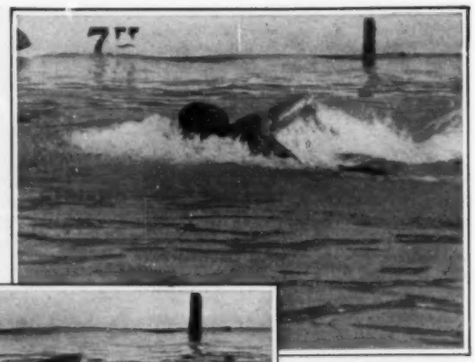
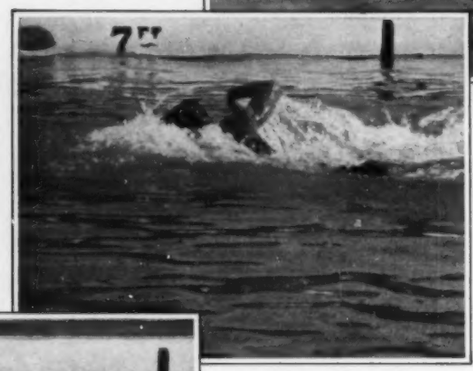
MY METHODS OF TRAINING

By Johnny Weissmuller

In Collaboration With
CLARENCE A. BUSH





The Camera Follows Weissmuller Through the First Half of the American Crawl

YOU may not believe it, but my championship life has not been all parade and no work. I had to do my stuff every day, whether anybody was looking or not. To keep in shape, once I had arrived, required more work from me than from any other athlete who ever flipped a fin, as far as I have been able to learn. I've been a record breaking eater and required extraordinary physical effort to burn up my food.

It's that way with most swimmers; more than with other athletes, I believe. Swimming makes you hungry; in addition to the energy you spend, the water draws heat out of the body, and right away you need new fuel.

In the first year or two I was in the water most of the time, of course. But after the first dozen or two of world's records, it began to be an old story. Many times Bachrach had to drive me into the pool. I'd drift down to the club pool in the afternoon after school, sit around and read the papers while Bachrach finished his siesta. When the big boy came out of his hibernation and spied me, he'd say:

"Hey, what are you doing here? Get into that pool!"

"Don't feel like it," I'd come back, yawning.

"Get undressed and get in there," Bachrach would say, without batting an eyelash.

"Oh, I've just ordered something to eat," I'd say. "I'm getting a club sandwich."

"Never mind that club sandwich," Bachrach would reply. "I'll take charge of it. You get out of those clothes and in that water."

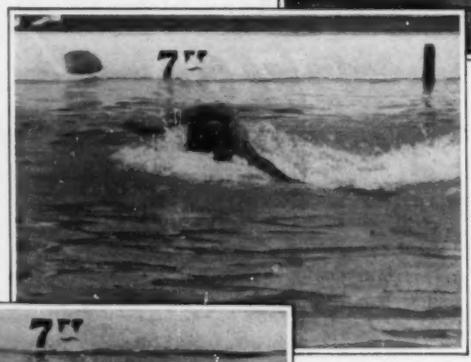
It is hardly necessary to say that I'd get "out" and "in," for various reasons.

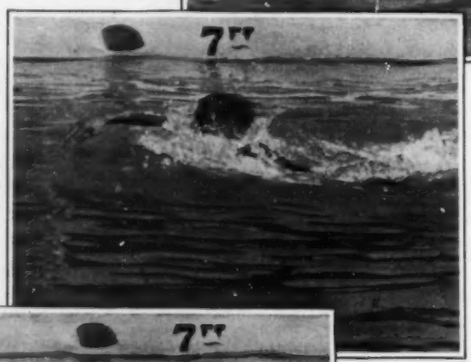
Early Training

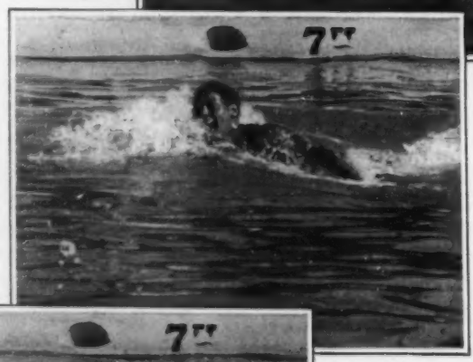
MAYBE I wanted to go to Buffalo for a meet next week, or I was figuring on going to Cincinnati two weeks later, where they always make a big fuss over me. So Bachrach, who could say whether I would go or not, didn't need to threaten; his word was always law with me.

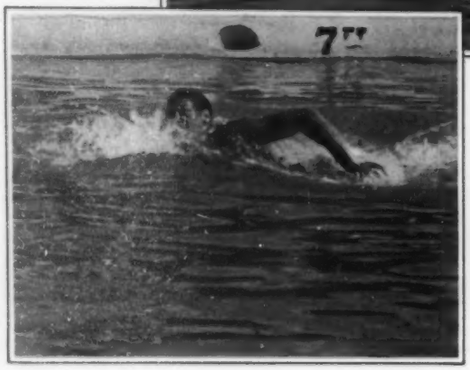
Now there are two distinct departments to this business of training. One is for the young swimmer with lots of promise but no knowledge of style, pace or competitive strategy; the other is for keeping the champion in condition, constantly improving, after he has once arrived. These departments are interwoven somewhat, of course, and it will be best to take up what the coach did for me before I arrived, and then go into the other matters later.

Bachrach did not allow me to employ my full speed until several months had been devoted to experiment, study and practice. Even after I broke into competition in a few tryouts, Bach seldom swam me against the watch in practice to find out the greatest speed of which I was capable.









It is a mistake, he says, to time even the veterans very often. There are some very good reasons, borne out by his years of experience in the development of champions, for his method of training me in the early days. These will be given later.

First he told me to swim up and down the tank at about 60 to 65 per cent of my greatest speed. He explained that the purpose of this was, first, to show him my style of stroke at best advantage, and, second, to make it possible for me to swim a greater distance with ease and pleasure than I could if I swam faster. He advised me to take a good long swim and not to stop until I was tired. During this time he watched me, and when I was through, anxious to hear what he had to say, he criticized my breathing, my arm action, my relaxation or lack of it, my position in the water, my leg beats, my turns at the end of the tank and other points.

Bachrach gave me a good talk and told me what I should do to improve. I was to be turning these things over in my mind and have them well outlined in memory before I came for my next workout.

My workouts were a daily affair. Regularity was most important. Each time he had me swim a little longer, making progress until I was swimming a quarter of a mile each time. This calls for twenty-two lengths of our sixty-foot tank. The quarter mile is the ideal distance for training. During this stretch I had plenty of time to work over the ideas Bachrach gave me before entering the water, experimenting until I made the corrections in execution of the various parts of the stroke.

I had plenty of time for study, because I repeated the same operations over and over. For instance, during the quarter mile I made twenty-one turns at the ends of the tank. Between the turns I made six or seven revolutions of the arms, and inhaled and exhaled something like two hundred times.

When the water was low in the tank and the end rails were near the surface of the water, I was instructed to avoid using these rails in turning. In the first place, it is a slower turn to reach out and feel for the rail, grab it securely, pull yourself up to it, turn, let go of the rail and shove off. Secondly, if you become accustomed to the rails you are lost when you get into a tank that does not have rails. Independence of the rails may mean the difference between victory and defeat in a close race. Swimming without regard to the rails, you drive in to the end wall with more speed and decision, get closer, turn more cleanly and with a graceful rhythm, and, being closer, you get a better push-off.

During this quarter-mile swim I studied the purchase power I got on the water with my hands and forearms. Water is elusive, but you can get hold of it if you know how to go after it. The most effective way to go after it, of making the arm stroke, is to start the catch slowly, and then gradually increase the power as you near the middle of the pull and feel the pressure on the hand.

Rolling Cuts Down Speed

I RESISTED also the tendency to roll the body from side to side. The ideal crawl-stroke position is with the body lying on an even keel on the chest, rolling as little as possible. I found that when I was working a little better than half my maximum speed, just jogging along, I had to watch against this fault of rolling from side to side.

This roll is bad for several reasons. First, it is lost motion, and all motions not contributing to propelling power should be eliminated, whether they are a positive impediment or not.

Second, the roll means that you are depending on it to bring the mouth clear for inhaling. I had to learn to inhale without shifting the balance of my body any more than could be helped. Swimming high in the water as I do, I can get my mouth clear simply by turning my face to the side.

Third, the roll, which carries the right side of the body down when the right arm dips for its pull, and the left side down when the left arm dips, shows that you are not using your arms in the most efficient style; you are throwing too much burden on the feet, or you are actually loafing.

And fourth, you encounter resistance on the dipping shoulder and upper arm.

When you roll on the down arm, instead of really pulling water with the arm, you are simply letting the arm drift

(Continued on Page 50)

EVERY GRAHAM SIX AND EVERY GRAHAM EIGHT IS COMPLETELY EQUIPPED WITH SHATTER-PROOF *PLATE* GLASS

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By Theodore F. MacManus

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(Continued from Page 48)

through the stroke in the easiest position. The chances are you are not bending it in the fashion that offers the most surface of the forearm and divides the power burden between the shoulder and the elbow. Maybe you think you are dipping deeper to get better leverage. If so, you are fooling yourself, because with the stroke properly executed you can get more leverage nearer the surface than your strength can handle. There should be no coasting on the arm that is properly employed in this stroke.

Again, I was cautioned against jerky movements of the arms, either in the stroke or in recovery, as this meant that I was not only performing incorrectly with relation to purchase power and leverage but not getting relaxation. I was told to watch my relaxation, mental poise, ease of breathing, and the limberness of every member of my body.

In recovery of the arms, I was told to bear in mind that my wrist and elbow were to be brought up out of the water relaxed. When my wrists and fingers flopped loosely at the joints as I carried the arm forward in recovery, it was a good sign that I was relaxing.

Swimming at a little better than half speed, I had a good chance to keep my attention on these things. If I went through these studies at my greatest speed—perhaps swimming against a watch held by somebody outside the tank—what would I be doing? I'd place myself under mental and physical pressure to make the best possible showing. I'd find myself, despite my resolution, fighting by main strength to make speed, forgetting my instructions.

Pulling the Stroke Apart

FORM and not fight results in good swimming. If I had had to make fast time in those early days, I'd never have mastered form. I couldn't have thought about or even held in memory the instruction given me. I should not have been able to observe the various points of technic to see whether I was executing them properly, and the chances are I should have executed them very badly.

I should have found it impossible to relax, to breathe properly, to avoid unnecessary resistance motions, should have forgotten all about style—and style is 90 per cent of speed. I should have tired myself out long before the quarter mile was over, got winded, quit the tank exhausted, depressed, and perhaps discouraged.

Maybe one of the reasons Bachrach and I have always got along so well together, and why I continued for so many years in amateur competition, was that he always insisted that swimming should be a pleasant experience, and between swims lots of good things to eat, good times, good fellowship and plenty of sleep.

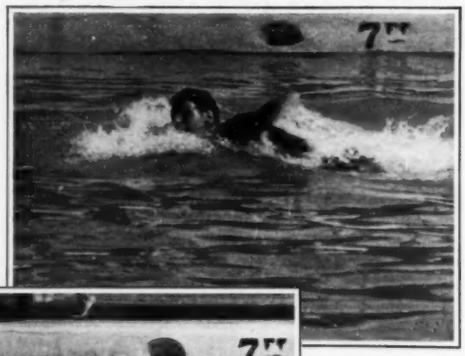
After all, such methods are soundly based on psychology. We are not machines of muscle and bone and blood alone, and we are not mentalities alone. We are a combination of both, and, since he recognized this fact, Bachrach and I always got along well.

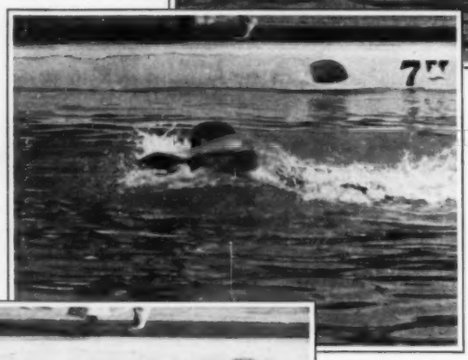
Having thoroughly laid the foundations for good training in the formative days, I am now ready to tell about the things I did to keep in shape and keep on improving my style and my speed. I will also tell how I regulated my diet, and what I did outside the tank to keep in good health.

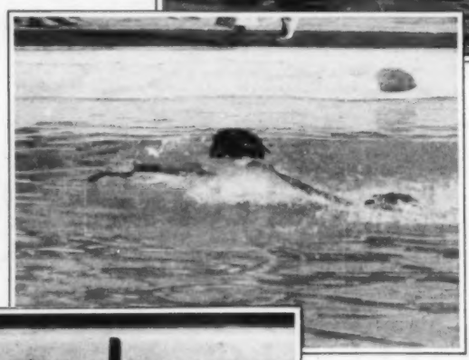
First I dive into the tank for my daily workout and swim several lengths to work up good circulation and get limbered up. Then I begin taking my stroke apart and practicing each part separately.

First I do the leg thrash alone, making no use of my arms. This exercise is done by getting a polo ball, an inflated rubber tube, or some floating object that will support the weight of the arms. You place your hands on it and push it out full length in front of you. It should be buoyant enough to raise your chest about as high in the water as your arm stroke would if you were using your arms. With your legs extended to the rear, you start the leg beat. Make the motive power come from the hips, flexing the legs at the knees and ankles. Go up and down the tank as many times as you can comfortably at a fast speed, using only the leg thrash, and quit as soon as you begin to tire. Don't keep it up after you have ceased to get pleasure from the exercise. It is important that you do not continue this leg-thrash exercise too long. As soon as you begin exerting yourself unduly, straining to continue the grind, you lose relaxation and your mind cannot concentrate on a study of perfect form in executing this complicated movement.

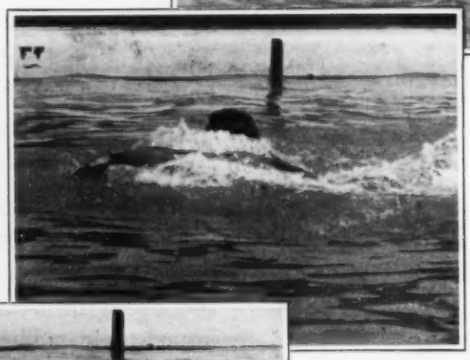
In practicing the leg thrash I pay particular attention to keeping my feet toed in. This toeing in is the only way to relax the ankles and get the proper whip flop that yields propelling force. If you toe straight up and down or outward, as most people do in walking, you cannot get the top surface of the foot turned out of the way. It then offers resistance against progress and tires the ankle. By toeing in, you not only gain relaxation at the ankle but you place the top surface of the foot in a plane which produces propelling motion. You get a better purchase on the water. Most of the leading swimmers of the I. A. C. have mastered this trick and place a great deal of importance on it. It is worth while spending a lot of time and attention on this detail of form.

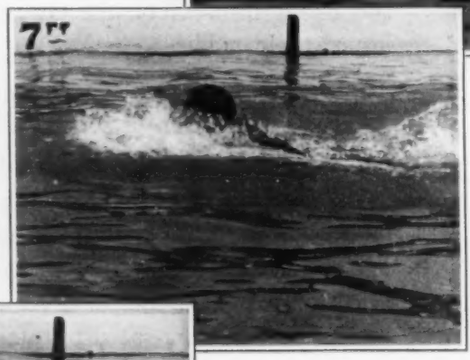


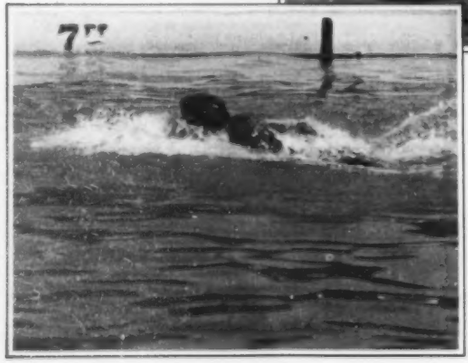




The Conclusion of the Stroke







When I tire of this leg practice, I give it up and then take some exercise with my arms. I put my feet in an inflated tube to keep them up high, maintaining somewhat the position of my body that I should show if using the legs in the thrash. Then I swim up and down the tank, using arms only.

This gives me a chance to study my arm action, to see that I am bending the elbows about forty-five degrees, getting purchase power on the broadest surface of my forearms, and not letting any leverage go to waste by spilling water out of the hands. The hands spill water when you do not cup them properly, when you spread the fingers, and when you turn them sidewise. Naturally, turning the hands sidewise is the worst fault, because then the hands cut through the water instead of pulling through. You will turn them sidewise unconsciously if you are getting too much leverage, and then your arm stroke and the energy you have put into it go for nothing.

If you are reaching too wide with your arms, thereby getting more leverage than you have strength in your shoulders to handle, you will coast through the stroke instead of applying propelling power. This is the fault that needs most careful watching and a lot of experimenting to find the most effective angle at which to bend the elbow—the angle that will enable you to keep the hands pulling instead of cutting.

After getting enough of this exercise, I often practice turning. Using the full stroke, combining arm and leg action, I swim back and forth across the short width of the tank. The short width will give you more turns for the yardage you swim.

Breaking the Record Every Day

PRACTICE these turns across the short width of the pool until you think you have had enough of it. Then taper off your practice by swimming a few lengths of the pool with the combined stroke, paying attention to coördination of all the parts of the stroke, and concentrating on relaxation. Then you have nothing to do till tomorrow, as far as the water is concerned.

Training in the early formative days was one thing, and training to better my world's records after I had arrived was something different. Once I had mastered form and had established myself as a record breaker, I adopted a different system.

When I set out to break a record, I begin training a week or two ahead to swim exactly the time I expect to make. I don't do it every day, but three or four times a week. And I swim it in the very course where I plan to break the record; and in this I think I am different from most swimmers.

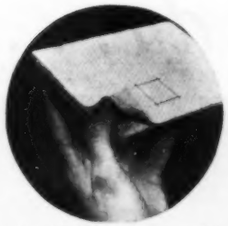
I have seen them go into the tank they expect to perform in and take their workouts every day, but they fool around and take it easy. They think that, even though they do not do their distance within two to five seconds of the time they want to make in the race, the inspiration of the fight will carry them through in the right time when the big day comes.

But I have found it does not work this way. I want to do the work over and over again, so that I can tell by the feel of it whether I am making the time required. I become used to it, establish my groove, so to speak; so when it comes time to record my performance in competition, I am used to it and it is only a matter of habit to go through with it. I do this whether I'm trying for a record at fifty yards, a hundred, two hundred and twenty or a quarter mile.

(Continued on Page 198)

Noise has been dropped from the Payroll of the New York Life Insurance Company

ON Madison Square the New York Life Insurance Company has built a home in which 3500 workers are undisturbed by the clatter, noise and confusion so general in offices everywhere. The company's officers, in planning this new building, recognized that noise is expensive, that it leads to costly errors, reduces efficiency and increases absences due to illness. They resolved to drop noise from the payroll.



J-M Nashkote—the light, quickly-applied, sound-absorbing material used in the New York Life Building. There is a J-M Material exactly suited to every sound-absorbing or acoustical problem.

As an institution interested in public health, its officers felt that the New York Life should consider the health of its employees. As officials of a financial institution handling hundreds of millions of trust funds, they desired efficiency and accuracy. Neither the best of health, nor the best of performance is possible under noise conditions common in most offices today. Hence it was determined that the noise evil be controlled.

How this has been accomplished

To attain the desired result New York Life turned to Johns-Manville, pioneer developer of office-quieting methods. The problem was a complex one. The space included every variety of office, a series of dining rooms, corridors—not to mention special rooms such as pneumatic conveyer tube stations, teletype rooms and the like. The activities which produced noise could not be curtailed—yet the demand was for reasonable quiet, for noise to be reduced until it ceased to be disturbing.

These teletype operators do not disturb their associates because modern sound control material stifles the noise of their machines. J-M Materials can be applied in old or new buildings.

That demand has been met. The effect has been achieved by the use of more than 600,000 sq. ft. of Johns-Manville Sound-absorbing Material, applied chiefly to the ceilings. The use of this material does not interfere with any desired decorative effects.

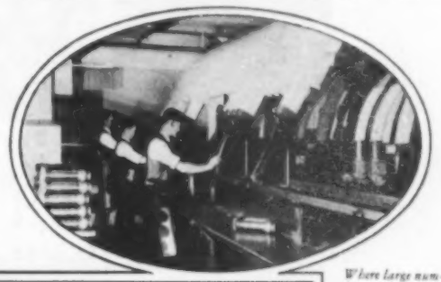
". . . the measures taken to eliminate noise have improved working conditions very noticeably," says Dr. Hammer, Welfare Official of this great company . . . . . .

We make no claim that dead silence exists in New York Life offices, but the cutting edge has been taken off the noise. Typewriters and adding machines click, bells ring, filing cabinets are opened and closed, doors shut, people move about—but only a subdued murmur reaches the ears. Noise no longer wears out nerves, nor causes confusion. Noise is off the payroll.

You need this quiet in your office

Your office may be large or small, but regardless of its size everyone in it will do a better job if noise is controlled. As Dr. Hammer, Welfare Official of New York Life, puts it, "the strain of daily office noise causes marked energy wastage." Can you yourself afford to waste energy? Can you afford to have your associates overtax themselves? To your own office J-M Experts can bring the same quiet, restful working conditions found at the New York Life Insurance Company. A J-M-quieted office is a real workshop. Things get done smoothly, accurately, promptly. Everyone is healthier and happier. Hence efficiency increases, and profits are better.

The J-M method of office-quieting is logical. As at New York Life, we make no effort to lessen noise-producing activities. Instead we proceed to control the noise by blotting it out through the use of special sound-absorbing materials developed by J-M laboratories. We produce a variety of these sound-absorbing materials which are usually applied to the ceiling. The type best suited to your office can be installed without disturbing your normal routine. Besides controlling noise in offices and other business places our materials have quieted scores of hospitals and have been used to provide good acoustics in every variety of auditorium.



Where large numbers of pneumatic tubes are manipulated the noise is greatly reduced by sound-absorbing material on ceilings.

Above: This is typical of the many office machines in use in the general offices at New York Life. J-M Sound-absorbing Materials on ceilings allow such activity without discomfort.

Ask us to have a J-M Engineer call. You will be under no obligation. And tell your secretary to send the convenient coupon for any, or all, of our free books on sound absorption.

The building of the New York Life Insurance Company provides a worthy home for one of the world's greatest financial institutions. With over seven billion dollars of outstanding insurance New York Life is one of America's four largest insurance companies.

Scientist Proves Value of Quiet

The practical value of J-M Office-quieting—such as that done by the New York Life Insurance Company—can be measured. Speaking of noise tests made in offices, Prof. Donald A. Laird, Ph.D., Sci.D., Director Colgate University Psychological Laboratory, says that in every case, "noise has been shown to be cutting into industrial output." Tests made by Dr. Laird in one office showed, however, that J-M Office-quieting resulted in a 12% increase in the output of office machine operators. In another company's office the same material produced a new quiet which reduced errors in the telephone operating room by 42%. An investment in quiet pays real dividends.

Johns-Manville

SOUND-ABSORBING AND OFFICE-QUIETING TREATMENT

Address JOHNS-MANVILLE
At the nearest office listed below
New York Chicago Cleveland San Francisco Toronto
(Offices in all large cities)

Please send me free of charge the booklets checked.

- ☐ Johns-Manville Sound-absorbing Treatment in Banks and Offices
- ☐ Johns-Manville Sound-absorbing Treatment in Hospitals and Sanitariums
- ☐ Johns-Manville Sound-absorbing Treatment in Churches
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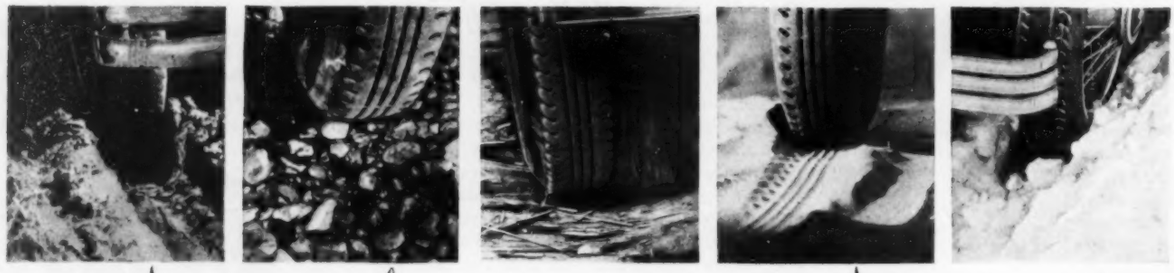
Name.....

AC-33-3

Address.....

A $200,000 Tire Demonstration what SILVERTOWNS can do.....



Mud Gravel Detours Sand Snow

Read How the 1929 Goodrich Silver Fleet Has Given You An Entirely New Yardstick of Tire Values

THIS is the story of $200,000, spent to simplify your tire buying. Of 19 men in 15 cars who traveled across 46 states, through winter, spring, summer and fall, to set up a true yardstick of tire values.

This is the story of the 1929 Goodrich Silver Fleet . . . and what it has accomplished for tire buyers.

It was January last year when the Silver Fleet left New York. It was October when it got back. Sixty-two tires, every one a stock Silvertown, started out with it. Thirty-two of them . . . more than half . . . were still in service when the cars returned.

Thirty thousand miles of road . . . good, bad and indifferent roads . . . had rolled under those tires. Yet 15 had never been off the rim. Never punctured. Never removed, even for examination.

And in all that distance . . . not a single blow-out, not a single tire failure, among more than five dozen casings!

The purpose of the Silver Fleet was to show *you* what *you* can get from Silvertowns. It traveled over *your* roads . . . faced *your* driving problems. The record of its Silvertowns is a record of Silvertowns on *your car!*

And that record proves that you are spending more per year for tires than you need to if you are not using Silvertowns!

See your Goodrich dealer. Talk to him about the Silver Fleet. Then, when you go to buy tires, you will not have to *guess* which one can give you most per dollar! You will save money if you equip your car with Silvertowns.

The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Co., Established 1870, Akron, O. Pacific Goodrich Rubber Co., Los Angeles, California. In Canada: Canadian Goodrich Co., Kitchener, Ontario.

THE FAMOUS SILVERTOWN, built up on a carcass of stretch-matched weftless cord, and water-cured for toughness clear through. That's why they wear so long.

HEADING WEST, through burning desert sands, to test stamina of Silvertowns.

SILVER FLEET ROUTE! Here's the twisting trail of the Silver Fleet . . . 30,000 miles of terrific punishment, including every conceivable test of tire stamina. Notice how every section of the country was invaded, how every type of driving condition was sought out, just to prove the durability of Goodrich Tires.

Goodrich Silvertowns

32,000 different rubber articles—

. . . just to prove by ACTUAL MILEAGE

OVER PERFECT HIGHWAYS and over back trails that were little more than cleared paths, the Silver Fleet deliberately sought out every type of travel the entire country could provide. It encountered snow, rain and sleet . . . mud, sand and gravel as well as brick and macadam. It mastered every climate . . . faced, in 10 months of concentrated road experience, every test you put to your tires in years of driving.

. . . another B.F. Goodrich Product

Goodrich Silvertowns • Zippers • Rubber Footwear • Drug Sundries • Soles • Heels • Hose • Belting • Packing • Molded Goods

COMIN' THROUGH THE SKY

Mr. Ricketts Braced Himself, Raised the Struggling Figure of Mr. Moderate Barr in His Arms and Pitched the Squirming, Kicking Actor Out Into Space

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

MODERATE BARR owned a yellow, cut-down flivver and an inferiority complex. He also deluded himself into the belief that he had a girl, but therein he neglected to consider the fickleness of some persons of the feminine persuasion. Miss Elixir Roberts tolerated Moderate for two reasons, and two only. In the first place, he was by way of being an actor since he had played innumerable bits in two-reel talkies produced and released by Midnight Pictures Corporation, Incorporated. In the second place, he was the proud possessor of the yellow flivver which was known the length and breadth of Birmingham's Darktown for its gorgeous color and the asthmatic condition of its motor.

To be courted by an actor imparted to Miss Roberts some little prestige, but what was more important, it afforded the young colored girl a chance to borrow the yellow car when occasion demanded—which was frequently. Tonight, for instance, she coyly had informed the idolatrous Moderate that she wished to visit a sick friend. He promptly loaned the yellow car, and she just as promptly whirled southward to a certain cottage on Avenue B where she picked up a very dusky gentleman who answered to the name of Sam Ribbins.

Mr. Ribbins was about the same size as Moderate, but right there the similarity ended. Whereas Moderate was shy and retiring, Mr. Ribbins was professionally pugnacious. For a few years an optimistic manager had piloted Mr. Ribbins on a pugilistic course, believing that he was a second Joe Gans, but the colored person had exhibited a too great fondness for bright lights and his career had come to an inglorious close. Whereupon Sam established himself in Birmingham, accepted a job of sorts and made a little money on the side by occasional semifinals at various fight clubs within a radius of two hundred miles of Birmingham.

Yet to Elixir, Mr. Ribbins was a powerful and impressive figure. He was incessantly looking for trouble, and seldom finding it because of the fact that his reputation as a scrapper caused the cautious colored citizenry to accept his insults.

Most of the time Elixir was annoyed by Moderate's diffidence. She believed that Mr. Barr had all the makings of a fine actor, and yet his shyness had kept him in the ranks of extras. It wasn't that Moderate didn't believe he was good, but merely that he never had learned to advertise himself.

Mr. Ribbins, on the other hand, proclaimed his own glories frequently and loudly, with the result that the fair Miss Roberts tolerated the would-be actor only for the sake of borrowing his car that she might go joy-riding with the boy friend of her choice.

Tonight they had ventured far from Birmingham and lost their way. They started back toward the city on a rutty and uncomfortable road, and eventually got their bearings when their ears were assaulted by the jazzy strains of Prof. Aleck Champagne's Orchestra, which they knew was on duty at Epic Peters' road house. Elated at having discovered his whereabouts, Sam Ribbins advanced the gas arc and speeded for the main road.

And right there circumstance took a hand in the proceedings—circumstance, plus the fact that the road down which Sam and Elixir were traveling merged with the main road exactly in front of Epic's road house.

A personage was departing from the road house at just that moment; a man long and tall and very, very black; a man with a long head, a lantern jaw, heavy features and a lazy drawl which had caused him to be created Midnight's first and only star.

A few months since, Magnolius Ricketts had been a modest and unnoticed extra on the Midnight lot. Then a certain quality of newness in his work had caught the attention of the astute Florian Slappey and that debonair gentleman had signed on as the manager of Magnolius and succeeded in obtaining for him a contract with Midnight at one hundred and twenty-six dollars per week, the highest salary received by any actor on the lot.

In tailoring and haberdashery Mr. Ricketts dimmed the rainbow. His suitings were checkered; his shirts, socks and ties of shrieking hues; but, what was worst of all, success and affluence had metamorphosed the man.

He was the best colored picture actor in the world, and knew it. What was more, he advertised the fact. Being slightly deficient in intelligence and possessing only a genius for the talking screen, Magnolius came to believe that he was the eighth wonder of a quivering world and he managed to make himself thoroughly despised both off the lot and on.

In particular he was upstage with his former associates of the extra days, and for two months it had seemed that the major portion of his ill temper was directed against the retiring and inoffensive Moderate Barr. Day in and day out, Magnolius extended himself to pile Ossas of misery upon Pelions of degradation for Mr. Barr, and the little man accepted the hazing only because he, too, was ambitious in an acting way and feared that any open resentment would result in Magnolius' enormous influence being used to have his name stricken from the Midnight extra list.

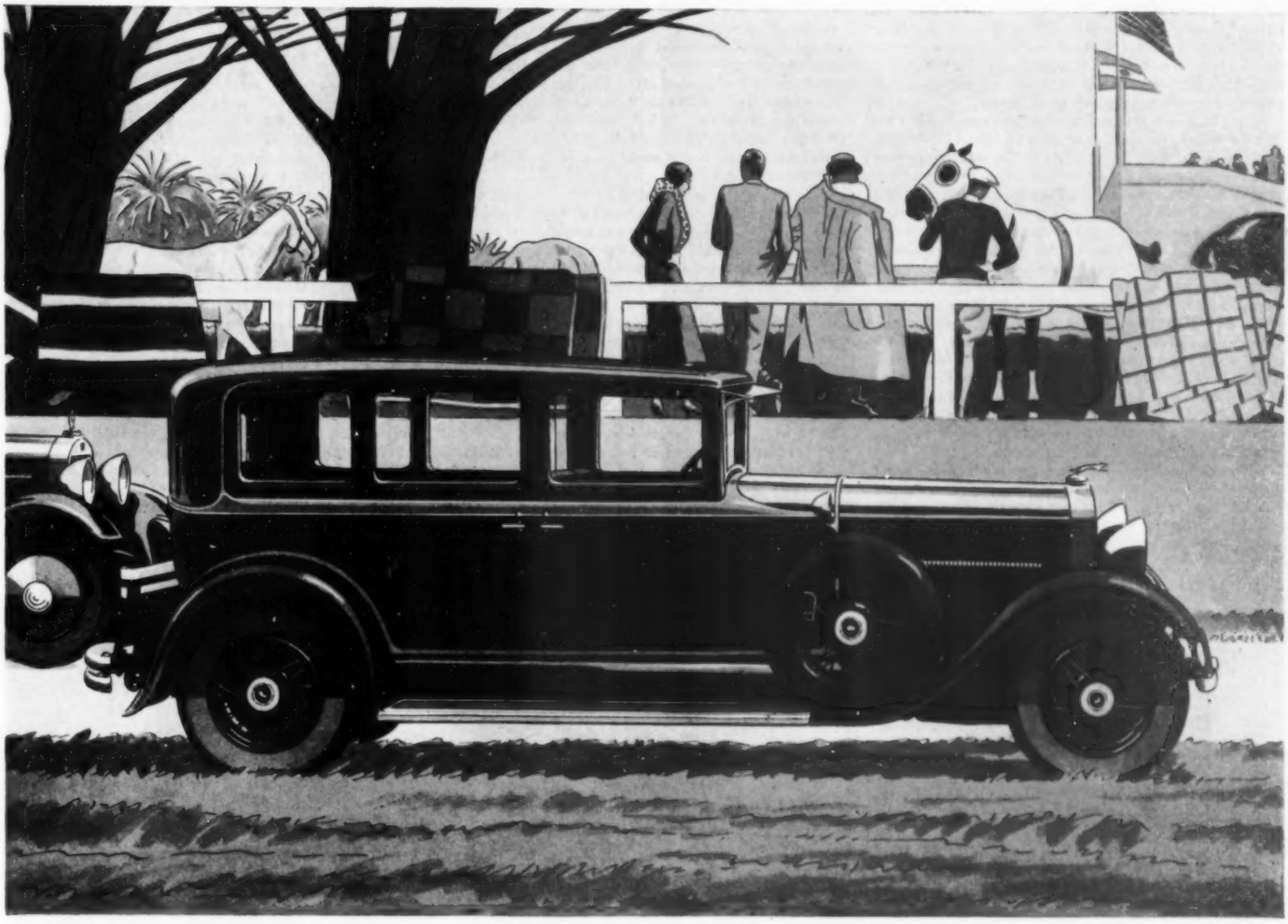
Magnolius Ricketts had been making loud and enthusiastic whoopee all evening at the road house, much to the disgust of most of the guests. He now bade them an insulting good night, swaggered to his car, slung it into gear and flashed toward the exit gate.

Just as he reached the gate a little cut-down roadster, containing a girl and a small man, swept into view. In the brief instant before the crash which crumpled Magnolius' fender, the Midnight star recognized that this was the car which belonged to Moderate Barr.

Then there was a grinding of steel and tin, a feminine shriek, and the headlights of Mr. Ricketts' car went completely out.

(Continued on Page 56)

THE LINCOLN



THE SEVEN-PASSENGER LIMOUSINE

Every mile proves the Lincoln's excellence

IN MAKING the Lincoln, operations that best can be performed by hand are in the hands of fine craftsmen. Things that best can be done by machine are performed by machines that are the admiration of the engineering world. There are delicate tests and measurements, precise borings, accurate applications of tremendous force that never could be achieved by craftsmen unaided. But some of the machines cost large sums, and it is indicative of Lincoln quality that *their use often retards the speed of production.*

Only a plant inspired by a relentless enthusiasm for perfection and backed by unlimited resources, would and could afford to maintain all these marvelous aids of which the modern engineer and craftsman dream.

From such a plant comes the long-lived, powerful Lincoln . . . an automobile so precisely constructed that it requires no breaking in. Its making involves no worry about speed of production, no fretting over the high cost of superior materials, no single concern save the personal ambition of its maker to put on the roads of the world the finest motor car that unrestricted effort can achieve.

(Continued from Page 54)

Something snapped in the bosom of Magnolius Ricketts. It was inconceivable enough that anybody should dispute the road with him, but that Moderate Barr dared do it was an affront not to be tolerated.

Unfortunately for Magnolius, he did not have time to notice that the driver of Moderate's car was not Mr. Barr at all but an entirely different gentleman. Had he noticed, the chances are that Mr. Ricketts would not have descended from his own sedan uttering graphic profanity which had to do with the other man's forbears even unto the second generation. Mr. Ricketts was not at all a brave man, but it did not take real courage to express one's true opinion of so modest a person as Moderate.

Sitting taut in the driver's seat of Moderate's car, Sam Ribbins listened in stark amazement to the vituperation which was being flung his way. At first he was too shocked to move. The accident had been entirely the fault of the other man and now that person was vilifying him. Furthermore, Magnolius was advancing upon Mr. Ribbins vowing sudden and complete extermination.

Sam Ribbins, ex-pugilist of ability, needed no second invitation, and even when he leaped from the car, it was entirely too dark for Magnolius to observe that this was not the man he thought it was. Mr. Ricketts advanced swiftly and incautiously. Sam dug his right foot into the road, clenched his right fist and waited. Mr. Ricketts waved a futile fist, and Sam Ribbins struck. Sam was a small man, a man fully forty pounds lighter than Magnolius Ricketts, but he was a trained fighter and there was dynamite in his punch. Furthermore, he landed it on that particularly sensitive point on the side of the jaw which is known to the cognoscenti as "the button."

Quite suddenly Magnolius ceased advancing. His arms dropped to his sides and he pitched forward onto the road. Sam Ribbins brushed off his own knuckles, took a single look at the prostrate form, climbed back into the car and drove toward Birmingham, pleasantly conscious of the adoring glances bestowed upon him by Elixir Roberts.

"Tha's what he gits," observed the victorious little man, "fo' cussin' at me."

Elixir pressed his arm. "He didn't cuss at you, honey."

"Foolishment you talks. Tha's the one thing he didn't do nothin' else but."

"'Tain't foolishment, Sam. I speaks troof. Magnolius thought he was insultin' Moderate Barr, 'cause he reckernized this car."

Mr. Ribbins gave vent to a chuckle.

"Gosh!" he murmured. "What a s'prise Mistuh Ricketts must of got!"

Somebody accompanied Magnolius to his suite at Sally Crouch's Cozy Home Hotel for Colored, leaving behind a babble of amazement and conjecture. Frankly, everyone present was as surprised as Magnolius had been, but there was no tendency to doubt that the victorious warrior had indeed been Moderate. In fact, before the story had been told half a dozen times there were three or four spotlight seekers who were willing to swear that they had recognized Moderate himself.

All this while the unsuspecting hero was sleeping peacefully in the modest room of his boarding house. And when he waked the following morning and prepared for his day's work on the Midnight lot, it was without the slightest suspicion that he was being credited with having flattened the large and important Magnolius Ricketts with a single punch.

But immediately as he arrived on the lot, Moderate noticed that something was wrong. Forcep Swain, Midnight's foremost and only author, darted across the lot and pumped Moderate's hand enthusiastically.

"Dawg-gone, Moderate," said he, "I was suttinly delighted to heah the news."

Mr. Barr blinked. "Which news?"

"'Bout how you beat hell out of Magnolius Ricketts last night."

Moderate glanced about him. Actors, cameramen, electricians, carpenters and gripsmen were staring admiringly in his direction. He was pleased, but realized that there was some absurd mistake. As from a distance, he heard Forcep's voice:

"How did you do it, Moderate?"

Mr. Barr shook his head. "'Twan't nothin'," he averred.

"Shuh! Modesty is the most quality you has got. Don't tell me it wan't nothin' fo' a li'l' shrimp like you to beat up a giant like Magnolius."

The crowd gathered. There was no questioning the fact that they were crediting Moderate with a pugilistic triumph over a despised actor. And so Mr. Barr sparred for time and information.

"'Tain't nothin' to discuss," said he.

Callous Deech, the lanky sound engineer, edged forward.

"Ain't you scared, Moderate?"

Mr. Barr most certainly was, but didn't care to admit it.

"'Bout which?"

"Magnolius havin' you fired out of yo' job?"

"We-e-ell, maybe."

"Tell you what I'd do," advised Callous. "Magnolius is good an' frightened of you, as he has plenty right to be. Was I you I'd wait right heah until he arrived, an' then I'd tell him that if he made any trouble fo' you, what happened to him last night will be on'y just a picnic, on account you'll plumb pulverize him."

There was a chorus of loud agreement. In fact, everybody seemed to agree on everything. They agreed that Moderate was a hero and a great fighter; they agreed that he had soundly thrashed the most hated man on the Midnight lot; and they agreed that nothing could be more conducive to the peace and welfare of the whole organization than that Magnolius should be kept very much in his place from this moment on.

The more Moderate reflected on the situation, the more terrified he became. He inquired and was informed that Magnolius knew the identity of the person who had assaulted him. And then Mr. Ricketts came through the gate and stared at the group.

"Yonder he is," sizzled Callous Deech. "Heah's yo' chance, Moderate, to tell him where he gits off at."

Mr. Barr stared at the dilapidated figure of Mr. Ricketts. A subtle change had come over the demeanor of the great star. Sartorially he was the same as ever, but much of his arrogance had departed in favor of a large lump on the left side of his jaw. And there was no mistaking the fact that

(Continued on Page 201)

"I Don't Want No Mo' Fightin' With You, Moderate." "Why Not?" Mr. Barr Was Feeling His Way

DENNIS KING

STAR OF THE PARAMOUNT PICTURE
"THE VAGABOND KING"

When Dennis King goes on the air, the radio whose units are only approximately balanced cannot bring you a true reproduction of his brilliant singing voice, but only the distorted approximation portrayed at the left. Pictured at the right is the true, clear, vividly lifelike tone which Philco attains by extraordinarily exact balancing of all units.

PHILCO RADIO DISCOVERIES

bring you supreme performance at amazing, low prices

PHILCO Screen Grid Radios are *different* from other radios—you know it the minute you hear them.

Discoveries made in the Philco research laboratories have been built into the new 1930 Philco Screen Grid sets, and give you such acute selection of stations, such enthralling distance range, such clear, rich, *natural* tone, that Philco today must not be confused with any other radio at *any* price.

Before you buy, ask if the radio you are offered is a *screen grid* set. Silence on this point may mean last year's mechanism in this year's hollow box of wood. Ask what the colorful names applied to radio speakers *mean.* It's easy to invent a name—harder to perfect such a thing as Philco's exact balancing of all electrical units—*eliminating* radio distortion.

Compare before you buy. Philco dealers are staking their success on Philco supreme performance. Because of this performance, the radio world turned to Philco in 1929. The demand has continued to grow in 1930. Tremendous acceptance makes it possible to build into *these two new sets,* Philco's recently discovered features, which cannot be duplicated in any radio at any price:

1. *Philco Screen Grid*—A newly invented circuit—a screen grid tube as detector—new—doubles amplification—enormous power—hair-trigger selectivity *anywhere* on the dial—seven tubes and four condensers—all electrical units *exactly balanced,* giving magnificent undistorted Philco *tone*—priced ***as low as*** **$112** in beautiful Console Cabinet.

PHILCO
BALANCED-UNIT RADIO

2. *Philco Screen Grid PLUS*—Newly invented *Automatic* Volume Control—gets and *holds* far-distant stations without fading—enormous power brings rare programs—new double-tuned input circuit sharpens selectivity—it tunes sharply *anywhere* on the dial—no "cross-talk," even in crowded local stations—concert-hall volume when you want it—and *no distortion* at any volume because of Philco's balanced units, which produce that wonderful Philco tone—pure, true, *natural,* for voice or music from highest note to lowest sound—in plain truth, a super-radio, as your dealer will be glad to prove to you.

Have the nearest Philco dealer put one of these wonderful sets in your own home, without obligation, and *learn for yourself* what *real radio performance* can be! Easy terms when you decide to buy.

PHILCO HIGHBOY

With New Screen Grid Chassis	$139.50
With Screen Grid Plus Chassis (built-in aerial) . .	169.50

A full range of other exquisite furniture models, including a new, compact Console with genuine butt walnut and bird's-eye maple panels at $112. Table Models, Lowboys and De Luxe Highboys from $67 to $225.

Slightly higher in Canada, Rocky Mountains and West. Each model, regardless of price, includes a built-in Electro-Dynamic Speaker with *two* 245 power tubes, push-pull. All prices less tubes.

PHILCO, PHILADELPHIA, PA.
In Canada: PHILCO PRODUCTS, LTD., Toronto

HEADS I WIN, TAILS YOU LOSE

By Struthers Burt

THE United Sons of Lombardy or the Bachelors of Bellagio—I don't know the name—had just gone down the lake on the pride of the lake fleet, the good ship Savoia, capable of holding a thousand persons and used only for excursions like this. I knew they had gone down the lake, because it was Sunday and their band had wakened me up at five o'clock, playing very loudly and with splendid rhythm. I went to my window and looked out. In the gray light of morning the lake was as smooth and shining as a silver plaque. Across the lake, Cadenabbia, with its long block of hotels, at that time of day a translucent cream color save for the salmon pink of tiled roofs, was still asleep, its rooms stirring gently to high-nosed, repressed English snoring. The Savoia was hung with pennants from bow to stern, and from the latter floated proudly the national flag. Her paddle wheels grrrumph-rumphed mightily. The band stood on the forward deck, and the United Sons of Lombardy or the Bachelors of Bellagio, and their lady friends, crowded this deck, and the lower deck, and the upper deck, and every other deck, until they resembled a colony of ants caught by a flood upon a piece of floating bark. Every now and then they cheered, for no reason, it seemed, except that it was Sunday, and early, and they were off on a picnic, and for the time being felt pleasantly, and would continue to do so until it got hot and they got tired.

It pleased my unsuspecting democratic soul, watching the Savoia, to reflect that just about then, or later—allowing for differences in time, of course—innumerable other Savoias, equally crowded, would be putting out from somewhere to somewhere else. The Geo. H. Schultz Clambake Club of Brooklyn; The Native Sons Association of San Francisco; The Honorable Sun Burst Society of Tokio; The As Much As Possible White Clerks of Hong-Kong. It was July, and the time for excursions on the part of societies, secret and otherwise, and societies, secret or otherwise, had existed ever since the world began, and, in the main, no matter what their formal declarations were, their real objects had always been to go on picnics. Looked at that way, it all seemed fairly harmless and pleasant. I didn't want to go on the Savoia myself. Four or five generations ago, a couple of hard-working men, ancestors of mine, had worked to such purpose that for one reason or another they had allowed me to rise above the simple pleasures of the Savoia, which may be my loss or not. Sometimes I think it is. But at all events I did not want to go on the Savoia. I saw no reason, however, why other people shouldn't go.

About six o'clock that evening the Savoia would come back, flags still flying, band still playing, but the United Sons of Lombardy or the Bachelors of Bellagio slightly wilted and cross, and a few of them under the influence of good, strong, red, mountain wine. Meanwhile the streets of the town they had left would at intervals have been filled with Swiss, German and Austrian walking clubs in uniform, cycling clubs in the most brilliant of matched jerseys, and processions of *balilla*, the national boy scouts. There seemed to be a lot of such organizations, especially as every Sunday one society or another—sometimes three or four—came from all over the north of the country to go down the lake on the Savoia or her sister boats.

Escaping From America

FOUR hours later, having gone back to sleep again, I descended to the dining room of the hotel where I was staying and had breakfast. After breakfast I picked up one of the American papers published in Paris and read where Mr. George Jean Nathan, the distinguished American dramatic critic, had landed in England.

Mr. Nathan was in his best form. His batting average was high. He said he was in England because he came to England whenever he could, in order to get away from America. Indeed, that the only advantage in being born an American was that you could escape from it to England. What would happen to you if you were an Englishman and wanted to escape from England, he did not say. The world no longer being flat, it is no longer possible to jump off it. The reason why Mr. Nathan liked to get away from America was because Americans still put up with certain sumptuary laws of which Mr. Nathan disapproves and that they belong to so many idiotic societies. "Idiotic" is Mr. Nathan's word.

Now, whether you believe in sumptuary or statutory laws, certain or otherwise, is beyond this argument. Bless you if you do, and bless you if you don't. What you think won't in the long run make much difference. If they're good sumptuary or statutory laws they will remain, and if they're not they will disappear. That's history, not my opinion. But if Mr. Nathan or any other American thinks we invented sumptuary or statutory laws and that we are today in entire possession of them, he is mistaken. We did invent the cotton gin and the telephone and the submarine and a lot of other things, but even our inventive genius could not invent sumptuary and statutory laws, because both were invented long before we were even heard of. And although nowadays we do own a lot of things, bad and good, in the name of modesty, if nothing else, we must give up this claim to sole proprietorship in laws having to do with a citizen's more individual actions. It isn't nice to boast. If Mr. Nathan had been a citizen of the country in which I then was, he would have known what sumptuary and statutory law was. And where sumptuary and statutory law was lacking, he would have found a fierce public opinion tending toward a conformity undreamed of in America.

I amused myself imagining what would happen to Mr. Nathan if he became a citizen of the country in question.

He could not, for instance, enter a church—that is, if ever he wanted to—accompanied by a lady dressed, as ladies now frequently dress, in sleeveless dresses. She would have to wear a coat, no matter how hot it was. He would not be allowed to vote any but one political ticket, for the precise reason that there is only one to vote. He could not even mention publicly the name of the head of that political ticket without running the risk of getting into trouble. If he smoked a pipe he could not get the sort of tobacco he wanted. Unless he consulted a foreign paper he could not obtain the news. If he spoke angrily, even under provocation, to a public official, again he would run the risk of getting into trouble. If he wished to move his residence he could not do so without permission, not readily obtained, and if he wished to leave his country he would also have to obtain permission, not readily obtained. As for his wife, if he had one, she could not leave the country at all save with his permission, plus the permission of the government. Every time he entered a hotel he would have to fill out a questionnaire, and every time he moved to another hotel he would have to do the same, and wherever he moved he would have to keep in close touch with the police. If he wanted to buy an American automobile he would earn the black looks of his friends and find himself in the bad graces of the national motor club. If the imaginary lady, wife or otherwise, we are supposing to be with him, wore too short dresses, in certain parts of the country she would be asked to lengthen them. And so on, and so on. But above all, not for one moment would Mr. Nathan be allowed to earn his living as he is now earning it. Paraphrasing the words of the Scotch beadle who, not knowing what an ear trumpet was, warned an old lady entering his church, one toot and she would be oot!

Mr. Nathan does not know what sumptuary and statutory laws are; conversely he has no conception of freedom—at least, what it has been up to the present.

Real freedom has never yet meant, and won't mean for a long time to come, that you aren't going to be bothered by laws you don't like or by people or organizations you detest. But no one need worry too much about freedom, as long as everyone is at liberty to assail these laws, these people or these organizations frequently, publicly and with candor. Mr. Nathan is a living, breathing proof that, much as it may be threatened and much as it may need guarding, freedom is not yet dead in America.

Freedom has never consisted in having everything your own way; it has always consisted in the permission to work openly to change whatever conditions you do not like.

Home Was Never Like This

HAD I gone northwest from the country in which I then was, I would have found myself in what in many ways is the most liberal country in the world; certainly the country where more people mind their own business than in any other; minding your own business being peculiarly not an Anglo-Saxon or even Teutonic trait. But even in this great liberal country there are numerous handicaps patent to the observant eye; the more patent the longer the owner of the eye resides there. There is, for example, a plethora of law not even exceeded in the United States and, to offset this plethora, there is, on the part of the people, an equal lack of observance of laws which they do not like. But laws are laws, and so can be invoked by any petty official who wishes to cause trouble, annoyance and delay. And the number of these petty officials!

When I was living in this great liberal country and wished to renew my automobile license—something I had to do twice a year—I did this: First, I went to see an old gentleman living in one part of town; then I went to another old gentleman living in quite another part of town; finally I went to an office in a third part of town. All these old gentlemen were veterans of the Franco-Prussian War and so had to be supported.

This, however, and much more—a great deal more—would be as nothing compared to what I would find had I gone northeast from this great liberal country or straight south. In the first instance I would have traveled from sumptuary and statutory law to sumptuary and statutory law until finally I would have reached a country where a man can hardly breathe; and in the second instance I would have come at once to a country as vigorously regulated as the country from which originally I started. In all these countries Mr. Nathan would have difficulty earning his living as he thinks it should be earned.

Even in England, his land of refuge, a country that still holds tenaciously to the liberal doctrine that the best-governed country is the one that has the fewest laws, he would discover, if he lived there any length of time, numerous odd regulations and, more than in any other country, a rigid set of conventions that, although unofficial, have for that very reason an inflexibility and cruelty official law seldom possesses. England does not need many official laws; she has so many unofficial customs.

Mr. Nathan would be at liberty to think what he wanted in England, but unless he thought it in a certain way he would have to be prepared to take his social medicine. For example, no one would arrest him if he wore gray flannel trousers—bags—at a tennis party, but he wouldn't be asked again, no matter how brilliant his tennis might happen to be. Even if he were a revolutionist and belonged to a revolutionary set, he would either have to subscribe to the intangible tenets of that set or else start a set of his own. That is why, if you belong to a wild set in England, you have to be wilder than any other national would dream of being. Once you decide to make a noise in England, the welkin rings, but it rings in chorus. Aldous Huxley, that bright young British revolutionist, is, properly read, one of the most conventional writers now in the public eye. He attacks a particular segment of the upper class only because he so thoroughly believes in the upper class. I think if Mr. Nathan actually settled down in England and quietly became part of it, he would find eventually an almost terrifying lack of real freedom. And even where official sumptuary laws are concerned, he would not be without them. England, in the matter of cigarettes, chocolates, drinks and closing hours, still, for some reason, seems to think the late war in progress. As a result,

(Continued on Page 85)

Chant of the Long Trail

By Arthur Guiterman

UP AND take the Long Trail,
Moccasin-and-thong trail!
Let the stolid throng trail
Far below;
Free of walls and hedges,
Skirt the swampy sedges,
Tramp the lofty ledges
Heel and toe.

Climb the rocky bosses,
Ford the foamy fosses
Where, amid the mosses,
Leaps the fawn;
When the sun is fading,
When the owl is raiding,
Drop your heavy lading,
Camp till dawn.

Quench the brand that smolders
In among the bowlders,
Light upon your shoulders
Hang your pack;
Take again the Long Trail,
Melody-and-song trail;
If you strike the wrong trail,
Turn right back!

YOU'LL BE MADE HAPPY IN *this* KIND OF APARTMENT

For the landlord who provides General Electric Refrigerators takes good care of his tenants

When you find an apartment equipped with General Electric Refrigerators, you know *this* much about that apartment—it has a landlord who is trying to make his tenants comfortable and happy.

He has provided the very kind of refrigerator for his tenants that they would buy for their *own* homes! General Electric Refrigerators—the incredibly quiet kind that run for years without a thought or worry. The kind you can control independently of all the other refrigerators in the building—the kind you can defrost when it suits your own convenience—the kind you can regulate to the temperature *you* happen to want—any time, day or night.

This sign is the designation of a modern, thoroughly up-to-date, well-equipped apartment house. It is being displayed from coast to coast by particular owners and operators as an indication of distinguished service.

General Electric Refrigerators are the glistening white *all-steel* refrigerators with immaculate porcelain linings. They are the refrigerators with sanitary porcelain chilling chambers—absolutely protected against rust, dirt or impurities resulting from use by previous tenants.

General Electric Refrigerators—with their entire mechanism *permanently* oiled and hermetically sealed—are so dependable and trouble-free that of the hundreds of thousands of owners, *not one* has paid a cent for service.

Think of the comfort and convenience in having such a refrigerator in the apartment you are going to live in. When you find an apartment equipped with General Electric Refrigerators, you may sign the lease with the utmost confidence, for you have found an apartment owned by a man who has his tenants' comfort, convenience and happiness at heart!

For our booklet describing both apartment house models, and models for the private house, write Section S-3A, Electric Refrigeration Department, General Electric Company, Hanna Building, Cleveland, Ohio.

Join us in the General Electric Hour Broadcast every Saturday at 9 p. m., Eastern Standard Time, over a nation-wide N. B. C. network

GENERAL ELECTRIC
ALL-STEEL REFRIGERATOR

BRAZIL—A Tale of the Late Nineties

By Gouverneur Morris

ILLUSTRATED BY AUSTIN JEWELL

"WHAT'LL your people think?"

"I've only got father, and he's a prince."

"But a girl in pictures! I know what I thought about them until all of a sudden I found that I was one."

"Father'll take my word for you. You'll see. He's a prince, I tell you. He'll do everything he can to make a success of us. Why wouldn't he? You're a good kid, and I'm a good kid. He had a happy marriage and he'll want me to have one, and if I don't get the girl I want, I won't have one, will I?"

"Suppose not."

"Father'll fall in love with you himself. See if he doesn't."

But until father arrived in Hollywood, by rail and by air, we kept our engagement dark.

I met him at the station and on the way uptown he doubled my allowance.

"You'll need more money," he said, "now that there are to be two of you."

He hadn't talked with Mary five minutes before he fell in love with her, just as I'd said he would; but he wouldn't hear of our being married then and there.

"A girl," he said, "ought always to be married out of her own home, and Mary's got something of the kind in Kentucky, with a father and mother and all that sort of thing. Mary must go home to her father and mother, and tell them what has happened, and name a day. Then you and I will run down from New York with a best man and some ushers, and everybody will live happily ever afterward."

So we did just that, and then Mary and I came West again by rail and air, and honeymooned all over the state of California, looking for good times and a ranch or something to be serious about and get our teeth into. The proposition we liked best wasn't exactly a ranch but a big swamp in the Sacramento Valley that could be drained for a price and turned into the kind of soil that put old Babylon on the map. We'd farm some of it ourselves, and lease and sell the rest. While the canals were being dredged, and the dredgings piled up to make dikes, we'd live in a houseboat and dog the heels of the dredgers and keep them up to the mark.

Father came West by rail and air, looked the proposition over and approved.

"But, father, it'll cost at least a million before there's any returns. Can you afford to stake us to all that?"

"Mercy, yes!" said father.

It was Mary who made the only real objection to the scheme.

"It's all so awfully far away from you," she said. "That's what I mind."

"Not really," said father. "Not nowadays. Five years from now there won't be any such thing as distance. So that's nothing to worry about. There'll always be the short distances, of course, getting from uptown New York to downtown New York and that sort of thing; but the long distances have been knocked galley-west. No. I like your proposition. It will be fun and it will be profitable. What is it that Brisbane is always saying? 'Buy a good piece of real estate and keep it, and it will keep you.' Of course the joker is in the word 'good.' Your mother would have approved of this proposition. She loved land and believed in it. And she was right to love it and to believe in it. . . . You don't remember your mother, do you?"

"No, sir."

"She was a little like young Mary here," said father; "only littler and less dark. We met by the purest accident. If we hadn't met when we did, we never would have met, and neither you nor Mary nor I would be here in this pleasant room at this moment."

"It Was a Wet Fog That I Was Out In, and Getting Wetter and Thicker Every Moment"

"At least," said I, "you and Mary would have been somewhere. But I wouldn't have been anywhere. It gives me the shivers to think of it."

"When we met," said father, "I was on my way to Brazil. My father and his wife were very old-fashioned, stern people. My brother, Sam, and I were very unhappy with them. When we inherited seventy-five hundred dollars apiece from Great-aunt Jemima, we made up our minds to step out into the great world and carve our fortunes. Sam was eighteen and I was twenty-one.

"We thought it best not to put all our eggs in one basket. The two places that glittered in our eyes were Mexico and Brazil. We tossed a coin to decide which of us should go to which. The fall of the coin chose Mexico for Sam and Brazil for me. But we were to keep in touch. If Sam prospered and I didn't, I was to chuck Brazil and join him in Mexico, and vice versa.

"Understand, we weren't running away from home. We talked it over with my father and his wife, and though they didn't approve, they agreed that if we were thrifty and kept away from liquor and other temptations, we might possibly get ahead in the world. On the whole, they were relieved to be rid of us.

"Sam was the first to go—all full of courage and high hopes. I haven't set eyes on him or heard of him from that day to this. . . . Sam," said father, "was like one of those old knights you read about. . . . Pretty soon my time came. I'd made up my mind that that seventy-five hundred dollars was all the capital I was ever going to have from other people's industry, and that I was going to be mighty careful with it. None of it, for instance, was to be spent on such foolishness as steamship tickets. I'd work my passage to Brazil. There was an old-fashioned clipper sailing on the Saturday, and I had heard from a pal in the shipping way that she needed hands. Over and above my capital, I had enough money for railroad and Elevated fares and for the necessary meals.

"And then, all of a sudden I got homesick. It seemed to me that I couldn't bear to leave the lovely country in which I had been born and bred—the streaming bays, the great groves of oak and hickory and sassafras, the explosions of wild flowers in spring, the glorious autumn with all the leaves turned the colors of jewels. The thought of leaving all that stuck in my gorge. For all the daylight of those days I prowled and mooned about, saying good-by to that and this. . . . Have you ever felt that way? Probably not. But it used to be a very natural way for a boy of twenty-one to feel. How many of your friends live in the houses they were born in? None of them, most likely. But in my time you had not only been born in that house but your father and your grandfather, and perhaps your great-grandfather. Andalthough I had been unhappy in our old home, it seemed to me that when I turned my back on it, my heart would just about break.

"Friday came and I said good-by to my father and his wife, and turned my back on the old house, and my heart didn't break. Courage had come in the night. It would be an easy thing to make a fortune in Brazil. I would be back before anyone knew that I had gone. Nothing would be changed. And because of my money, I would be a personage in my father's house, and the old unhappy days would be all over. In addition, the morning was white with fog, and it was cold. Winter was not far off. It was a good time to be going away.

"By road it was less than two miles to the station, and my duffel bag was light, but I elected to take a short cut through a neck of woods and across a salt marsh. It was a well-worn track at that, and the way across the marsh had been set with flat stepping-stones, so that, except when the tide was unusually high, there was no danger of getting your feet wet.

"But it was a wet fog that I was out in, and getting wetter and thicker every moment. And in the woods the trees seemed to catch it and gather it and hold it and thicken it. The last things I saw distinctly were a beautiful luna moth crawling stiffly on the bark of a dogwood and a quail taking shelter from the drip under some big leaves. It never occurred to me that I could lose my way across that wood and that salt marsh; I had found it before now on black nights and through other fogs. I knew every step and stone of the way, and they were all memorable and dear to me.

"The wood ended in a tumbled-down stone wall, and beyond that was a thicket of wild roses and then the marsh. Well, presently I came to a stone wall, but it was not tumbled down, and beyond it were not wild roses and marsh but more stems of trees. Close at hand, at least, were stems of trees, dimly visible.

"I thought that I had swerved too much to the left, and began to move to the right along the wall, but it was slow going because of the opacity and the underbrush. Presently the way was barred to an unarmed man by a thicket

(Continued on Page 65)

Presenting NEW DESIGNS

Spring 1930

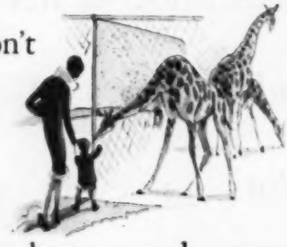
GOLD SEAL
CONGOLEUM
RUGS

To every woman who takes pride in her home, but who longs for easier housework and the joys of added leisure hours—the Congoleum merchants in every community extend a cordial invitation to view *now* their special showings of the new 1930 patterns in *genuine Gold Seal Congoleum Rugs.* On the following three pages you will find the complete line of these beautiful rugs shown in miniature.

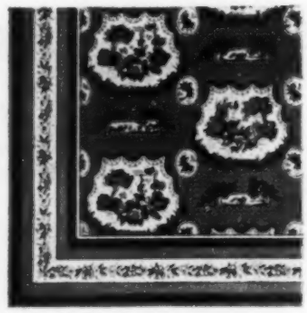
A TOUCH of spring in the air sets every woman dreaming dreams of style. What does Paris say about hats and frocks? And for the home—what's the newest trend in color-schemes, furniture and floor-coverings?

To every woman who dreams such dreams, these pages will have special interest. Here are introduced the very newest styles in America's favorite floor-covering—*Gold Seal Congoleum Rugs.* Here, in rugs that anyone can afford, are patterns by the world's leading rug designers and colorists. Designs whose sheer loveliness wins your instant admiration. Color harmonies that suggest endless ways to brighten up your home. And in every rug, an indescribable something that marks it as a real masterpiece.

Look at these fascinating patterns one by one. Read the interesting little "style chats" by a well-known interior decorator. Don't these delightful designs fill you with ambitions to bring their rich beauty into your home—make you just long to "get after" some of your rooms?

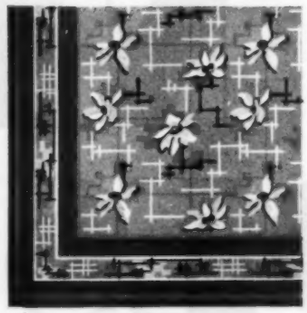


Why not plan to see these charming new *Gold Seal Congoleum Rugs* when next out shopping?



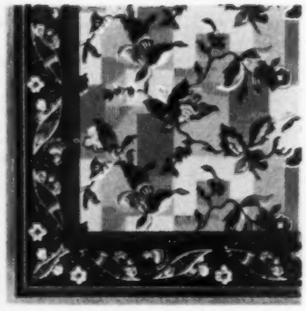
"ARCADIA"

"ARCADIA" was inspired by an old set of lovely Dresden china. Imagine this refreshing pattern in your dining room and if by chance your china is blue and white, think what fun it will be to have rug and table service matching! Or picture how charming this design would be in a Colonial bedroom. *Gold Seal Congoleum Rug No. 618.*



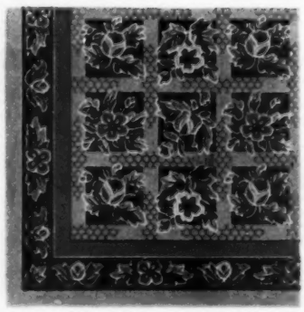
"DUVAL"

CAN'T you just picture this lovely Congoleum Rug in a young girl's bedroom? It's so dainty and demure—so fresh and youthful looking. This pattern shows gay Asters placed over a trellis of black and ivory. A very "moderne" design—yet one that will not offend the most conservative taste. *Gold Seal Congoleum Rug No. 619.*



"FLOWRET"

AN intriguing, modern-art floral effect that will "cheer up" any room in the house. Interesting features of this rug are the quaint *flower and vine* design and the novel touch given by the unusual shadow-block background. This delightful Congoleum Rug will appeal especially to those who like something "different." *Gold Seal Congoleum Rug No. 614.*

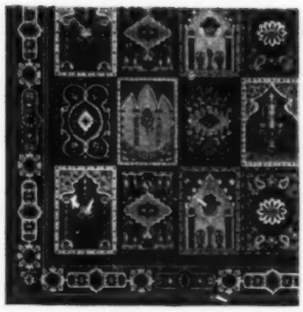


"PLANTATION"

HOOKED rugs are certainly one of the smart things today. In the wealthiest and most cultured homes from Long Island to Catalina, you find these lovely "home-like" rugs in every type of room. "PLANTATION," an inexpensive Congoleum Rug, enables you to follow this popular style without spending a mint of money. *Gold Seal Congoleum Rug No. 616.*

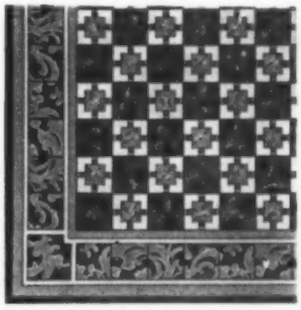
"TARAK"

FROM the little village of Saruk in Northern Persia come lustrous rugs that have captured the admiration of the world. "TARAK," a rich-toned Congoleum masterpiece, brings to your home one of these sumptuous ancient patterns—a rare beauty that only the very wealthy could enjoy in days gone by. *Gold Seal Congoleum Rug No. 622.*



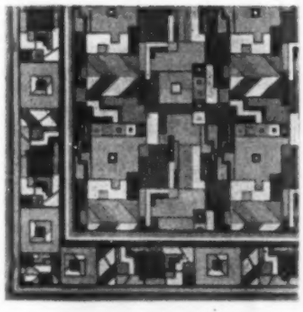
"MECCA"

DOWN from the lofty minaret floats the musical call to prayer. The devout Mohammedan unrolls his prayer rug with the *niche* pointing towards Mecca and prostrates himself upon it. This distinctive new Congoleum pattern shows a number of these prayer rugs as they are often seen placed side by side on a mosque floor. *Gold Seal Congoleum Rug No. 615.*



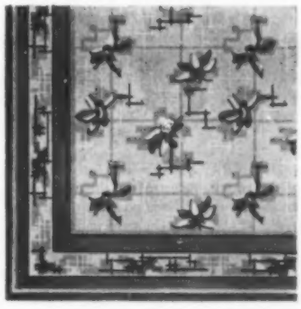
"OLYMPIA"

FROM classic Greece comes the inspiration for this straightforward Congoleum design with its insets of Aegean green marble and ivory set off by a "seafoam" border. If you have a breakfast room, sun porch or kitchen that you wish to brighten up, here is the very pattern you have been looking for. *Gold Seal Congoleum Rug No. 623.*



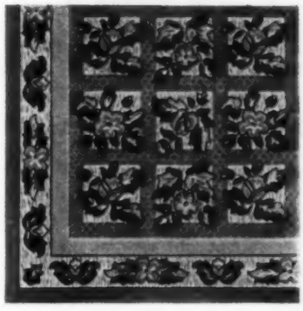
"NU-ART"

YOUNG women—and women young in spirit—in fact all those who like something that is a bit "daring" will take to this modernistic Congoleum design—"NU-ART." Hold this page at arm's length—and see how the different colors blend harmoniously together. That is the effect this rug will give when laid on your floor. *Gold Seal Congoleum Rug No. 625.*



"WILDFLOWER"

WOULDN'T you like to make your bedroom very intriguing—as charmingly feminine as an exotic French perfume? Then peach, the most alluring of all the shades of red, is the very color for you. Here it is, set off by bands of sistine blue, as the ground color of this new and original Congoleum design. *Gold Seal Congoleum Rug No. 620.*

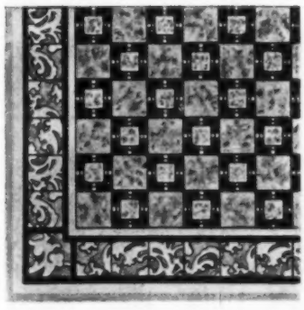


"DIXIE"

HERE is a rug that will go beautifully almost anywhere—in your bedroom, living room, sun porch, dining room, even in the kitchen. Jade green and shades of tan make a wonderful color harmony. Look closely and you will see a suggestion of "hooked-rug knots" between the squares in the field. *Gold Seal Congoleum Rug No. 617.*

"TURKAN"

ORIENTAL designs are extremely popular for dining rooms, living rooms and bedrooms because they give such an air of distinction and luxury. The old Persian design, of which this Congoleum Rug is a faithful reproduction, shows the broad leaves of water lilies that bloom in Persian gardens. *Gold Seal Congoleum Rug No. 621.*



"SPARTA"

SOMETHING new for your kitchen. Tiles in lustrous marble effects . . . insets of bright blue . . . and an unusual Grecian border representing the waves of the sea. Wouldn't you enjoy showing your kitchen to your friends with such a smart tile effect smiling up from the floor? "SPARTA" would look well in other rooms, too. *Gold Seal Congoleum Rug No. 624.*

"SPRING"

DELIGHTFULLY different floral design—and decidedly modern! Artistic panels of aquagreen, champagne and fallow and a beautiful flowing vine motif of leaves and flowers in soft shades. A lovely combination of colorings that will be a never-ending source of joy wherever this charming design is used. *Gold Seal Congoleum Rug No. 613.*

Modern in Time-Saving. A damp mop over the water-proof surface and jiffy-quick *Gold Seal Congoleum Rugs* are immaculate. Gone is the drudgery of beating and sweeping—gained are golden hours of leisure.

Modern in Trouble-Saving. These rugs lie flat without any fastening—never slip or slide about.

(*Please turn to next page*)

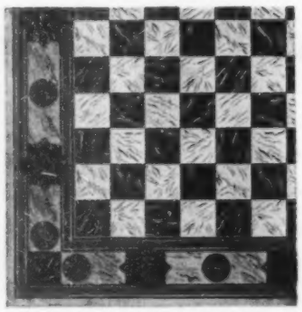
GOLD SEAL CONGOLEUM RUGS

"DU BARRY"

A LOVELY old-World motif, copied from a rare French Aubusson rug on display in the museum at Lyons. An interesting and unusual detail in this gorgeous Congoleum design is the curved border. If you prefer an oval rug effect, just cut along the rounded lines at the corners of this rug—and there you have it! *Gold Seal Congoleum Rug No. 326.*

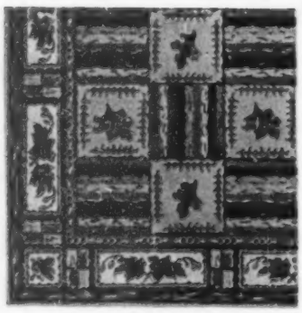
"PERSAN"

A VERY effective and satisfying Oriental design, characterized by the five distinctive colorings in the diamond motif throughout the field of the rug. Unquestionably, one of the most handsome designs in all Congoleum history. Like many real Orientals, "PERSAN" will harmonize with practically any color scheme. *Gold Seal Congoleum Rug No. 612.*



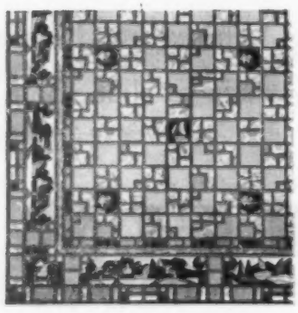
"PALMETTO"

GREEN kitchens are in vogue. In step with the times as always, Congoleum designers have created the lovely "PALMETTO" pattern. Here is a rug with an air of sparkling cleanliness sure to delight the modern housewife's heart. And wouldn't these bright tiles make a delightful finishing touch on your porch next summer? *Gold Seal Congoleum Rug No. 604.*



"CONCORD"

DOESN'T this rug carry you back to the days of '75 when the "embattled farmers" turned back the redcoats at Concord bridge? What a delight to have such old-fashioned charm enshrined in a modern, labor-saving floor-covering! Real hooked rugs are the hardest things in the world to clean—"CONCORD"—the easiest. *Gold Seal Congoleum Rug No. 603.*



"WINDSOR"

ENTICING vistas of the countryside adorn the border of this attractive Congoleum design. Insects of cozy cottages and white-winged ships enliven the background of lovely greenish blue. Almost every time you look you'll find a clever new detail. The longer you live with "WINDSOR," the better you'll like it. *Gold Seal Congoleum Rug No. 602.*

Modern in Money-Saving. The purchase of several room-size *Gold Seal Congoleum Rugs* will not strain even the most modest budget.

Weigh all these facts and your sense of values will tell you that the "golden rule of rug-buying" is to *look for the Gold Seal.* It is pasted on the face of all *genuine Gold Seal Congoleum Rugs.*

FAMILIES who can afford costly floor-coverings use Congoleum Rugs all through their homes—because in style and beauty these rugs are far ahead of their modest price. Below is "SPRING"—*Rug No. 613.*

Keep this publication and you will have before you for ready reference the complete line of *Gold Seal Congoleum Rugs.* Or write us for purse-size booklet showing all of these lovely patterns. Congoleum-Nairn Inc., Kearny, New Jersey

New York Philadelphia Chicago Minneapolis Boston Pittsburgh San Francisco Kansas City New Orleans Dallas Detroit Atlanta Rio de Janeiro — *In Canada*—Congoleum Canada Ltd., Montreal

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GOLD SEAL CONGOLEUM RUGS

ON THE AIR—*WOMEN'S RADIO INSTITUTE.* The Congoleum-Nairn merchants of America invite you to listen in on the interesting broadcasts of the *WOMEN'S RADIO INSTITUTE.* A half hour morning program of delightful entertainment and practical help. Look for the listing in the radio column of your newspaper.

Ask your nearest Congoleum dealer—or write us—for a free copy of the Institute folder with broadcast time-table. (*Not yet on Pacific Coast.*)

(Continued from Page 60)

of green brier with thornlike fishhooks. It took me a long time to work my way around it, and when I had done so, I could not find the continuation of the wall.

"The fog was thicker than ever, and the drip from it amounted to rain. I stood still for a few moments, trying to think things out. During those few moments I heard my train whistling directly behind me. It was whistling for the station two miles above the station at which I meant to catch it. I had still plenty of time if I didn't flounder around too much. I headed in the direction from which the sound had come, and hurried. Presently I stepped into water, ankle deep. I tasted it. It was salt. Another step and I went in deeper. I moved to the right and got back to firm land. Then there was more green brier, and after floundering along the edges of that, I found myself back at the stone wall from which I had started.

"Again, and directly behind me, the train whistled. It was whistling for my station now, and obviously, though nothing was really obvious in that fog, I had missed it. In a way, that was comforting. There would be another train in an hour, and I could take my time and reason myself out of the mess that I was in.

"Taking time was easy, but correct reasoning wasn't. I floundered at last through some dense, dripping bushes and found myself in a soft dirt road. Followed in either direction, this, I felt sure, must lead me to something familiar. And perhaps it would have if I had followed it to the left, but I followed to the right, literally feeling my way, and up a gentle slope, and came to a barred gate. I vaulted this and went on. Up there the fog was less dense. I could see a little way along the road and a little way into the woods on each side. I heard the clink of cow bells.

"There was another gate to vault, some tumble-down farm buildings, and then a little yellow farmhouse with a gambrel roof and a little deck on the top surrounded by ornamental white railing. The house had a wide porch festooned by a clinging vine of Dutchman's-pipe.

"The front door was in two halves, an upper and a lower. In the midst of the upper was a fine old brass knocker. I worked it, and presently the upper half of the door opened inward, and there was a girl looking out at me, and I was glad that I had missed my train and didn't care if I never saw Brazil. It happens that way sometimes.

"'Can you tell me where I am?' I asked.

"'Of course I can,' she said, and she told me.

"'Then,' I said, 'this must be the farm with all the no-trespassing and beware-of-the-dog signs. No wonder I don't know it. I've always respected those signs, especially the latter.'

"'It's my uncle's idea,' she said. 'We've never owned a dog.'

"'I got lost in the fog, like an idiot. But I'm glad. There are other trains, and now that I know where I am, I won't get lost again.'

"'Perhaps you'd like to come in and dry yourself at the fire.'

"'I would love to. May I?'

"'Of course.'

"So I went in and stood by the fire, and began to steam.

"'How far do you call it to the station?'

"'Two miles by the short cut.'

"'I'm no longer interested in short cuts.'

"'Oh, the fog's lifting; you won't have any trouble.'

"The broad low-ceilinged hall in which we stood divided the house in two, and there was the door by which I had entered at one end, and a similar door at the other. The hall was hung with oil portraits of ladies and gentlemen who looked as if they had been turned out of wood. There was a choice and delicate sofa of mahogany and a fine highboy of the same material. Through an open door I saw a mahogany sideboard and some handsome pieces of silver.

"'This house,' I said, 'looks as if it had been lived in by the same people since the year one.'

"'Since about 1680.'

"'It's a jewel.'

"'But it won't be ours much longer.'

"'What a shame.'

"'It hurts.'

"'Must you sell?'

"'My uncle has borrowed money on it, and he can't pay.'

"I loved her frankness, and it seemed to make her distress mine.

"'Can't anything be done?'

"'My uncle is a splendid farmer, and if he hadn't had bad luck, he could have paid back the money in two years, and after that he would have been on Easy Street.'

"'What happened?'

"'Hog cholera. Birds must have brought it. Because in the woods where we had our pigs there had never been any pigs before. We had hundreds of them fattening for the Christmas market. And then this thing happened and in a week they were all dead. And right on top of that—worry, I suppose—my uncle had a stroke, and though he's better and can get up and down stairs, he's no good to himself any more. No. There's nothing to be done.'

"'What a rotten shame!'

"I hated to think of that frank jewel of a girl being turned out of that jewel of a house.

"'I wish I were rich,' I said.

"'Would you help us if you were?'

"'Of course. But it happens that I'm on my way to Brazil to make a fortune. If only I were on my way back with the fortune in my pocket!'

"'Did you say Brazil?'

"'Brazil.'

"'That is funny.'

"'Why?'

"'Oh, nothing.'

"She glanced at the tall clock which stood in a corner of the hall.

"'If you're going to catch that next train ——' she said.

"But I didn't want to catch that train or any other train. I wanted to stay where I was always. It sometimes happens like that.

"'How much does your uncle owe?' I asked.

"'With the interest, it will amount to nearly seventy-five hundred dollars.'

"'Seventy-five hundred dollars!' I said. 'That is funny.'

"'Why is that so funny?'

"'Because I could write my check for exactly that amount and no more.'

"When I said that, a queer look of excitement and even elation came into her eyes.

"'You asked me,' she said, 'why I thought it was funny that you were on your way to Brazil. My ancestor, the old gentleman with the spyglass'—she pointed to one of the portraits—'captured a Spanish treasure ship off the coast of Brazil. With his share, or what was left of it, he bought this land and built this house, and he called the place Brazil, and so, although you got lost in the fog, you ended up in Brazil after all.'

"'Maybe,' I said, 'there is more money to be made in this near-at-hand Brazil than in the far-off one. Property hereabouts is getting more valuable all the time.'

"'If we could only hold on long enough.'

"'Could you hold on if there were no debt?'

"'With courage and hard work.'

"'How much land have you?'

"'A hundred and sixty acres.'

"'That will be worth a lot of money some day.'

"At that moment the whole house shook with the sound of something heavy falling. There was a boxed-in stairs at the left of the hall, and up this the girl flew like a swallow, and I followed her.

"On the floor of his bedroom, just above the spot where we had been standing and talking, lay her uncle, face down. We knew that he was dead, but nevertheless she sent me for the doctor.

(Continued on Page 148)

"'I Wish I Were Rich,' I Said. 'Would You Help Us if You Were?'"

Even the Grape couldn't *quite* do it . . .

It remained for Du Pont Cellophane to prove that things could be protected and yet be VISIBLE

HOLD a grape up to the light. You can almost see through its delicate skin—but not quite. Nature is satisfied to protect its products. Sparkling Cellophane goes a step further. It protects and also allows you to see just exactly what it is protecting.

For instance, look at this cake wrapped in Moisture-proof Cellophane. No need to ask the man behind the counter what kind of cake it is. You can see every delicious detail of it. No need to ask whether it is fresh. Cellophane has kept it in perfect condition for your table.

So it is with everything that you see in this magical transparent wrapping—meats, fruits, noodles, cookies and foods of all kinds. It protects them from dust and danger. Smokers are enthusiastic about the way it keeps cigars in "humidor" condition. Everyone is discovering that it pays to prefer the product that is sold in Cellophane.

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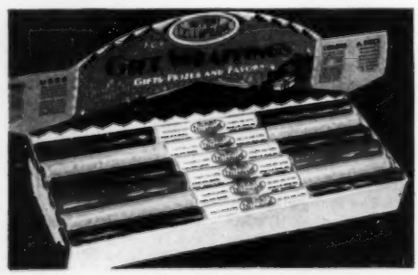
DU PONT CELLOPHANE

DU PONT CELLOPHANE



FOR PERSONAL USE—You can buy Du Pont Cellophane for wrapping gifts, prizes and favors and for smart home decoration. It is supplied in convenient rolls, plain or colored—red, green, gold or violet. Go to the nearest stationery or department store where Dennison goods are sold. Or write Dennison Mfg. Co., Dept. DP-2, Framingham, Mass.

GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

Building as a Business

KENNEDY is a contractor of the old school, now retired on a permanent grouch.

"Why is it that more boys of high-school age do not go into the building business?" Kennedy was asked.

His answer was brevity itself: "Because they have better sense."

One Astarita, an active young builder in the Bronx, being asked the same question, replied: "They do," and, after a quick glance at the interviewer's incredulous expression, continued: "Italian boys, anyhow."

Making appropriate deductions for the proclivities of that section of our population of boys, it is a matter of personal observation that only an insignificant percentage of high-school graduates even consider the possibilities of the building business as a life work.

Strange, isn't it? Here is one of the three greatest industries in the United States, in which about $7,283,000,000 were spent in 1928, failing to attract any great number of young men, ambitious to get along. To be sure, the ranks of the building trades are augmented by a certain number of high-school graduates each year, but here the pressure of necessity is the activating motive, not choice. The wages are high—ten to fifteen dollars a day for a journeyman mechanic who has served his two or three years' apprenticeship.

Figures in the building business are far from complete, but it is said on good authority that the carpenters in this country number 400,000. Considering that the automotive plants employ not many more than 500,000 persons in production—426,110 in 1925, according to the Department of Commerce—this seems like an enormous number. It would indicate that probably 3,000,000 people are employed in the construction industry, including building, road making, bridge building, dams, railroads and other civil-engineering work. Deducting those employed in other construction and the floaters who drift into the shops during the winter, the entire force regularly employed by builders would still exceed 2,000,000.

The iron and steel industry—another of the greatest—employs about 1,000,000 in all its major branches. The value of its products is more than $4,000,000,000 annually, while that of the production of cars, bodies and parts in the automobile industry is about $5,000,000,000. Both fall far short of building in both employment and output.

Seeing What it's All About

Building is, therefore, a colossal industry, which, if it were organized like the steel and automotive industries, would offer thousands of comfortably salaried executive positions to the young men who plan to enter it. As it is, building offers at least as many thousands of opportunities to go into business on one's own, with comparable financial rewards. This alone ought to be an inducement to our independent younger men.

One such ambitious young chap, with a decided bent for construction and with a manual-training course behind him, went to a builder in his home town and asked him: "How can I break into the building business?"

"Are you sure you want to?" asked the builder.

"Sure as I am of anything. I like to putter around with tools and build things, and I want to be in the open air."

"There's more to it than that," said the builder ruminatively. "Tell you what you do. Here's a card. Go and hang around the buildings I am putting up here in town and see how you like it. Come back in a week. If you can find a job you want, maybe I can fix it."

A week later. "Well?"

A long, verbal report showing keen observation of what the bricklayers, steel workers and the rest were doing on each building.

The builder thought: "This youngster knows his stuff." Then, aloud: "Did you find yourself a job? I suppose you want to be a timekeeper."

"No, sir, I think not. I'd rather be in your office, where I could learn what it's all about."

In which the young man showed marked sagacity. Neither he nor any one of his fellows, confronted with a vocational choice, could tell whether he wanted to go into construction work merely by looking at buildings in the process of erection. The gaunt skeletons of future bodies over which men are trailing arteries of pipe, nerves of electric wiring, membranes of plaster, are not inspiring, even to a confirmed builder. The real satisfaction is the final one of standing alone, some evening, and absorbing the finished reality, as it has materialized through chaotic stages from the dream of the architect.

Different Types of Contractors

No, it is needful for the boy who would make an intelligent choice of building as his work to know what it's all about. It may help him to that knowledge to give an outline of the systems of building, the organizations with which they operate, and the earning capacities of the positions he could expect to fill, either as employe or employer.

Building is divided sharply into two general classes—speculative and contract. In theory there is a third class—investment building—in which the owner builds a permanent resting place for surplus funds. In practice, it hardly exists, as nearly all buildings are put up to sell. Investors prefer to buy a building whose value and rental are already known.

Speculative building may be done under contract by a builder for the speculator, but is more commonly done by the latter for himself. Its name defines it—the erection of a building on the chance of finding an immediate buyer.

It is by no means limited to operations in small houses. The big operators in the cities speculate in the construction of skyscrapers, especially lofts and apartments. It is extremely hazardous, even in an active selling market. Expert real-estate knowledge, boldness and plenty of backing are needed to make it reasonably safe. Certainly it is not the best field for a young student of building and may be dismissed from further considerations here.

Most buildings by far are erected under contract awarded on bids. That is, several builders are given sets of plans and specifications for estimates of the cost of executing them, and the lowest bidder usually gets the job. Evidently an expert knowledge of the costs of all the elements of a building is indispensable. Guessing is risky business. Accurately kept costs of previously completed jobs are the only safe guides and, even then, slight differences in conditions may alter them. The wide variation among the bids of several builders of the same class, upon identical plans and specifications, is due to differences in accuracy of cost keeping; interpretation of plans and specifications; errors in taking off quantities, pricing and extensions; subcontractors' estimates; quotations from material dealers; overhead expense; estimated or required profit.

Note the emphasis on the same class of builders, for there are several general classes whose skill, thoroughness, resources and overhead differ greatly. It is a sheer waste of time to bid against the competition of a lower class.

Here are the several classes of builders, with a brief description of the methods and organization of each. A study of them will assist the boy who wants to go into the business to determine the opportunities each has to offer:

1. At the base of the pyram'd—numerically, at least—are the builders, who are themselves Jacks-of-all-trades, having graduated from the ranks of mechanics. They act as their own foreman and often handle a trowel or a saw. Their offices are at home and they are their own business getters, estimators, bookkeepers and cashiers.

There is no opening here with any promise for the beginner. Even the expectation of a partnership is obscured by a cloud of dependent brothers, sons and cousins with whom the proprietor customarily surrounds himself. Moreover, the jobs are small and limited to the number which can be handled by this personal method.

2. Next comes the class of contractors, some of them graduates of Class 1, others men of greater means, who confine their own efforts to getting new business and supervising operations under way. Here an organization is required, whose extent is determined by the size and number of operations the contractor is financially able to carry on at one time. An average year's operations would complete six to twelve contracts of $10,000 to $50,000 apiece.

A contractor of this class would need a foreman in charge of each job, assisted by a timekeeper to check working hours, material received, costs, and to act as contact between job and office; an estimator or an estimator draftsman, a bookkeeper and a stenographer. Double rôles are not uncommon.

If his business is growing, a contractor of this class provides himself with an assistant or a general foreman to supervise his jobs. Eventually he has both, but the assistant then becomes his understudy.

3. Since this is an analysis of opportunity for young builders, it must include a growing class of builders who are on the border line between speculators and contractors. In the cities they are commonly called operators. This term is almost as indefinite as speculators, since operators may or may not build, and may or may not hold property as an investment.

Up the Scale

At any rate, the operators of interest here are those who put up a certain number of buildings for themselves each year and hold them until they can sell at their own prices. If the market drops they are financially solid enough to hold on indefinitely. Most of the leaders among operators of this hi h type are ex-contractors who have made their stake and are improving it for themselves instead of risking it for someone else. They are well established and responsible. A number of instances come to mind in which the second generation is carrying on the business while the third is learning it.

Although the ownership of companies of this class is more than likely to be a family affair, their building operations are extensive enough to require considerable organizations, which compare with those of the largest contractors. For these operators go in for large suburban developments, city blocks, elevator apartments and apartment hotels, loft buildings, warehouses and even tall office buildings.

The personnel of the organization differs from that of a regular contractor. Since the operators draw their own plans or redraw an architect's plans, and since they design the details, the drafting room, its chief and his assistant assume an important position. On the other hand, the estimating department becomes less important, since it is not working on new plans every day, but only on five or six a year. Then, too, the field organization is reduced, for all parts of the work are generally sublet; but, since the operator acts as his own general contractor, he needs more clerks, surveyors, engineers and supervisors than he otherwise would.

4. Next comes the class of contractors who limit their work to buildings of a contract value of $100,000 and over. As the organization is geared up for big work, it does not pay to bid on anything less, on account of the competition of smaller firms with less overhead.

Contractors in this class go in for schools, theaters, and other public and institutional buildings, with occasional excursions into road and bridge building, waterworks and disposal plants. Some of them specialise in reinforced concrete or industrial buildings.

Public works are slow pay because of all the official red tape which must be unreeled before a voucher is issued, and industrial building requires a high degree of knowledge of the technic of manufacturing a wide variety of products. So the smaller contractors are automatically ruled out of both kinds of building, leaving the field to those of greater financial and technical resources.

World-Wide Business

The scale of organization is such that there are not only many more minor positions to be filled but a number of real executive ones. The field force, including mechanics, is fairly permanent, since there is always plenty of work and good men are worth keeping, even during slack periods. Assistant foremen, foremen, superintendents and the general superintendent, with his assistant, are on a salary with bonus. The rest of the organization is divided into departments, with an executive at the head of each, as, for example, chief estimator, engineer, office manager, chief clerk, sales manager, purchasing agent, chief accountant, and the general executives. In fact, the organization is much like that in the next and highest class, but on a smaller scale.

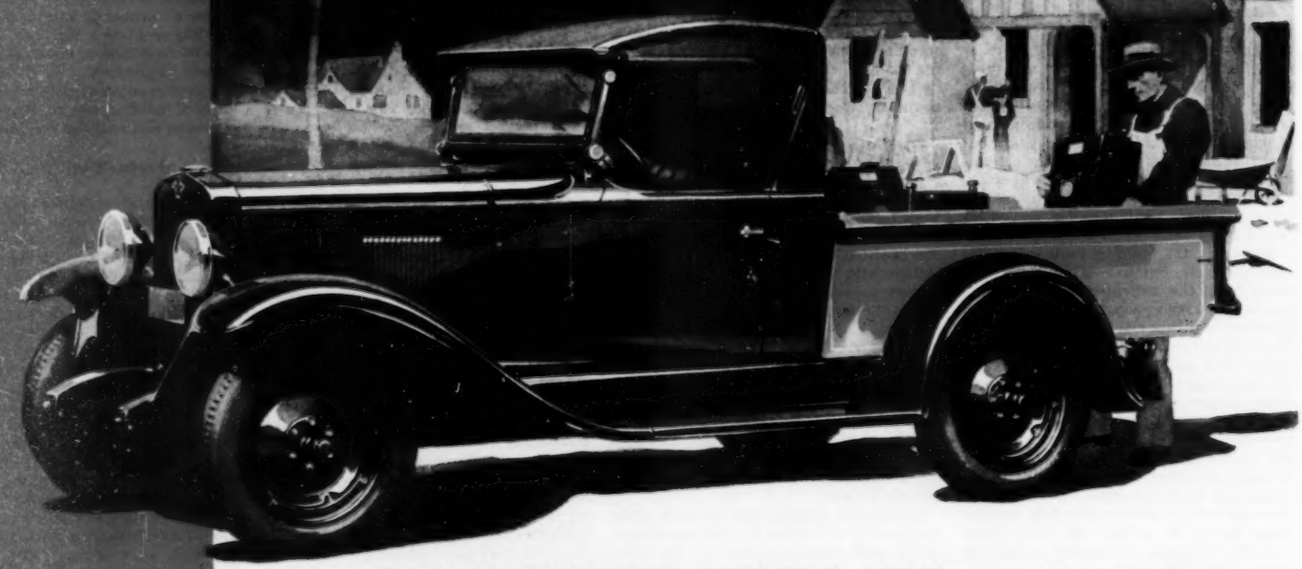
5. The contracting firms which handle big work on a national and often on a world-wide scale are in a class by themselves. They build the office buildings, department stores, public groups, housing developments, power plants, railroad stations, hotels, theaters, educational and other institutional groups. Often they are called upon to finance all or part of the operations. They may have to find the cash needed by the owner or they may take a mortgage or stock in part payment. This means a strong financial connection. Indeed, it is often the case that trust companies or other sources of capital are closely related to the contracting firms.

The construction organization is entirely self-contained and permanent. The companies have their own mechanics to do all the work on the buildings, except such items as difficult foundations, steelwork, ornamental stone and metal work, elevators, trim and roofing, all of which are sublet. They do not draw plans, which are almost invariably the work of some great architect, but they have large drafting rooms for preparing auxiliary plans and details and for checking drawings submitted. They have their own machinery, yards and shops.

Here is a typical organization plan. It is that of one of the best known of the big firms, and is laid out horizontally—that is, the departments are divided according to function, and must all coöperate on each contract. The vertical plan allots all the work of completing each contract to a group of men in the organization, the head of the group being responsible for that building. Both plans are in general use.

(Continued on Page 206)

Announcing the CHEVROLET Roadster Delivery



Broadening a line of commercial vehicles that has earned outstanding preference among business men everywhere—Chevrolet now presents a new 6-cylinder Roadster Delivery . . . speedier—sturdier—more efficient in every way—yet *priced sensationally low.*

This new unit provides every quality of performance—economy—durability—and safety that has caused thousands of business houses to standardize on Chevrolet.

It is powered with an improved 6-cylinder valve-in-head motor that now develops 50 horsepower—that delivers greater smoothness and pick-up, along with exceptional fuel economy. It is complete with scores of important chassis improvements and refinements—a stronger rear axle—an improved clutch—a heavier transmission—and new fully-enclosed, weatherproof 4-wheel brakes.

And it is available with a wide selection of pick-up boxes, to meet the various requirements of all kinds of light delivery business. If you are interested in getting maximum efficiency from your light delivery service—at the very minimum in cost—investigate this new *low-priced* Roadster Delivery. Your Chevrolet dealer has the facts. And a trial demonstration will provide the proof!

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN · *Division of General Motors Corporation*

The ROADSTER DELIVERY $440

Pick-Up Box Extra

The Light Delivery Chassis $365

The Sedan Delivery $595

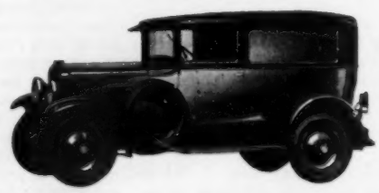
The 1½ Ton Chassis $520

The 1½ Ton Chassis with Cab $625

All prices f. o. b. factory, Flint, Michigan

CHEVROLET

The Light Delivery chassis is available with a wide variety of smart panel bodies—suitable for almost any delivery need.



The Sedan Delivery, adapted from passenger car design, is used by specialty shops, department stores, salesmen, etc.

A SIX IN THE PRICE RANGE OF THE FOUR

OUT-OF-DOORS

Outwitting Mr. Coon

Oh, de raccoon's tail am ringed all aroun',
De possum's tail am bare ——

AND in addition to the ringed tail depicted in the old song of the Southland, there is a paraphrase which is important these days to the raccoon of the Middle West. That is the raccoon's tale concerning this animal's effort to beat civilization by changing its nature, only to find that civilization could go it one better by taking advantage of those very alterations, thus benefiting the hunter, the chicken raiser, the pelt hunter—a condition very disconcerting to the coon.

Time was when coons, with their marauding, were tolerated, but that was before the days of high prices for farm products. When eggs went to a dollar a dozen, farmers decided that the coon should go. Poison, traps, ten-foot chicken-wire fences—all were useless. The traps were evaded. The farmers' dogs ate the poison, and the clever raccoons scaled the fences and frequently cleaned out a whole henhouse in a single night. So the professional coon hunters stepped into the breach.

But the coon changed his tactics too. For a time the hunters caught him in his usual place of refuge. A dark bunch against the sky, he was shot down from or shaken out of the trees in which he took refuge when pursued, and below, in the lantern light, the coon hunter's hounds caught him. Gradually, however, the results of the hunt grew smaller and smaller. As though by common agreement the raccoons of the whole countryside had resorted to holing up.

Erosions, small fissures in the ground and deep dens under tree roots furnished their hiding places. One usually thinks of the raccoons as living in a hollow tree, an old log or high in the crotch of some forest monarch, but the den underground has always been used also. Now, with the advent of expert hunters not easily evaded, it became the first place for which the fugitive headed when the hounds bayed in pursuit. Many of the dens ran into the ground more than a hundred and fifty feet, and to dig out the occupant often meant an all-night job. The holes generally provided more than one entrance, and smoking out the quarry was also a very doubtful expedient.

A Little Fighter

THEN the hunters struck upon the idea of sending dogs into the hole after the coons, thereby starting a new kind of coon dog. For the present-day eradicator of the Middle Western raccoon isn't the houn' dawg at all, but a light-bodied, snappy fox terrier that doesn't look big enough to whip a large-sized tomcat, let alone a fierce, trapped, hard-fighting raccoon of more than twice his weight.

The new style of coon hunting—at least for a wide range of country along the Missouri River in Missouri and Iowa—came about when, after having been outwitted by various coons which had successfully holed up, an old hunter decided to add to the usual trail dogs a few fox terriers. With one of these small dogs he went out one night accompanied by the sympathy of the countryside. He brought back a coon. Nobody believed him when he told his story. For that matter, few except those who actually see the operation, now accept the tales of the ability of these comparatively tiny animals.

Not long ago the word went forth near Logan, Iowa, of a tremendous coon which had raided a farmer's chicken yard repeatedly and, to make the insult worse, had whipped his dog.

Shamrock Morlan, a professional hunter, answered the call. The farmer wrinkled his nose when, in the light of the flash lamps, a little, white, smooth-haired dog, splotched with black and tan, skipped out of the hunter's car, following the hounds.

"Don't tell me that's the dog which gets the coons," he hooted. "Why, man, that old coon can whip my big shepherd dog right out in the open!"

Shamrock grinned. "Come here, Dixie," he called, and the little dog ran to him, her eyes shining in the light, and thrust her slim muzzle into his hand.

The farmer reached down and lifted her steel-muscled body, trim and lithe. "She won't weigh over eighteen pounds," he stated contemptuously, and his neighbors, who had come over after milking time to see the fun, looked on in disgust.

"She's my dog," said the coon hunter. "I'll take the risk."

The group struck out toward the nearest creek bottom. For a time, in the darkness, there sounded only the low-voiced, derisive comments of the various members of the hunt. Then the deep baying of a hound broke in. The owner called sharply, silencing it.

"That was the young dog," he explained. "Started a rabbit. He don't know any better yet," he added apologetically. "It's only his third time out."

Meanwhile the little fox terrier skipped along at Shamrock's heels whining impatiently. Suddenly off to the left one of the old dogs bawled. Its mate answered, and again came the first deep note, muffled down in the creek bed, yet rising weird and strange into the night. A minute later all three hounds gave tongue—a steady booming music which rose as they climbed the steep bank, swept back down into the ditch, then up the far side and struck out into the cornfield opposite. It was with difficulty that the hunter could keep the little dog from following. Her excited cries took on a hysterical note and presently the trail dogs could be heard coming back, their bawling stronger, sharper as they crossed the creek once more and raced off along its steep rim.

"Whu-u-r-r-rp! Old dog, Whu-u-r-r-rp! Hunt him out!" shrilled Shamrock. "That's Queen there. When she starts to tune up she means business."

Far ahead the excited yapping of the young dog and the steady booming of old Queen and Sport apprised the hunters of the dogs' location—of a treed or holed-up coon.

"Come on there! They've got him!" roared the dogs' owner. "Poke him, boy!" And tucking his rifle under one arm, flash light gripped in the other hand, he crashed off across the cornfield, the little spotted dog racing at his heels. Bobbing lights marked the various members of the hunt as they made their way along the dark gash caused by the overhanging trees along the creek. The lights stretched almost a mile over the distant hill to the rear, while the crashing of dry weeds and the trampling of the cornstalks nearly drowned the baying of the dogs.

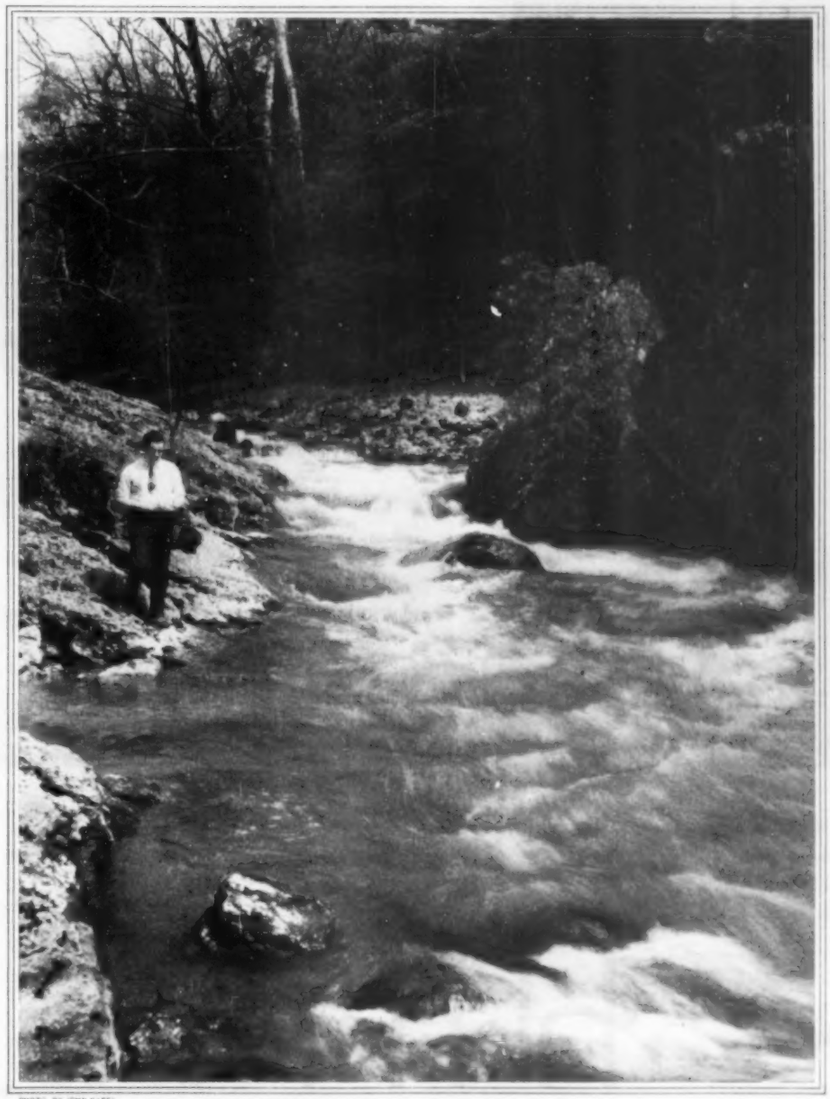


PHOTO. BY JOHN KABEL

A Stream Near Dayton, Ohio

Holed Up

IN THE ditch the three hounds stormed a hole cleverly concealed in the side of the bank near its top. Trailing vines and roots hid this entrance from daylight observation, and by the time the balance of the party had arrived on the scene, the farmer had identified coon tracks thereabouts as those made by the big coon which had robbed his chicken yard.

"That's him," he agreed. "You've holed him. But we ran him into this same hole once before and we couldn't get him. That crevice must run back more'n a hundred feet into the bank. And let me warn you. That old coon's a scrapper. I wouldn't let that little dog go in there. He'll kill her sure."

"She won't get hurt none," replied the hunter. "Go get him, Dixie!"

In a flash the little dog was up the bank. Her stub tail showed for a scrambling second and was gone. Dirt trickled out from the entrance to the den, and the ring of flash lights cast a deep shadow across the narrow opening. For a short minute there was only heavy breathing and the whispers of the watchers. Then, from the dark depths, came the Row! Row! Row! of a very angry old raccoon. Its warning rose

(Continued on Page 206)

The Silver Screen is all Aglow with COLOR

As the theatre slowly darkens . . . you wait, tingling . . . alert for the first stab of light from the projector's lofty eye. Then it comes . . . not the neutral, gray shadows of yesterday. But Technicolor! · Can you describe it, this glorious spectacle? Are there words to match the soft glow of color . . . the bewildering beauty . . . the *reality*? And this reality is literally breath-taking! The shadow-actors of the black-and-white drama are transformed. An authentic bloom rests on the curve of their cheeks. Their lips, their eyes and hair . . . it's all *real*. They greet

BRIDE OF THE REGIMENT

VIVIENNE SEGAL and ALAN PRYOR head a distinguished cast in this super-special First National and Vitaphone production of this stirring story of love and intrigue in Verona. See it!

DIXIANA

BEBE DANIELS, who triumphed in "Rio Rita," scores another mighty success in this delightful production from the studios of Radio Pictures. Technicolor plays an important part in bringing to life the beauty and lavishness of this tuneful love story. Watch for it!

★ Technicolor

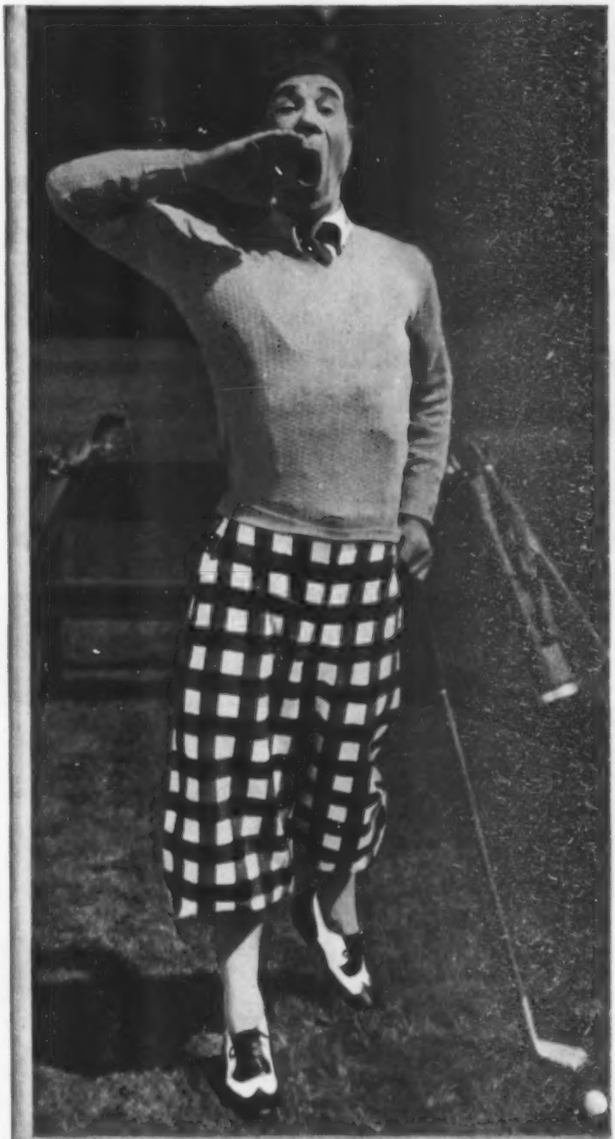
you, face to face, just as the camera caught them. · *That* is Technicolor. As though a great magician had touched the screen . . . the shadows . . . with living color . . . with a vital, natural, overpowering *personality!*

PARAMOUNT ON PARADE

This sparkling, intimate review in a new 1930 manner presents nearly every star under the Paramount banner, including DENNIS KING, CLARA BOW, MAURICE CHEVALIER, GEORGE BANCROFT, NANCY CARROLL, CHARLES "BUDDY" ROGERS and KAY FRANCIS (above). Don't miss this one!

SOME OF THE TECHNICOLOR PRODUCTIONS

BRIGHT LIGHTS, with Dorothy Mackaill (First National); **CHASING RAINBOWS,** with Bessie Love and Charles King (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer); **GOLDEN DAWN,** with Walter Woolf and Vivienne Segal (Warner Bros.); **HIT THE DECK,** with Jack Oakie and Polly Walker (Radio); **KING OF JAZZ,** starring Paul Whiteman (Universal); **MAMBA,** with Eleanor Boardman and Ralph Forbes (Tiffany); **MAMMY,** starring Al Jolson (Warner Bros.); **PUTTIN' ON THE RITZ,** with Harry Richman (United Artists); **RADIO RAMBLERS,** with Bert Wheeler, Robert Woolsey and Dorothy Lee (Radio); **THE ROGUE SONG,** with Lawrence Tibbett and Catherine Dale Owen (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer); **THE VAGABOND KING,** starring Dennis King (Paramount); **UNDER A TEXAS MOON,** all-star cast (Warner Bros.); **SALLY,** starring Marilyn Miller (First National).



HOLD EVERYTHING

WINNIE LIGHTNER, JOE E. BROWN (above), SALLY O'NEILL, DOROTHY REVIER and GEORGES CARPENTIER make this famous musical comedy picture an attraction you must not miss. Warner Brothers and Vitaphone—and all-Technicolor.

is natural color

ANIMAL CRACKS

Verses by Carolyn Wells
Sketches by Strothmann

FROM morn to night the Chamois bounds
From crag to crag his daily rounds.
And in the evening, ere he sleeps,
He goes out for a few more leaps.
He's like those tourists dressed in check
Who stomp around the liner's deck.
But, unlike them, the Chamois may
Be useful in the world some day;
For his soft skin, cut up in squares,
Is fine to polish household wares.

THE Codfish is declared to be
The saltest fish that swims the sea,
And oh, he has a secret woe!
You see, he thinks it's all his fault
The ocean is so very salt;
And so, in hopeless grief and woe,
The Codfish has for many years
Shed quarts of salt and briny tears;
And oh, his tears still flow,
So great his grief and woe!

THE Scallop has, it seems to me,
A lot of personality.
Although his neck has little nape,
He's of a calm, reposeful shape.
And I am sure, in all the ocean,
He's least addicted to waste motion.
Carpers and cavilers call him queer—
I think the Scallop is a dear.
And as a subject for a rime,
Give me the Scallop every time!

NOW here's the Vervet. From his name
You'd be inclined to think
This creature rather mild and tame,
In color, somewhat pink.
But not at all. The Vervet's green,
And very cross and spunky;
In fact, it's plainly to be seen
The Vervet's just a monkey,
With ways and manners so benighted
He's seldom out to tea invited!

HOW ARE YOU GOING TO KNOW?

Look at the motion picture ads in any paper. You're smothered under an avalanche of adjectives! Drowned in a sea of superlatives! No wonder it's such a perplexing task for some people to select their entertainment! What are you going to believe—how are you going to know? Only one certain way, and two words tell it all "Paramount Pictures"—always good, often great, never a doubt when you follow the name. *"If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town."*

PARAMOUNT FAMOUS LASKY CORP., ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES., PARAMOUNT BLDG., N. Y. C.

Paramount Pictures

ON THE AIR! Paramount-Publix Radio Hour, each Saturday Evening, 10-11 P. M. Eastern Time over the nation-wide Columbia Broadcasting System.

DENNIS KING in "The Vagabond King" with JEANETTE MacDONALD

Warner Oland, O. P. Heggie and cast of 1000. Gorgeous All-Technicolor Musical Romance. Ludwig Berger Production. From "If I Were King" by Justin Huntly McCarthy and "The Vagabond King" by Wm. H. Post, Brian Hooker and Rudolph Friml.

"PARAMOUNT ON PARADE"

The revue of revues! Grand march of the greatest stars of screen and stage—in a laughing, singing, dancing hit of hits! Many of the scenes in Technicolor. The New Show World on Parade—practically all of Paramount's players in the cast.

NANCY CARROLL in "HONEY"

A Musical Romance sweeter than "Sweetie," with Harry Green, Lillian Roth, Skeets Gallagher and Stanley Smith. Directed by Wesley Ruggles from the novel and play "Come Out of the Kitchen" by Alice Duer Miller and A. E. Thomas.

"SARAH and SON" with RUTH CHATTERTON

One of the greatest stars of the talking screen as the girl who runs the gamut from bleak despair to great happiness in Timothy Shea's great novel of mother love. With FREDRIC MARCH. Directed by Dorothy Arzner, adapted by Zoe Akins.

GARY COOPER in "Only the Brave"

With Mary Brian. Story by Keene Thompson, directed by Frank Tuttle. The hero and heroine of "The Virginian" in a fast moving, thrilling, absorbing adventure-romance with the old South as the picturesque setting for the story.

"... since remodeling our store, *eleven months ago*, SALES HAVE INCREASED 59%"

The Bremer Department Store, Bremerton, Washington

Bremerton, Washington, population 10,000, lies across the sound from Seattle.... A ferry, every two hours, travels between the two points.... And Tacoma is only a few miles away by road.

The Bremer Department Store — leading store of Bremerton — *was losing business to the larger towns.* People seemed to prefer taking the ferry or road to "trading at home."

Mr. Bremer called upon the Grand Rapids Store Equipment Corporation for advice. The entire store was re-planned and re-equipped. And here is the result in Mr. Bremer's own words: *"Since remodeling our store, eleven months ago, sales have increased 59%."*

* * *

There are Bremertons in every state — Bremer Stores in every town — similar situations—similar problems. And Grand Rapids, with 30 years' practical merchandising experience, has met and successfully solved these same situations and problems in every type of retail business.

You can increase your volume! Save money by planning and equipping your store now! Grand Rapids equipment is made in a wide range of designs, finishes, and prices — each the outstanding value of its field. Our deferred payment plan enables you to pay for your equipment out of income.

Write today — lose no time in finding out how your store can be modernized for modern business at surprisingly little cost. There is no obligation whatsoever.

GRAND RAPIDS STORE EQUIPMENT CORPORATION, GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

Factories: Grand Rapids; Portland, Oregon; Baltimore; New York City. Representatives everywhere. Store planners, designers and manufacturers of fine store equipment for department stores, ready-to-wear and specialty shops, haberdashery and men's clothing stores, drug, jewelry stores, shoe stores, chain stores, etc.

GRAND RAPIDS STORE EQUIPMENT

A Career in Wall Street

By BOYDEN SPARKES

DID you read Horatio Alger when you were a kid?" asked my friend. We were standing in the visitors' gallery of the New York Stock Exchange gazing down upon the most interesting scene in the United States. Eight-column scare heads across the first pages of all the newspapers of the day justify that description of the confusion we were watching. Riches were evaporating there in more than a thousand continuous and contemporaneous auctions of the shares of America's greatest corporations. I acknowledged that at the age of eight I had read The Train Boy, Adrift in New York, Only an Irish Boy, Brave and Bold, Bound to Rise, Strive and Succeed and some others.

"You qualify then," he said. "Now look. See that bald man over near the north wall?"

There were a number of bald men in the milling assemblage on the floor below us, but by sighting along my friend's extended arm and pointing finger I managed to focus my eyes on the individual he indicated, a man who seemed to be at the center of a group of twenty brokers who were all striving to get his attention. "What about him?" I asked.

"Well," he explained, "that man is for me satisfactory evidence that the rags-to-riches fiction writers were realists. He was a poor kid from Brooklyn when he started here as a page boy. In the old days he used to run errands for Bet-You-A-Million Gates. After the war, Santa Claus in the person of the broker for whom he worked as a telephone clerk bought him a seat on the Exchange. He is one of the most skillful men down there."

Then my friend indicated half a dozen others in the crowd and identified them as former page boys who had become members. He said that at least forty of those who had acquired seats during the past ten years had begun their careers in that manner. Now their voices were blended in the clamor that filled our ears as if it were the persistent shouting of a giant.

From Page to Plutocrat

Around the fringe of the vast stone chamber we could see a swarm of telephone clerks standing in shallow booths arranged in stalls along the walls. Into their ears were pouring orders to buy and sell, relayed from lines of communication extending to every civilized spot on earth. Because the sell orders on this particular day were greatly in excess of buy orders prices were declining steadily, and as the selling pressure increased, the desire of persons outside that chamber to communicate with some individual within it grew in intensity.

Out on the floor of the Exchange were about as many men and in such a pattern of disorder as might be seen a few seconds after a regiment of infantry became mutinous. In that throng there were about 1300 brokerage-house clerks; also more than a hundred employes gathering information for that ticker tape, sections of which in slowly moving magnified images were being shown against luminous screens set above the floor. In brokerage offices everywhere on the continent, the magic of electricity was instantaneously reflecting the same tape prices. Also in the crowd were more than one hundred attendants in charge of pneumatic-tube stations, certain supervisors, and about five hundred lads in gray uniforms—the page boys. All of these, all of the telephone clerks, the telephone instruments and the other complex machines of communication are tools of about twelve hundred men who are the aristocrats of the assemblage, the members. Those twelve hundred are the Exchange. The rules by which their operations are conducted, all the restrictions and obligations, are self-imposed. They own this market place. Every scrap of the elaborate mechanism sheltered in the tall building at Broad and Wall streets belongs to them. The share of each in the organization was at one time in 1929 appraised as high as $625,000; more recently a seat sold for $350,000. It is to be presumed that each member of the Exchange is willing to invest so much money in the right to trade there only because he can make that investment pay. The appraisal of the value of those seats is based on the earning capacity of the members. Consequently each member has the economic status of one who owns a flourishing business that is worth what a membership costs. Probably there is no other single chamber in the world that shelters at one time so many prosperous men.

Now, then, how may a young man without wealth aspire to membership in this aristocracy of brokers? Where is a page boy to get half a million dollars, more or less? By saving out of his salary? Since page boys start with a wage of fifteen dollars a week, such a suggestion is, of course, absurd. As it happened, I was given an opportunity to discover just what kind of currency it is that certain page boys of the New York Stock Exchange accumulate in order to become something as far beyond them in power and purse as in olden times a knight with golden spurs was removed from his page or squire. It was given to me several hours after the sounding of the gong that stopped trading for that day. I had gone to the offices of that commission house in which the bald man earlier referred to is a partner.

A boy was shining his shoes as we talked. About the first thing any broker does after leaving the floor of the Stock Exchange is to get his shoes shined. Sometimes they stop in the street and lean against the wall of some towering building and breathe in fresh air. In this manner they seem to work a soothing change in the tension of their nerves as street urchins kneeling at their feet restore the gloss of their scuffed shoes.

"What chance has a page?" repeated this broker. "That's what you want to find out about, eh? When I went to work as a page boy I was fourteen years old. They weren't so particular in those days. They hired the first boy that came along. That's the way I got my job. I was just a tough kid from Brooklyn, but I had sense.

"I knew enough not to be working for dime and quarter tips. I performed every errand as if it were a job for a king and I were a king's messenger. Education? I did not have any. I did not even finish grammar school. Practical education is what counts. This stuff down here is something you can't get out of books. Human nature is what you want to know about; and character! What does that get you? Well, it teaches you how to pick your friends.

"I used to work, after the Exchange closed, in the office of a broker I met on the floor. Most of the page boys today have part-time jobs like that. Finally this broker hired me to be his telephone clerk. After ten or twelve years of that I knew the floor of the Stock Exchange as a pet goldfish knows its aquarium. I knew the mechanism and what was behind it. Then, one day another broker said: 'You come with me and I'll buy you a seat.' You hear that kind of thing so much you get to thinking they are just fairy tales. Well, I went with this man and after a few years he did buy me a seat.

"How much of that transaction was due to friendship? A lot. I could have stayed here forever and he would not have taken that kind of chance for me if he had not liked me. Because he liked me he trusted me. Trusting me he was willing to advance more than $100,000 to buy my seat. I went, as we say, 'on the hook' for that amount; paid him back out of my commissions. The commissions were earned trading for his house; my house, if it comes to that, for he made me his partner.

"Now if you get the idea that one day I was working for about $6,000 a year and that on the next day I was a millionaire you'll be wrong. It was nothing like that. I did not even allow my family to move into a better flat. I said to them: 'We'll keep on as we are until that seat is paid for.' That's what we did. If I had nothing but that seat today I'd be a thousand times better off than I ever dreamed I'd be back in those kid days in Brooklyn. Sometimes out on the floor I bump into another member who grew up in the same block, a kid with no better prospects than I had.

"'Go on,' I'll say to him, 'I knew you when you were poor.'

"We josh that way, but both of us know why we were staked to a seat on the Exchange. Each of us was picked because we did have something, though it was not money. We were producers. We were as eager as terriers. Right now I can spot a half dozen page boys on the floor who will be members in the years to come. They are alert kids, intelligent, wide-awake and friendly. None of them are sulky. Now, when some man offers to buy a seat for one of those kids he will make the offer because his business needs the services of the kind of broker that kid will be when he gets the chance. He will be the kind of broker who will be working every one of the three hundred trading minutes of the day. He will make money for himself, for his house and for the customers of his house."

Not Exactly a Present

Now it happens that today the New York Stock Exchange will not hire just any boy that comes along in order to recruit the constantly diminishing staff of pages. For one thing the boy who is chosen must have a high-school diploma. There was a time when some high-school graduates sniffed at the suggestion that they take a job in which they would have to wear a uniform. Then there came a day when young men with college diplomas were beginning to plead for the right to wear that uniform. Today it represents precisely the kind of opportunity in Wall Street that the uniform of a West Point cadet represents to one who aspires to a career in the Army; or that the uniform of an Annapolis cadet represents to the lad who hungers to be called admiral. Only there are somewhat more brokers than admirals or generals—and the brokers are younger men on the average.

Occasionally the financial pages of the New York newspapers print a brief news story about some brokerage-house telephone clerk who has acquired a seat on the Stock Exchange. Sometimes, comment is made on the youthfulness of the new member. In recent times one of these was twenty-three years old; another was but twenty-one. The newspaper stories very often create the impression that the seat has been given free of obligations to the fortunate young broker; that he has suddenly been enriched. I asked the head of a brokerage house to explain these transactions.

"There is no more disposition," he said, "in Wall Street than there is in Main Street, to give half-million-dollar presents to bright young men. First of all, you must realize that in what we call Wall Street there are many large business houses that could not operate without a representative on the floor of the Stock Exchange. The number of such representatives varies. A small house may have only one; one of the

(Continued on Page 222)

Watch This Column

Universal's Weekly Chat

LAURA LA PLANTE and JOHN BOLES in "La Marseillaise"

This is a personal message to the many thousands who love good entertainment and who have written to me at various times, describing the kind of pictures they enjoy.

I want to talk particularly about three pictures which reveal the versatility of Universal and the lengths to which it will go to give you the best motion-picture entertainment possible.

"La Marseillaise"—starring LAURA LA PLANTE and JOHN BOLES—a most stirring romance of the French Revolution, written around the song which upset a monarchy and made France a Republic. Beautiful, magnificent, startling.

PAUL WHITEMAN'S "King of Jazz"—the most pretentious effort since the advent of the talkies—a gorgeous revue which embraces not only the great band of the Jazz King, but scores of dancing and musical specialties which will delight the eyes and ears of the whole continent.

"All Quiet on The Western Front"—the only war drama which looks into the German lines during the World War and shows you what the Germans did, how they felt and what brought it all about. People have asked us how such a book as Erich Maria Remarque's famous novel, can be put into picture. See it and then know of the wondrous possibilities of the moving-picture.

Personally, I am proud of every one. I have seen each one and each time I have enjoyed a real thrill. Of course, there are other good Universals before you, but I am calling attention to these three in particular as outstanding productions which will challenge the Moving-Picture's previous creations.

Those of you who have enlisted as volunteer correspondents, may truthfully echo my remarks. I still want others to volunteer from their towns to write to me, keep me advised of the wants of their townsmen and help them to get those Universals which I claim will startle the world.

Carl Laemmle,
President

If you want photographs of LAURA LA PLANTE, JOHN BOLES and JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT, send 10c in stamps for each.

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

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STAGE-STRUCK!—By Don Marquis

I WAS born stage-struck. I have had more—just a little more, please—than half a century to get over it in. But I can't. The stage to me is still the most glamorous thing in human life. And nearly every actor wears a kind of halo. I've known dozens, scores, hundreds of them; some of them I've known pretty well—and still they're not like ordinary people to me.

I can get used to novelists and poets and painters and sculptors and musicians—I can even get used to playwrights—but the actor has to take the most extraordinary measures to keep me from admiring and envying him just simply because he's an actor. The glamour clings.

I know I can't act myself. I found it out by trying it. But even now, at my time of life—and I'll never see fifty again unless I'm born anew—I'd rush from my cell with a heluva yell and go on the stage, if I were not occasionally subjected to restraint.

In fact, once I did rush from my cell. More than thirty years ago, it was. I was working on a little weekly newspaper in a country town in Northern Illinois, and a touring repertory company came into the office one day and blew up right in my face.

I was, at the moment, kicking off some dodgers on the job press. The manager of this rep outfit—a burly, fat man he was, just simply full of vocal cords—had come in to get some hand bills printed and a notice in the paper, and his troupe had followed him, wanting to know querulously why they hadn't been paid. A terrible question to ask anybody. The altercation reached its height right beside the job press where I was standing with my mouth and ears open, and in a few hundred well-chosen phrases the company resigned and were fired.

Only the fat manager's wife and another lady stuck to him—I suppose they couldn't think of anything else to do. He sat down and mopped his fat and troubled head until the external friction stirred up an idea inside it.

"Horace," he said to me—and to this day I don't know why he called me Horace, but I liked it better than Rube or Giles, which people from the great outside world were apt to call me in those days—"Horace, don't you tell me that there isn't a home-talent dramatic club in this town!"

He'd nicked the mark; there was. I was—need I say it?—one of them, specializing in bucolic comedy and low villains. He got us together; he gave a home-talent show with us and the two actresses who had stuck, for the benefit of something or other and ——

The Actor

WONDER of wonders! Ambition of my youth! He told me I could act! He was a fat liar, but I believed him. Four or five other youthful inspired hicks besides myself credited the same mendacious statement about themselves—oh, how readily! He organized us into a traveling company!

Napoleon never felt any more swell-headed after crossing a bunch of Alps or kicking a scuttleful of kings off his front doorstep than I did when I became a professional. An actor!

This beautiful dream lasted just ten days, and we got as far away from my home as the third village down the branch line of the railroad before the company busted up again.

I got home in a box car and asked mother if there was anything in the ice box.

We played several plays. I remember but one of them. It was called Tony the Outcast, or The Convict's Daughter, and I played James Barclay, the villain. I had a little black mustache, which I twisted, and riding boots, which I assiduously switched with a riding whip. At the end of every act I rushed at the hero, pulling a dirk, and he pointed a revolver at me, and I dropped the dirk and slunk off, cursing, left upper entrance.

The experience was not utterly wasted. The sort of wholesome American sentiment which dripped from this play always appealed to me; it appealed to audiences. There was a mother in it; there was a sweet daughter in it; the noble outcast was not all bad. I learned lessons from it. Twenty-five years later I wrote a play called The Old Soak, which had the same sort of wholesome sentiment, and a mother, and a daughter, and an outcast who was not all bad—and I made about seventy-five thousand dollars out of it.

People have always liked that kind of play, and they always will. They like it better nowadays when the Russians do it, but it has always been the same play, and it will always go. Critics change—they tell people what they should like—but there are only three or four kinds of plays. The talking movies have this sort of thing in ten thousand theaters at the present moment.

There was one pathetic incident about this little traveling company, although at the time I did not realize how dreadfully pathetic it was. With the thoughtlessness and inexperience of youth, I thought, at first, that it was funny. One of the professional actresses who had stuck with the manager had the longest, thinnest, boniest neck that was ever on a human being; you would have thought her father was a giraffe and her mother an ostrich.

The manager, out of the wreck of his fortunes, had retained a veteran feather boa. It was molting, it was scrawny, it was all but bald, but still it was a boa. No matter what the scene was supposed to be—outdoors or indoors, summer or winter—he insisted that the actress wear this feather boa, wrapped twice around that remarkable neck to mitigate, in so far as was possible, its incredible length and boniness. The poor woman resented it, and would get onto the stage without it if she were not closely watched, whereupon the manager, stamping and puffing in the wings, would cry out, cursing: "Damn that woman! She's chucked her boa again!"

I realized later that the girl was dying on her feet—and keeping her mouth shut about it, too, with the unconquerable gameness of the dedicated trouper. For, take them all in all, actors are the gamest bunch I've ever come into contact with. The real trouper gives the last atom of his strength to the show; no matter what's happening inside himself or off stage somewhere, it's the show with him, the performance, the intangible, inexpressible, ephemeral thing that he has lived for and that has led him on.

This experience didn't cure me. A few years later I was working as a cub reporter in Washington at the princely salary of fifteen dollars a week, still stage-struck. Otis Skinner, who I thought then and who I still think is one of the best actors America ever produced, was in town. The dramatic editor of the paper saw Mr. Skinner in my behalf and Mr. Skinner said to send me around—he would give me a tryout; I could be assistant property man, and walk on in one of the scenes. If I made good walking on, maybe before long I could have a line to speak.

I was elated. Life seemed to be opening up, indeed. But one of those things came along—the very same day!—that change the entire course of a man's life. The city editor called me up to his desk and informed me that my salary on the paper was to be raised to eighteen dollars a week—in those days they used to look twice at a whole five-dollar bill before they hung the entire sum onto a reporter's salary every week.

An Almost All-Star Cast

I PONDERED. The stage? Or literature? A couple of years previously I would not have hesitated a moment. But I had grown wiser—cynical, if you will have it so. I was at the parting of the ways. I realized it. Finally I said to myself, "I guess I'd better stay where the big money is," and took the eighteen-dollar job. But with this mercenary choice, a kind of bloom left my youth; I've never been the same ingenuous, artistic spirit, since.

Ten or fifteen years later, when I met Mr. Skinner, he had forgotten this transaction—an actor has so many things to think of—and he didn't realize how he had let the lure of gold drag from the drama one who might have been ——

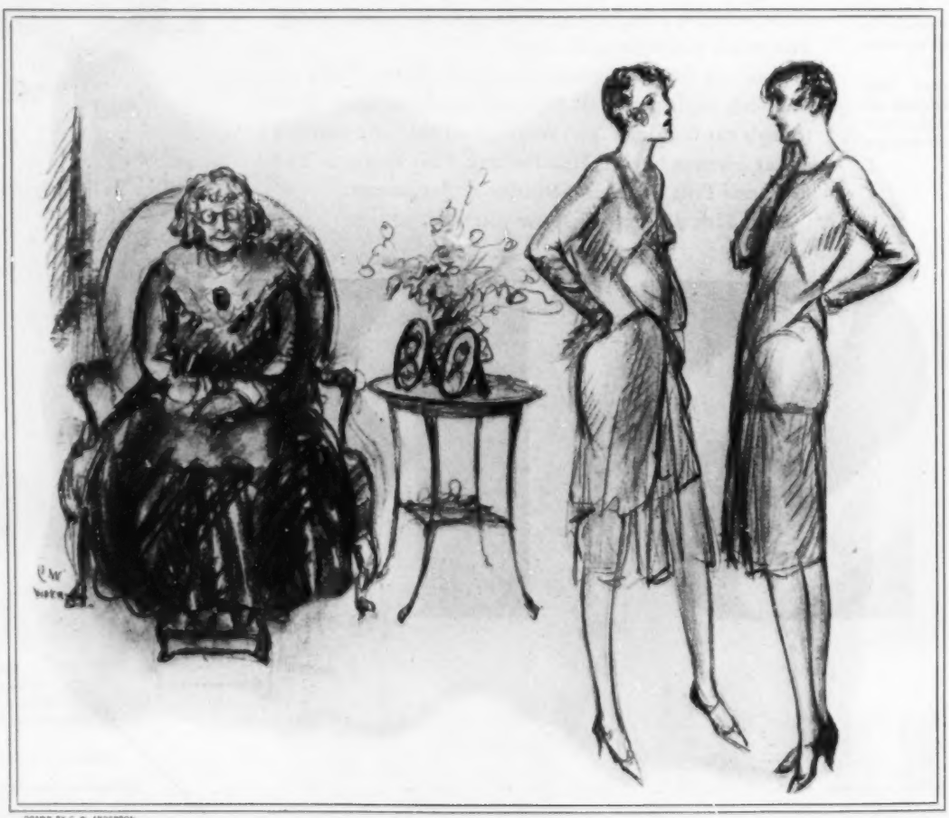
But maybe not. In fact, not.

Just two or three years ago, I rushed from my cell once more. There's a stock company up at Skowhegan, Maine, that attracts some of the best actors in New York every summer. They have a pretty good vacation up there, and act and try out plays at the same time. I've seen shows put on up there with all-around casts so good that the average Broadway production couldn't compete with them.

They played The Old Soak the summer I was there, and I played the leading part. The rest of the cast were experienced New York professionals, but they all happened to be personal friends of mine, and they helped me through. I knew the part, because I'd written it, but the acting ——

Well, they all told me: "Just be yourself, and don't try to act, and you'll get through somehow!" I obeyed and I got through. Somehow.

(Continued on Page 81)



DRAWN BY C. D. ANDERSON

"I'm Afraid All Those Mammy Songs and Movies Have Affected Mother"

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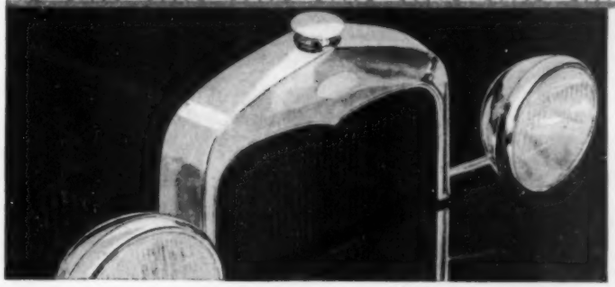

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MORE than $75,000,000 has been appropriated by Congress in the past three years for the development of Washington.

And today a new city is rising on the Potomac . . . a city of incomparable vistas . . . of white towers and marble columns reflected in still, clear water . . . of proud new buildings lining majestic avenues and squares.

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Warm, mild weather is sweeping up across Virginia. In a few weeks the famous Japanese Cherry Blossoms will frame the Potomac Basin in a blaze of color. Now is the time for you and your family to visit Washington. Never before has there been so much to see.

(Above) Secretary Mellon inspects a model of the magnificent new government buildings group being erected on the famous "Triangle" at a cost of $75,000,000.

(At right) The Arlington Bridge across the Potomac, now practically completed. In the background is the Lincoln Memorial, one of the world's outstanding monuments.

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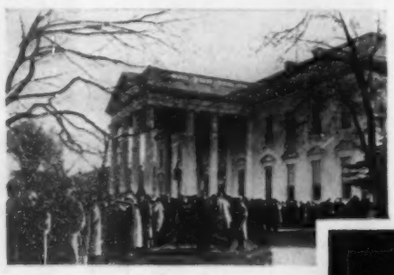
Why not start planning your trip today? Simply call your local Pennsylvania passenger agent and he will help you make all arrangements. He'll tell you about conducted tours, excursions, trips into historic Virginia. He'll explain fares, schedules and different routes. Telephone him now—no obligation is involved.



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DIRECTLY SERVES 9 OF THE 10 LARGEST CITIES IN AMERICA

(Continued from Page 78)

But during that one week when I played the Old Soak as many things happened to me as happen to the average real actor in a couple of years of experience.

The second night I made a bust. There's a scene in the play where the chief character represents by pantomime that he is suffering terribly for a drink of some alcoholic beverage. After some moments of this, he has the despairing line: "And yet, they say there's a lot of good stuff coming off these here foreign ships." It never got much of a laugh—there isn't anything in it. That afternoon I heard that some prominent local man had come over from Canada with a few bottles of whisky in a new car, and that dry agents had taken the whisky from him and confiscated the car as well. So that night, when I came to the line, I read it: "And yet they say there's a lot of good stuff coming in from Canada in these here cars."

The shout of laughter that went up exceeded anything I've ever heard in a theater. It all but knocked me over. And it kept on and on. It stopped the play, and grew and grew.

Panic in the Theater

When I got off the stage, there was the manager waiting in the wings, and he was wringing his hands and I believe—or else it was something about the lighting effects—that he was sweating blood.

"That man," he moaned, "is my principal financial backer in this amusement enterprise, and he's out there in front now with a theater party! I'm ruined! I'm ruined!"

But I saved him. I told him the line was in the script, and before I went to bed that night I fixed up a script with the line in it, so that he could show it to his backer if necessary.

The next night I got one of the real jolts of my life. Robert Hudson, a most resourceful and distinguished actor, and I were on the stage together. It was about twenty minutes before the end of the play. Suddenly, from the darkened house in front of us, there was a loud crash, and then another and another. One of the crowded balconies, we could see, had started to break loose from its supports.

There was a scream from the balcony, and a half-grown girl tried to throw herself over the balcony railing into the orchestra. A man caught her by the legs as she jumped and hauled her back. There were screams and cries and the beginnings of a panic from the body of the house.

Then somebody had the presence of mind to turn on the house lights. But before they were turned on, I have never had such a moment of fright in my life—the audience was beginning to mill out there in the darkness. In another second that most frightful of things, a theater panic, would be under way, with heaven knows how many people crushed and maimed and killed in the stampede.

Hudson and I went down to the footlights and roared reassurance at the crowd—a reassurance which neither of us felt. The house lights came on and we continued to roar. We quieted them.

Skinner's Old Property Man

The awful part of it was that we quieted them and reassured them too completely. With the house lights on, we could see what had happened to the balcony. It was a new wooden building. The balconies were hung to the wooden walls by long iron rods. These rods were secured by bolts. Some of the bolts had torn loose from the threads with the weight of humanity imposed—we found next day that careless workmen had put nuts a sixteenth of an inch too large over the threads at the end of the bolts—and the balcony had torn loose from its support and was sagging.

We got most of the people to leave the sagging balcony, but as it did not continue to sag any farther, we could not get them all to leave. They were too easily reassured. And we played the last twenty minutes of that show with deadly terror in our hearts, for fear the balcony on the other side of the house, which was equally crowded, would tear loose and fall. The balcony was fixed up the next day, and the next night that courageous population filled the house again.

There was something every night that week, and if I ever write the complete history of it I shall call it: Reminiscences of Fifty Years on the American Stage. For I lived at least that long between the first crash and the moment when we got them into their seats again—for half the people in the orchestra had risen and were shouting. Hudson and I literally bellowed them and bullied them down.

The next week I almost ruined several performances of a show by Howard Lindsey and Bertrand Robinson by bad acting. I would have ruined it entirely if I had been on the stage oftener. It was during that week that I finally learned that I wasn't an actor.

In spite of which, I keep right on being stage-struck. Don't anybody dare, even now, to offer me a part in his show. I'll take it, and I'll ruin his play for him.

And one of the greatest thrills I get today is when Otis Skinner sometimes refers to me facetiously as "My old property man."

DRAWN BY DONALD McKEE

Love at First Sight

Buy *when you're* convinced

1 *Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.*

2 *Softens the beard in one minute.*

3 *Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes.*

4 *Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect.*

5 *Fine after-effects due to olive oil content.*

We claim that, if you will accept our free 7-day shaving test, our chances are 86 in 100 it will win you.

GENTLEMEN: If we printed the things men say of our products, we would defeat our own purpose. For superlative claims they would make would sound unbelievable.

So instead, our advertising policy has been a simple but effective free test offered men. We let the product do its own selling. When you're convinced, you may buy...

Palmolive Shaving Cream, in a few short years, has become the fastest selling in the world. Millions of men who have sent for our free test have been won by it. 86% of those who try it never return to old methods.

Our problem is to convince you of the importance of making this test. For that reason we print the coupon prominently for your convenience. Will you mail it, please?

Our 68-year-old laboratories

Our laboratories, for 68 years creating world leaders in the soap field, felt that olive oil in a shaving cream would do much, by its cosmetic emollience, to relieve the irritation and chafing of daily shaving.

Time and again they tried to make a shaving cream worthy of the name Palmolive. 129 formulas were rejected before success came. Then we offered men for a convincing test, a product which embodied 5 important improvements.

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Just mail the coupon, please

7 SHAVES FREE

and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Palmolive, Dept. M-805, P. O. Box 375, Grand Central Post Office, New York City.

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"When I'm smoking, jesting, joking,
There is no King half so gay."
—Brander Matthews

Did any pipe tobacco ever have so much to talk about?

1 CUT FOR PIPES ONLY
2 MADE BY WELLMAN'S METHOD—AN 1870 TOBACCO SECRET
3 BIG FLAKES THAT BURN SLOW AND COOL
4 SWEET TO THE END NO SOGGY HEEL

Suppose *you* discovered a tobacco that made good with its first pipe-load — and kept on making good. Wouldn't you talk about it?

And Granger Rough Cut has plenty to talk about. *Taste?* Its mellow Burley flavor is "sealed in" by our exclusive Wellman's Method. *Coolness?* The big Rough Cut flakes (cut for *pipes*, not for cigarette-rolling) burn slower . . . and cooler . . . down to a clean dry ash. *Package?* Another step ahead — a practical, comfortable soft-foil package. *Price?* Ten cents for the foil pouch; half-pound vacuum tins and one-pound humidors in proportion.

And as if that weren't enough — made and vouched for by a company which has made its reputation by steadily putting tobacco quality first:

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

GRANGER
ROUGH CUT

A cooler smoke in a drier pipe!

IN THE OPEN AND YOUR OWN BOSS—By Butler Andros

We never before have witnessed such multitudes of wild pigeons as have appeared in the present season. Flocks extending miles in length have many days been seen passing over. But what is most extraordinary and causes us now to notice them is their encampment about ten miles from this place, where they have built their nests and are raising their young. This encampment is upward of nine miles in length and four in breadth, the lines regular and straight, within which there is scarcely a tree that is not covered with nests. They cause such a constant roaring by the flapping of their wings that persons on going into the encampment have great difficulty in hearing one another speak.—THE MONTROSE, PA., REGISTER, of May 13, 1829.

THIS was the passenger pigeon, now virtually extinct. Once they literally darkened the American sun and were a plague beyond the Biblical locust when they settled on tilled land. A flock estimated to number 2230 millions was reported in the Ohio Valley by A. Wilson, and Audubon bore him out. A bishop at Montreal once exorcised them with holy water, as if they had been demons. Few men now alive ever have seen one. On Martha's Vineyard there was in 1929 just one heath hen of the myriads that nested there within memory, and with the death of this male the species will be extinct.

If the wild duck and other game are not to go the way of the passenger pigeon and the heath hen, they must be propagated by hand. The number of hunters grows yearly, the wild fowl decrease. Europe began to restore its game artificially years ago. These game farms have spread to America and permits by the hundreds are issued by the Biological Survey.

Among wild fowl, mallard and black ducks, Canada geese, bobwhite quail and ring-necked pheasants in particular are being bred in captivity on a large scale by state game departments, shooting clubs and private individuals for profit. In as much as the demand both for eggs and birds still largely exceeds the supply, profit is reasonably sure with proper management. For the novice, the Biological Survey issues a fifty-six-page propagation manual which covers the ground in detail.

It still is an uncrowded field, and one peculiarly attractive to the man or woman who likes both the open and to be his own boss. To indicate what others may do, this is what one has done with ducks and Canada geese.

Thomas J. Reed was an oysterman by summer, a hunter's guide in winter on Chincoteague Island on the salt side of Virginia's Eastern Shore. Ten years ago, when still a boy, he brought down a wing-shot pair of black mallard ducks and kept them as decoys. After a few seasons, the female laid and five of the hatched ducklings survived.

In the classified advertisements of a sportsman's magazine Reed noticed that just such ducks were being offered at fancy prices for breeders, and he recalled that, in his boyhood, a Chincoteague farmer had turned to wild and ornamental water fowl breeding and had prospered until he died.

Sending away for such literature as could be had, Reed began with one small pen and half an acre of ground. He has 250 acres now, has built a home, proper brooder houses, fenced his runs and dammed the tidal guts as ponds. After selling one thousand duck eggs last spring, he still reared twelve hundred ducks and 350 geese, and

(Continued on Page 85)

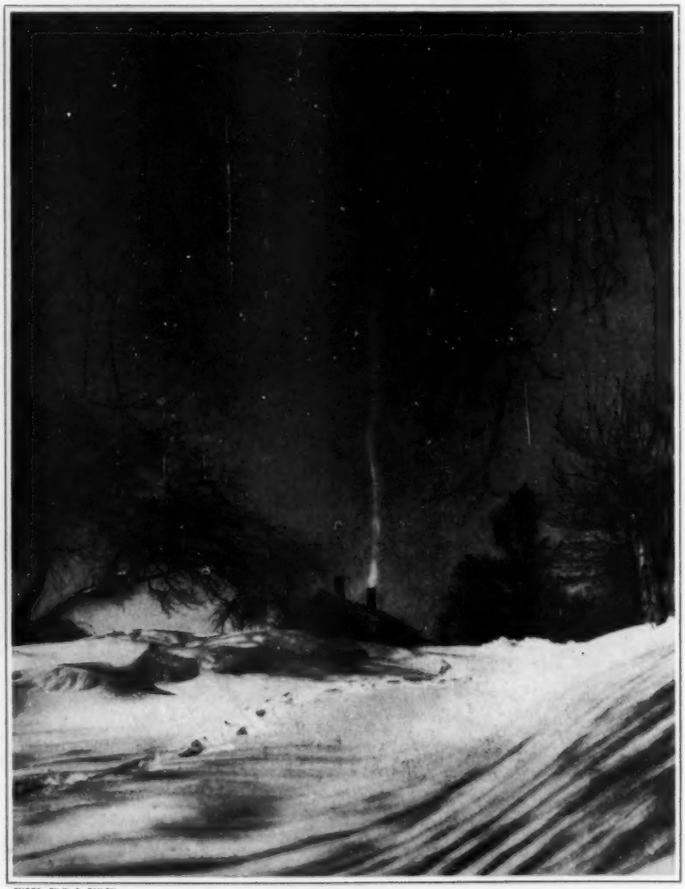

PHOTO. BY W. S. BAILEY

Snowbound

Make the night-test

And prove that your love for coffee need never cost you another wink of sleep!

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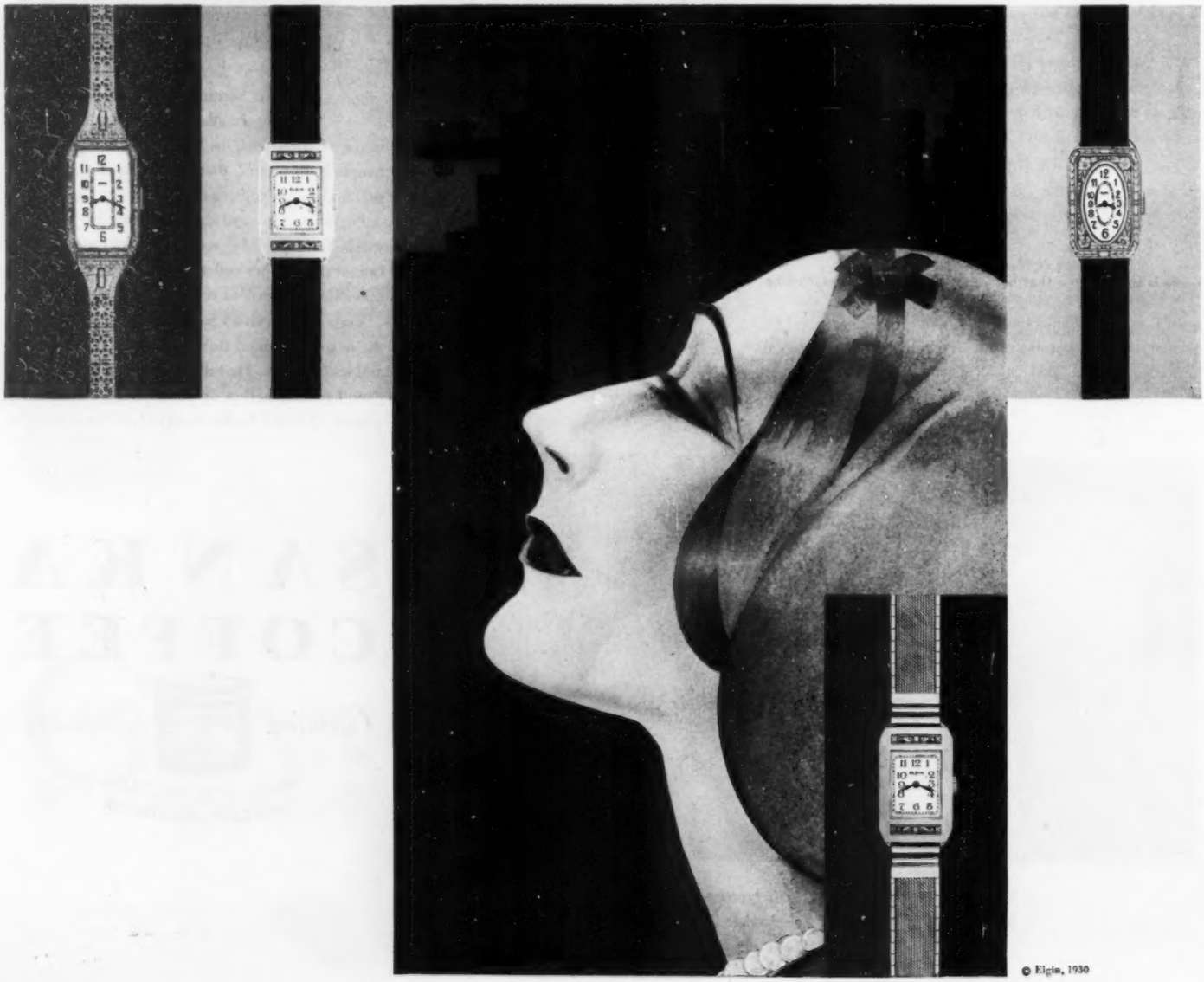

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(Continued from Page 82)

could have sold all and many more. The location is ideal for water-fowl breeding, of course, and the sandy pasture lands so little regarded that the taxes on eighty acres are only $1.50 a year, yet there are thousands of miles of coast equally as adaptable to the purpose.

A duck is not so waterproof as the old saying, "like water off a duck's back" would indicate. Ducks, and all water fowl, can drown and can die of a wetting. Their feathers are virtually the same as those of a chicken, and it is not vanity that keeps them preening. Nature supplies the adults with a water-shedding oil dressing and, in the wild state, the ducklings get a supply of this oil from their mothers.

In a modern game farm the duck eggs are hatched in incubators and the young reared under brooder stoves. Lacking this oil, they are not permitted near the water until they are seven weeks old. Adult birds have the oil rubbed off their feathers in transit when shipped and it is not uncommon for decoys to drown or die of exposure because the consignee set them out immediately on receipt, not knowing that they require at least three days to refurbish.

In the wild state the female duck, having all out-of-doors to choose from, selects her nesting spot fastidiously. It must be a sunny spot sheltered from north winds and far enough away from a pond to give her brood proper exercise in reaching water. The pond must be rich in natural foods, shallow enough to be warmed by the April sun, and with no wide, cold waters intervening. The mother lines the nest with down and feathers and covers the eggs with dry straw and leaves both as a protection against cold when she is off the nest, and to hide the eggs from her natural enemies.

Too Many Eggs Lost

When hatched, the ducklings spend much of a warm day in the grass chasing insects, and on cold, wet days, stay on the pond. Four times a day the mother will call them out and hover over them, warming them and renewing the oil on their down. In these ways she loses few of her brood.

But in captivity her choice of nesting spots is so restricted that her infant mortality rises sharply. And ducks that have been born in captivity lose so much of their wariness and protective instincts that they rear few of their young to maturity. Moreover, there is an inevitable increase in enemies on a game farm. Under natural conditions, these vermin must seek small flocks over large areas; in game farms they find their prey concentrated in small areas.

Mr. Reed began by trying to duplicate nature and raise ducks on open range under their own mothers without interference, but the early laying birds lost their eggs by chilling and when they laid a second clutch and hatched a brood, lost half of them to hawks, crows, crabs and snapping turtles. There are no fox, mink, weasels or coon on Chincoteague, so few adult birds are lost.

Improving on Mother Nature

This method showing so high a wastage, Mr. Reed turned to collecting the eggs and hatching them under brood hens. Most nests may be found by watching for the faint trails left in the grass by the comings and goings of the mother. Where nests are not found a proportion of the eggs still will hatch and the young may be caught and put away for safekeeping with the chicken-hatched broods. It would be easier, of course, to pen the females in the laying season, but they lay twice as many eggs when left to their own devices. In taking eggs from a nest, he replaces them with the same number of glass eggs, continuing until the duck begins to incubate. He then removes the glass eggs and the mother lays a new clutch, usually making a new nest first.

With all this additional work, his losses still were high. The vermin were balked and the eggs hatched with rare exceptions, but there were new troubles. Ducks are chummy birds, prone to flock together; too many would try to crowd under one hen at night and many would die of chill or crushing. This may be avoided when only a few ducks are reared, but few or many, the mortality from wet and cold always will be high. On rainy days the ducklings leave the hens and take to the ponds. Growing cold, they start back for their hens and many die of exposure in the wet grass before they can reach the shelter of her wings.

The proper answer, Mr. Reed found, was complete artificiality until the duckling is seven weeks old. By hatching the eggs in incubators and rearing the young under brooder stoves in nursery houses they are protected from the weather and all their enemies—including the sun. Sunshine, rain and rats are the young duck's worst foes in captivity. Any brooder house may be protected from rats and rain, but the novice will not realize that much window space is as serious an evil. Direct sunlight

(Continued on Page 198)

HEADS I WIN, TAILS YOU LOSE

(Continued from Page 58)

England has speakeasies, bootlegging of cigarettes and chocolates, and law evasion just like any other nice, big, full-grown country. I especially call attention to the elaborate means used to defeat the present betting laws.

I am not commenting upon any of these laws or customs or countries. I am neither praising nor blaming. Different ills need different cures, even if sometimes the cure is worse than the ill. But that is neither here nor there. I am merely reminding Americans that when they become too excited about the laws and customs of their own country, pro or con, they are not being as philosophical or historical as they might be. One could even charge them with loss of their perspective.

As to Mr. Nathan's second charge—the one so often brought—that Americans belong to idiotic societies, I have already spoken of the United Sons of Lombardy and the Bachelors of Bellagio. I don't know where Mr. Nathan has been. He may have been to the North Pole. I haven't, so I don't know whether the Eskimos have idiotic societies or not, although my slight knowledge of anthropology would lead me to suspect that they have. Idiotic societies are markedly a phase of all life, primitive or otherwise. I do not, however, know just what idiotic societies mean. Either all organizations are idiotic—perhaps they are—or else they are not. In the beginning they are merely a gathering together of people who think more or less alike, for political, tribal or social purposes. What they think is irrelevant, because what one man thinks is nonsense another man may find sublime wisdom. If you personally believe that you have found the key to wisdom, the only way you can put it into the hands of other men is by education and persuasion, not by deriding the natural instinct which causes them to come together into groups. The International Order of Royal Flea Hunters, until subjected to numerous delicate processes of education and experience, would find Mr. Nathan's clubs just as dull and idiotic as he finds the antics of The International Order of Royal Flea Hunters.

However, this has nothing to do with the Eskimos, and it was my intention to say that even if the Eskimos haven't any idiotic societies, everyone else has. Ever since reaching twenty-one I have spent a great deal of my time in a great many parts of the world, trying not to join this organization or that. Sometimes I have succumbed.

At one time I went to a German university. That is to say, I went off and on, for

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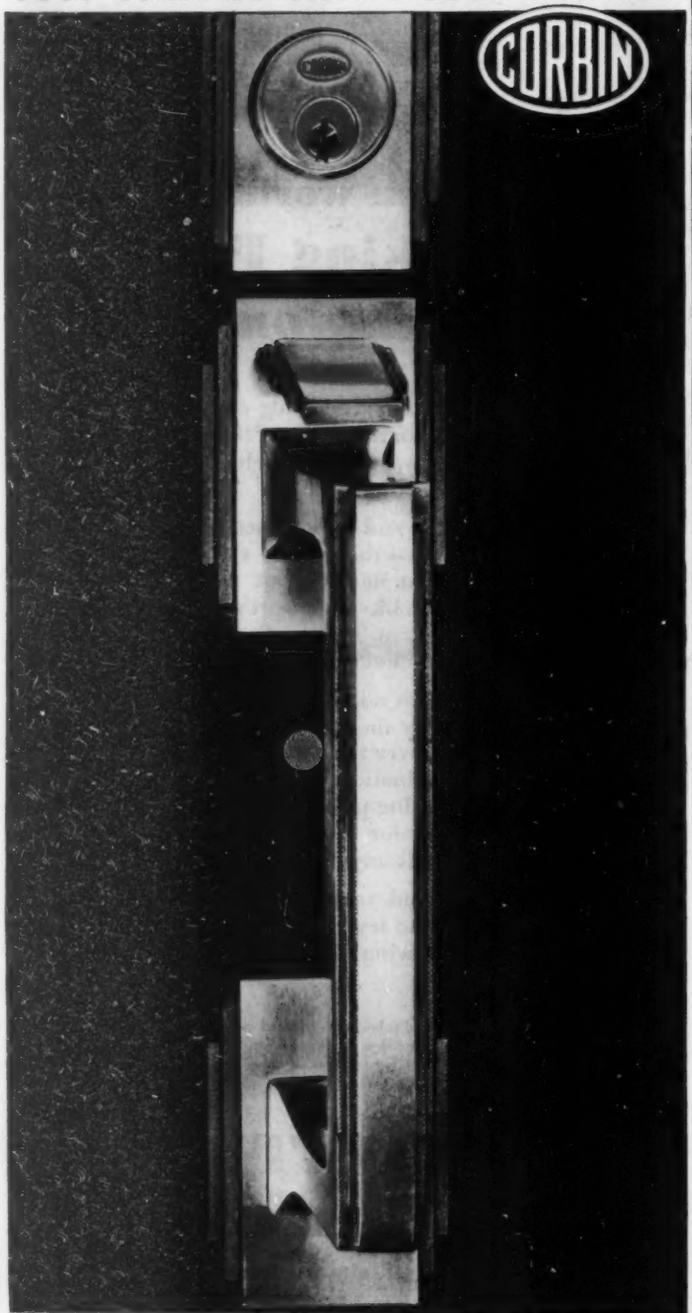

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this university celebrated so many church holidays that after a while I got tired of finding the doors shut and so didn't go any more. Part of the resulting leisure I spent in cultivating idiotic societies. I belonged to a mountaineering club—an Alpine club. It had a name something like this: The Amalgamated Friends for the Climbing, and the Better Preserving Thereof at the Same Time, of the Higher Bavarian Peaks. It was a very large club and the figures of the majority of the ladies and gentlemen who belonged to it were large also, and seemed to preclude any very serious mountain climbing.

An American dentist—that is, a man who said he had studied dentistry for four years in the United States, although he couldn't speak any English—got me in. We never went on any mountain climbs, but during carnival time in the spring we gave a couple of grand balls. I am using the adjective in its slang sense. All the members except myself had beautiful Bavarian Highland costumes in which they turned out for these balls; the ladies in little round hats and long velvet skirts, and the men in green felt hats with feathers, white shirts open at the neck, velvet suspenders, short velvet pants, a knife stuck down the leg, bare knees and heavy stockings. The knees looked singularly white and plump for the knees of hardy hillmen. After the beer had flowed for a while a good many of us danced the *Schuhplatle*, which is a highland peasant dance, an imitation of the courting of the *Auerhahn* when that noble bird seeks its mate in the high Alps, and at intervals we gave mountain cries.

The European Charm

Being a self-conscious American, I didn't go in for highland regalia myself, but remained content with the somewhat melancholy dress of a Swabian peasant—a black three-cornered hat, a narrow-shouldered, full-skirted frock coat, skimpy knee breeches, and stockings that were always coming down.

During my stay in Germany I nearly got into another society. It was one of the fighting *Vereins*, but as part of the initiation seemed to consist in going down the Rhine with three companions for a fortnight of loud intoxication, I lost interest. But somehow or other, the *Vereins*, fighting or otherwise, all dressed up and ready to go somewhere, have always seemed to me a trifle more organized than anything we do in our own universities and just about as costumed as our most-costumed fellow citizens.

The American, intellectual or otherwise—due, I suppose, to the isolation in which until recently he lived and due to his lack of interest, until recently, in any history but his own—has always suffered more than other peoples from a feeling of exceptionality. This feeling has taken two forms: Either the American has thought that he was the most wonderful man in the world or the worst. Either his country was the most moral country in the world or the most outrageous. Even now we talk of crime waves, as if crime came in waves, and as if history had never witnessed similar conditions. History has witnessed about everything there is to witness. In his introduction to The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism, Bernard Shaw says: "I have never met an American who knew anything about America except the bits she—or he—had actually set eyes on or felt with her—or his—boots, and even of that she—or he—could hardly tell the wood for the trees." This, of course, is a gross exaggeration, but it is too often true. To be complete, he should have added that few Americans, no matter how traveled, know much more about Europe—that is, if knowing consists—and a large part of it does—in being able to make intelligent comparisons between one civilization and another.

A symptom of this lack of national and international perspective is the inability of the average American to realize that a well-to-do alien can always live a more carefree, cheaper and more dreamlike life in a country than an actual resident of that country. That is, if he wishes to lead such a life. Most people don't. The ultimate rewards, spiritual, social and material, are not great enough. The well-to-do Italian can live a more carefree and dreamlike existence, and in some ways a cheaper one, in America than he can in Italy, and the other way about. Of course he can; what he is doing is to escape from life. Once you reside out of your own country, responsibility falls from you, little is expected of you, and quite smilingly, on your part, you put up with a score of conditions you would not tolerate at home.

All over Europe I have friends who are sitting down to dirty table linen, who are being waited upon with good-natured negligence—and sometimes not that—who are doing without butter, cream, decent water and a dozen other comforts, who are permitting themselves to be treated socially with ignorant condescension, who are asking to their houses and allowing themselves to be surrounded by people they would not have in those houses in America, and who actually think they are living more comfortably than they would in America, and who covered all I have mentioned, and a lot more, by the single word "charm." Perhaps, for a while. It is always charming to live in a foreign country for a while. A feeling of irresponsibility is pleasant. But the longer you live in a foreign country and the more you become part of that country, the less you are overwhelmed by its charm and the more you are overwhelmed by actuality. I have known Americans to be overwhelmed by the charm and placidity of a community in which, during the winter, the poorer inhabitants ate rats. Actuality can be interesting, exciting, fascinating, at moments glorious or happy, but it is seldom persistently charming. Charm, save where very exceptional people or environments are concerned, is a quality of something not too intimately known.

To be an actual citizen of a country means almost inevitably that you are a somewhat worried, somewhat harassed, extremely busy man or woman, even if your worry, harassment and busy-ness consist of nothing more than being part of the social life of London or Paris. Or, to take the most desperate state of affairs, if this worry, harassment and busy-ness mean no more than the black boredom of the idle. Like happiness, if you chase interest and charm, laboring under the delusion that they are somewhere else than just where you are, you have the type of mind that will lose these much desired things as soon as wherever you are becomes familiar. Permanent charm and interest are subjective, not objective. They are inside of yourself.

How Long Will Glamour Last?

In the same issue of the American paper published in Paris which chronicled the arrival of Mr. Nathan in England, there was a similar interview with a well-known American humorist. One was left with the impression that all Americans were going to leave America as soon as possible. This humorist was hurrying back to New York to sell out all his possessions and to collect his wife and young son, and having done this, he was going to shake the dust of his native land forever from his feet and settle down in France. No cultivated or civilized man could live in America, this humorist said. I wonder what he will say twenty years from now. Whether the glamour of France will be quite as potent to him as it is now. Nor is it altogether fair for any parent to condition a son's future without consulting him. Whatever else may be said of the United States, to be born an American citizen just now is to be born with a great inheritance. As an American parent, I would prefer to let my children decide for themselves when they grow up, rather than decide for them.

(Continued on Page 88)

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(Continued from Page 86)

Now I do not believe that at the eventual summation of the world and the adjudication of the planets, a hundred years from now, either the opinion of this humorist or Mr. Nathan's or the opinions of hundreds of silly American women who come to Europe every summer—or stay at home—will count for very much, but meanwhile they have a constantly disastrous effect upon that comity of nations which, at present more than ever before, is the earnest and desperate aim of every sane man who thinks internationally. International statements require the most delicate of qualifications. Such interviews are merely the throwing of senseless stones into waters already sufficiently muddied. And the ripples of such senseless stones spread out indefinitely.

The final importance of any national or international statement, of course, consists in the effect this statement has upon the minds of the more thoughtful of other races. You can't do much with a fool, but it is a pity to misdirect a wise man. Europe is thinking about us furiously and persistently. These thoughts range all the way from the Englishman or even Italian who believes that sooner or later we will reach out in an attempt to conquer his country [yes, quite literally; I am not exaggerating, incredible as it may seem] to such thoroughly intelligent and sympathetic observers as Sir Philip Gibbs, Bertrand Russell, Ramsay MacDonald and André Maurois. Unless an American knows Europe, and knows it fairly well, he cannot realize how much we are in Europe's mind and how necessary it is that that mind should be properly directed. That the European mind for the most part so thoroughly misunderstands and misinterprets what we are doing is more our fault than Europe's.

Not so long ago an Italian senator returned from a two months' visit to the United States with the astonishing story, which he told all his friends, that in America there were private and municipal petting parks into which, at night, the young withdrew for the purposes of petting. It is easy to see here some strange confusion of thought between the American summer house, the parked automobile—a phenomenon not confined to America—and the supposed courting habits of the younger generation; once more, habits, if they are habits, that are world-wide, not American. But it is easy to perceive something else—somewhere in the background an American or Americans who misled the senator. The sort of Americans who think it is funny to confuse foreigners seeking information, or the half-baked, partially traveled Americans who gain some mysterious self-enlargement by pointing out imagined domestic horrors that could not, of course, if by any chance they were real, exist anywhere else.

European Biases

There are two fundamental biases in the European mind which the American must clearly understand if he is to understand anything. The first is a not unnatural jealousy of our wealth and our sudden rise to power. The second—a far more subtle and difficult bias to combat—is the fact that European thought is based upon—and even the most liberal European minds are still entangled with—a conception of life to which our conception of life is utterly inimical. The first bias has only to be pointed out to the wise European to have him attempt to rid his mind of it. But the second bias is so much a part of his blood that frequently he is unable to recognize it. Europe fears America because America challenges everything by which Europe has lived for the past two thousand years. European life is based on the theory that the superior man can live only through the inferiority of most of his neighbors; American life is based on the theory that the superior man can only, in his day and generation, be produced by some equality on the part of his neighbors. Europe believes that superior men are a class apart, almost creatures of different clay; America believes that superior men are the peaks in a mountain range where the general level is high. Even the European Socialist does not believe in any real potential equality of human material.

This American theory is a new theory, by no means as yet proved; but whether it can be proved or not, it is at least the only theory that holds out any chance for further development. The European system, with all its faults and all its virtues, has gone just as far as it can go. It is the task of the American to try to convince the wiser European that the American theory is actually a dignified theory, and that it should be allowed a fair chance and a fair hearing. At present even the wiser Europeans too often believe it to be no more than a mere undirected, brutal scramble for material ends.

The American Ideal

I do not think Count Hermann Keyserling is either a very wise European or a particularly good international philosopher, although he thinks sufficiently sharply to be interesting and sometimes stimulating. But the very arrogance of the Baltic junker permits him to speak with a frankness which the majority of Europeans of the same prominence would hesitate to use. He is not ashamed of the European point of view in its darkest and most medieval form. He believes that the superior man is a being of different clay; he believes in actual, if not official, slavery, and he believes in the theory of suffering—at least, for others. Incidentally, he is a perfect, if somewhat ponderous, caricature of a certain class of American self-criticism.

Count Keyserling's latest contribution to international thought is called The Animal Ideal in America. That is a good start, isn't it? It is an interesting and valuable document, apart from anything it says, because, due to Keyserling's inheritance and training, it is, as I have pointed out, a singularly lucid exposition of why Europe wishes to misunderstand America. Let Count Keyserling analyze his own thesis.

"But it is high time now," he writes, "to explain clearly why I call the American ideal an animal ideal. Is it not an essentially human ideal? Does it not make for better living, for what Americans mean when using the word 'democracy,' for higher civilization? Of course it does. But it makes for all that only for man conceived as an animal, and not as a spiritual being. . . .

"Almost all the typical manifestations of present-day American life are not only expressions of the ideal of a higher standard of living—they really start from the assumption that man is nothing else than an animal and must be dealt with accordingly. Which again goes far to explain the likeness between America and Bolshevik Russia."

But why, you may ask, as any thinking American must have asked again and again in the face of similar charges, nowadays so common, is the American ideal, at last become a conscious one, necessarily purely materialistic because it aims at a general comfort and prosperity? And why should prosperity and comfort, once a man has become accustomed to them, destroy his spiritual qualities? What is to prevent them from releasing him to a spirituality to which, while poverty-stricken, he most certainly could not attain? And why would general comfort and prosperity hamper the superior man? In short, far from being materialistic, why isn't the American ideal, even if the majority of individual Americans are still materialistic and unaware in what direction that ideal is leading them, the most definitely spiritual ideal which has been thrust into the mind of the world since the beginnings of the English movement to abolish slavery? Listen. You do not understand. The superior man, the superior classes, are species of vampire bats; they flourish only upon suffering—usually, as I have said, the sufferings of others. This is not an exceptional theory. It is one of the oldest theories in the world. America is the first country that has ever definitely said such a theory is nonsense. And any number of Americans still cling firmly to the theory. But the refusal of most Americans to entertain such a bloody thought is the principal reason why today America is so much misunderstood.

Let us listen to Count Keyserling again.

"Love is already being considered as a purely biological function"—he has said this several times before—"health is the supreme ideal. The American is progressively losing sight of the fact that what distinguished man from the beast is precisely his lack of equilibrium, for that alone enables him to keep on striving beyond himself. Health is a purely animal ideal. It was one of the deepest truths given by Christianity that ill-health is a more normal state for spiritual man than health. The latter means a stable equilibrium. But an equilibrium can be stable only if there is no change. If man progresses inwardly a destruction of the equilibrium previously existing inevitably follows. The more spirit, which is Movement Eternal, predominates in man, the more unstable must his state of balance be."

What an extraordinary agglomeration of historical misstatement and faulty reasoning! But it shows what even a trained logician can do if he sets out to prove an unprovable theory.

What becomes of the Greek and English ideals of a healthy mind in a healthy body? And have the Greeks and English contributed nothing to the world's store of spiritual thought? And what is the difference between the Greek and English ideals, in this respect, and the American ideal except that the American ideal seeks to spread the ideal broadcast instead of confining it to a class? Again, if spirit has a movement of its own—which it has, despite Dr. John Watson—why would it be favorably affected by an unhealthy body and unfavorably affected by a healthy one? Why wouldn't a healthy body, just like a healthy environment, enable the spirit to think less and less about both body and environment? The answer is they do and would. Perfect equilibrium means, as Count Keyserling implies, utter contentment, and utter contentment would undoubtedly, as far as we can perceive it, destroy all effort. But perfection of any kind is so far removed from possibility that we need not worry about it. Meanwhile, genius is, and has always been, a manifestation of nervous force plus a manifestation of the spirit, and the greater the nervous force the more the spirit can speak. I challenge Count Keyserling to mention one great man who, if he was an invalid—most of them weren't—was not obviously hampered by this invalidism. The majority of great men, compared to their fellows, have been enormously vigorous.

New Worlds to Conquer

It seems to me a most childish presumption to suppose that man has accomplished anything so far compared to what he might accomplish. The greatest thoughts that have been thought, the greatest pictures that have been painted, the greatest books that have been written, have been, after all, only the work of brilliant children truncated and harassed by their individual conditions and the conditions surrounding them. Man has nowhere come near to the attainment of his full stature. If he has, and this present world or the best he has done in the past is the best he can do, then he had better shut up shop at once. But he hasn't. Perhaps the greatest mind the world has ever seen—that of Plato—did its most noteworthy work attacking existing conditions and contemplating a happier state. It is not impertinent to reflect how much greater even Plato would have been had conditions permitted him to think entirely constructively.

Where man has attempted to think constructively, only where the spirit is concerned, disregarding existing conditions, as in India, the final result of his thought has been—just nothing. The world is too much with us. Undoubtedly. But the only way you will ever relegate it to its proper place is by making it so universally safe and comfortable that man will realize that only in the realm of thought are the necessary dangers and adventures to be found. I suspect that we are entering upon a period where, for the first time in history, man universally will begin vaguely to think. The American ideal is the only possible ideal to effect such a condition.

A Victory for Mankind

But the European will not be convinced until the miracle is actually accomplished, and since it will take generations for this to happen fully, the present generation of Europeans will be dead. Meanwhile it is amusing to contemplate how the European intellectual, forced back from position to position, takes refuge in such arguments as the ones I have been dissecting, and that is why I have given this article the name I have. Not actually, for there he is winning, but argumentatively, the American is sitting in a fixed game. Argumentatively the cards are stacked against him. It is heads he loses, tails he doesn't win. Or, as I have said in another article, he is in the position of the predestined: "He is damned if he does, and damned if he doesn't; damned if he will, and damned if he won't."

Not so many decades ago the European was charging the American with a complete lack of attention to any general distribution of wealth, with the creation of an irresponsible oligarchy and a complete lack of artistic impulse or the means to gratify it. Now that these charges can no longer be applied, the European has reversed his field and is claiming that the indisputable general distribution of wealth in the United States is making all Americans animals, and the indisputable emergence of artistic impulse and the means to gratify it are merely surface phenomena, amounting to nothing.

"It seems desirable," says Keyserling, "that a sense of the beauties of nature be developed; the Americans then create what they call beautiful surroundings, entirely ignoring the fact that there is no beauty except when man sees his idea of beauty into the things. . . . The American nation is to become musical: the finest institutions in the world are being created—never mind whether there will be anybody to live in them." As if opera houses or beautiful natural surroundings or any other manifestations of beauty sprang up automatically, or at the whim of a few people!

This is a hard game to beat—dialectically. In the days when I played poker, this was called "talking a man out of his pot." Well, the American still has his pot.

In the middle of his argument, however, Keyserling has one blinding moment of vision:

"But now let me add at once," he says, "if spirit should conquer there"—in America—"this victory would mean more for the general progress of mankind than any previous spiritual conquest. For then spirit would for the first time find itself secure upon the basis of accepted material comfort, which it never has been heretofore."

Exactly.

Like most Americans I was brought up to consider the European a very mature creature. After much thought, much experience and much travail of spirit, I have come reluctantly and painfully to the conclusion that, although in many respects the European is still more mature than the American, in the great realm of human relationships, which, for the next five hundred years or so will be the paramount question, the American is an old and wise man trying, without, so far, much success, to explain something to a headstrong child.

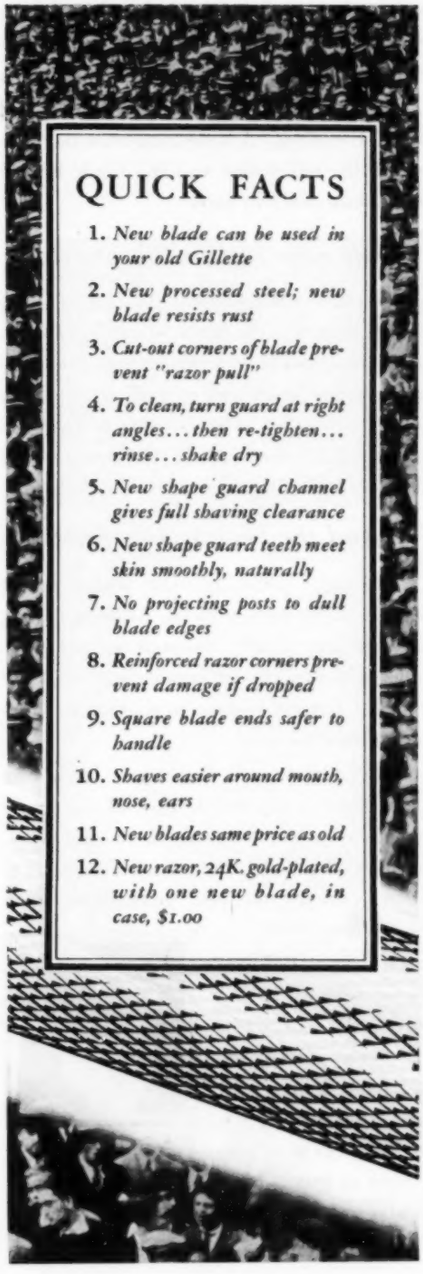
Gillette announces

— the greatest shaving improvement in 28 years...

(PLEASE TURN OVER)

A New Gillette — a New

Blade Gillette Razor



QUICK FACTS

1. *New blade can be used in your old Gillette*
2. *New processed steel; new blade resists rust*
3. *Cut-out corners of blade prevent "razor pull"*
4. *To clean, turn guard at right angles... then re-tighten... rinse... shake dry*
5. *New shape guard channel gives full shaving clearance*
6. *New shape guard teeth meet skin smoothly, naturally*
7. *No projecting posts to dull blade edges*
8. *Reinforced razor corners prevent damage if dropped*
9. *Square blade ends safer to handle*
10. *Shaves easier around mouth, nose, ears*
11. *New blades same price as old*
12. *New razor, 24K. gold-plated, with one new blade, in case, $1.00*

No more "razor pull"... No more wiping... with this new blade of processed steel

TWENTY-EIGHT years ago Gillette changed the shaving habits of the nation by creating a safety razor with double-edged replaceable blade—an improvement so far-reaching that it has maintained leadership throughout the world for more than a quarter of a century without essential change.

Today Gillette offers another great contribution to man's shaving comfort—a New Gillette Blade and a New Gillette Razor (patents pending).

The New Gillette Blade can be used in your present Gillette Razor. To preserve and increase the good will of the one hundred and ten millions of present Gillette owners has been the first consideration. But the New Gillette Razor has so many points of superiority that any man who has tried it once will gladly discard the faithful instrument of the past.

Used together, the New Gillette Blade and the New Gillette Razor abolish forever the two unpleasant factors in shaving—"razor pull," and the tedious drying of razor parts. Imagine a shave so smooth and cool that you hardly feel the razor on your skin. Think of the time and trouble you save in the course of a year by not having to take the razor apart for cleaning—just rinsing it off and shaking it dry. These are two—but only two—of the advantages of the new razor and the new blade. Read the many other advantages summed up in the column at the left under "Quick Facts."

Back of these great improvements lies a fascinating story of research.

Cause of "razor pull" found

More than twenty-seven thousand men have been interviewed—some with stiff beards, others with tender faces, men who are hardest to please. Tens of thousands of used

(PLEASE TURN OVER)

Gillette

THE GREATEST SHAVING

razors were examined. In these studies a discovery of far-reaching importance was made:

In almost every case when a man complains that his razor "pulls," an expert examination shows that it has been nicked or dented by being dropped on the washstand or floor.

Why should a little nick—even a microscopic nick—spoil your shave? Here is the reason:

The parts of a Gillette Razor are machined to a fine precision. The slightest dent at one of the corners causes an unequal tension on the blade, throwing it out of perfect alignment. The blade may even crack under the unequal tension. Perhaps you have had this happen for no apparent reason. Perhaps you have blamed the blade for the trouble.

Gillette finds the answer

We could not keep men from dropping their razors. But we could offset the harmful effect. To do so required a change in both the razor and the blade. In the razor we reinforced all four corners of the cap with sturdy lugs made to withstand nearly any kind of abuse.

The reinforced corners

The blade was treated even more ingeniously. All four corners were cut out; when the cap and guard of the razor clamp together, the blade is not held at the corners. Even if you drop the New Gillette, you probably will not dent it. Even if you dent it, you do not, *cannot* spoil your shave.

New processed steel... Rust-resisting

So easy to rinse

Just rinse... Shake dry

What strikes your eye immediately at the first glimpse of the new blade? It shines. A new, different, finer finish . . . the result of a new process of treating the hard, special steel.

How many tedious minutes you have had to waste in unscrewing your razor, washing it off, and carefully wiping it dry! How many towels have been cut! Now all this nuisance is abolished forever—the new blade resists rust. A single twist of the fingers turns the new razor blade at right angles. Then re-tighten. Hold the razor under hot running water. Shake thoroughly. Lay on the shelf.

Shaves closer in corners

Note the ends of the blade particularly. They are square—the old blades were rounded. A square end is much easier and safer to handle with wet fingers . . . no fishing down the drain pipe for a slippery blade. But even more important, the ends of the blade are much more nearly flush with the ends of the razor cap and guard . . . much easier now to reach those inaccessible little corners around the mouth, the ears, the nose.

Notice the longer, bent-back teeth

When an instrument is precisioned so finely, the smallest thing may be tremendously important. Thousands of tests proved that the teeth of the New Gillette should be a little longer—bent a little farther back.

A little improvement? Yes. But notice how smoothly, how comfortably the new razor slides over your skin. A shave so perfect that not a sign of a whisker remains. Yet so easy that you have hardly felt the presence of the razor.

The old posts are gone too. They stuck through the blade and so often caught and dulled the edges. A wide transverse bar supplants the old posts; and the blade is held firmly but easily in place.

Blade edge is clear but protected

Still another improvement. The guard of the New Gillette has the famous channel beneath the blade edge. This channel allows the blade to meet the beard full and clear, yet with perfect safety. Until now this feature has been available only in Gillette Razors selling at prices from five to seventy-five dollars.

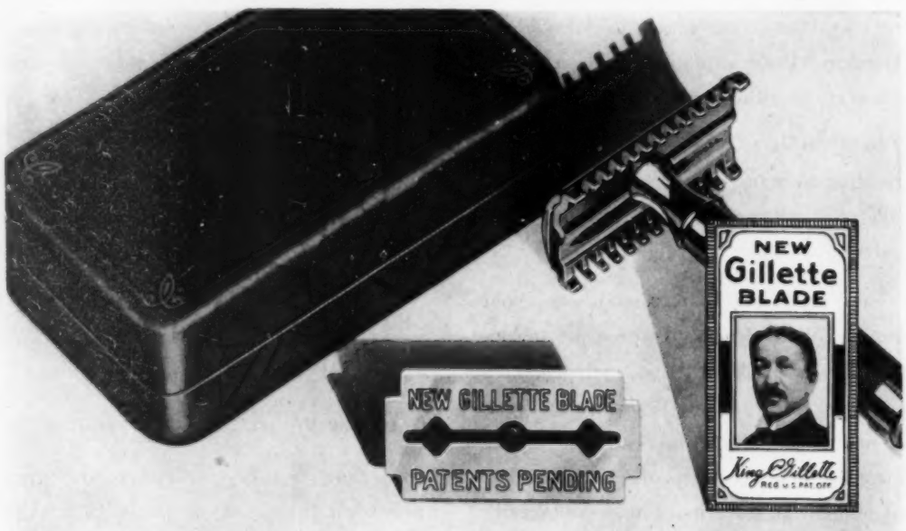
And the price is only $1.00

Twenty-eight years ago the lowest priced Gillette Razor sold for $5.00. Millions of men paid the price gladly. Some of the very first Gillette Razors are still in daily service. They were the biggest bargain in shaving comfort ever offered to men.

Today Gillette has the largest blade and razor plant in the world. Special automatic machinery, almost human in its ingenuity, developed by Gillette at a cost of millions of dollars, makes possible production on a tremendous scale.

Cut-out blade corner

The New Gillette Razor, with all its improvements, can now be sold, 24K. gold-plated and packed in a neat case, for only $1.00. De Luxe sets in various finishes at from $5.00 to $75.00; but the new regular model at $1.00 contains all the essential improvements.



The New Gillette Razor, 24K. gold plated, in beautiful case, complete with New Gillette Blade . . . . Price $1.00 *Other DeLuxe models at $5.00 to $75.00*

IMPROVEMENT IN 28 YEARS

Gillette

And the new blades, of steel especially processed to resist rust, come to you at the same price as the old.

You spend thousands for a new car ... Spend a few pennies for a wonderful new shave

We repeat again that the good will of our millions of present owners has been the first consideration. The new blade had to be made to fit the old razor. It does fit. Even in a dented old veteran the new blade will give a much better shave.

Merely shake it dry

But you owe it to yourself to go the whole way, and gain *all* the advantages of *all* the improvements. Thousands of men in this country buy a new automobile every two years, and still shave with the Gillettes they bought five years, ten years, and even over twenty years ago. Other men, having dented their Gillettes, blamed the blades.

Punishment-proof!

To all these men we say, here is a chance to have the greatest bargain in comfort and convenience that $2.00 has ever bought:

$1.00—*The New Gillette Razor*—smoother, cleaner, more efficient.

$1.00—*The package of ten New Gillette Blades*—rust-resisting, easy to handle, insured against "razor pull."

Buy them ... try them both today.

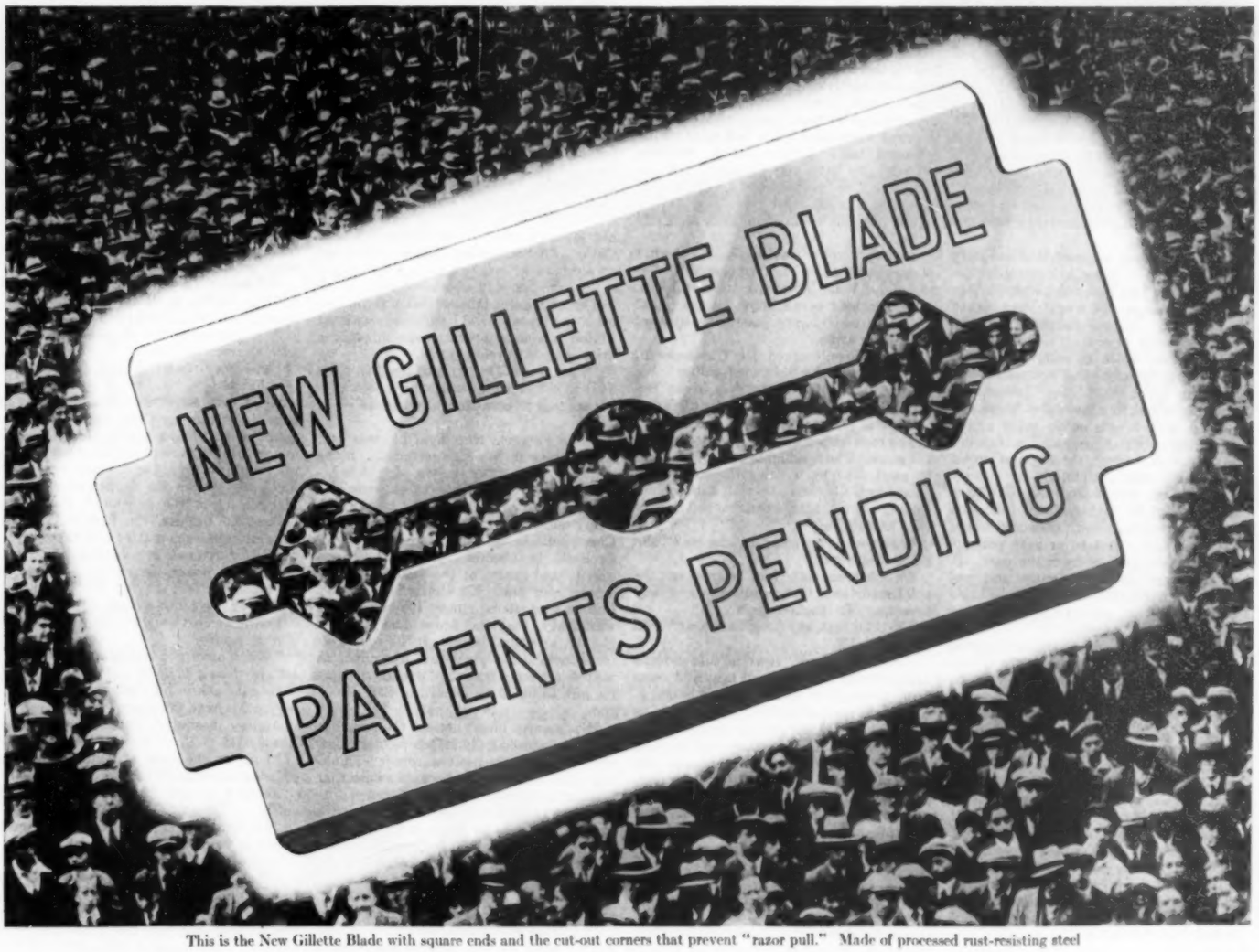
At your dealer's

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO., BOSTON, U. S. A.

$1.00 *for ten and 50c for five*

The New Gillette Blades in the new green packet

Gillette



This is the New Gillette Blade with square ends and the cut-out corners that prevent "razor pull." Made of processed rust-resisting steel

DUELLO

(Continued from Page 17)

ambiguous American carelessness, as many a man nowadays does with similar young women, he had considered the occasion a simple one. He had been speedily disillusioned. He had perceived, to his astonishment, an excellent character, not much humor, a puzzling amount of romance and ingenuousness. He had never met many Americans, but he recollected that he had heard that they were romantic and ingenuous, if, at the same time, often coldly bent upon achieving their own ends. This made them difficult to forecast.

Before long, De Châteauneuf perceived something else. He perceived that this quaint and beautiful creature was restless, unhappy and disappointed in her marriage, although still clinging rather desperately to the figure of her unseen, shadowy husband. This was illogical. In France you either loved a man or you didn't. If you loved him, you put up with everything he did; if you didn't love him, you loved someone else. To try to keep on loving a man when you didn't love anything about him was absurd. But again he had heard that in America this was often the case. America must be a strange country; apparently there were so many American women trying to love men who persisted in remaining immured in an environment no sensitive woman could stand. Europe was filled with sensitive American women.

The third perception that came to De Châteauneuf was even more serious; moreover, it was alarming. He perceived that this quaint and beautiful creature, years younger than himself, was picking him out for especial and somewhat ardent attention. What did she mean? Since it was no light affair, it must be a serious one. He had heard of the American aptitude for divorce. He fled to Paris. It was no good. In Paris the ghost of Audrey pursued him. At the end of a month he returned to Cannes, his mind made up. As he was a Frenchman, and a mature one, he attempted to rationalize his feelings as much as possible. Since Audrey would have it this way, she should have it. She would make him an excellent wife—untrained, perhaps, but he could train her—she was rich.

It was necessary, anyhow, that he marry sometime soon in order to perpetuate his race. Audrey had had no children by her present marriage; she would have plenty by her next. He was delighted that he had bought the priory; it was a magnificent place on which to settle down and raise a large family. But first there was something to be done. De Châteauneuf would not admit to himself that there was any jealousy; it was solely pride and a sense of fitness which precluded in his mind marriage with Audrey, the slightest declaration on his part, until finally and utterly there had been erased from her consciousness all feeling for that shadowy, unknown husband across the ocean. He would marry no woman who regretted or even remembered a tender gesture from the past. It was necessary slowly, adroitly and patiently to obliterate the image of this Leavitt and in its place to substitute the image of himself.

De Châteauneuf was an ancient warrior both against women and the subtle tribesmen of French Africa. He knew when to feint, he knew when to retreat, he knew when to confuse and alarm by inaction, and he knew when to strike and, subsequently, how to govern. Until this very day he had never shown Audrey the priory, although she had often asked to be taken there. The priory was the apex of his campaign. How wise he had been to put in that splendid big bathroom, big as a bedroom, right at the head of the stairs, where it would be convenient to everyone. And the central heating plant in the cellar. To be sure, the central heating plant, which was about one-quarter the size of the bathroom, only seemed to work when the weather was warm, and then too much, but it was more the idea than anything else. Without bathrooms and central heating plants, Americans—so he had heard—would marry no one.

In the soft June night, a huge moon hanging low above the somber shapes of the mountains, De Châteauneuf took Audrey back to Cannes. His great yellow roadster climbed the road that curved before the headlights in astonishing loops. De Châteauneuf drove his car with the easy grace of a Frenchman. Audrey stared straight ahead of her. When she was thinking deeply or trying particularly hard to understand you, her eyes, framed by heavy, tawny eyelashes, had a starlike appearance. They were starlike now. She was very happy. There is nothing like cutting a Gordian knot to put one in a contented mood. She saw before her years of happiness in that lovely place they had just left. How strange it would be to be the Marquise de Châteauneuf.

"When will you go to Paris?" asked De Châteauneuf. "I suppose that's where you'll be going. We'll have to see about this annulment soon."

"Where will you be?"

"Oh, on my place. There is much to be done. Without you, I would probably never go to Cannes at all. In winter Cannes is vulgar, in summer it is dusty and dull, even with this new summer season that they are trying to start."

"I like Cannes."

"Do you?"

"Will you come to Paris often while I am there?"

De Châteauneuf looked at Audrey out of the corner of his eye. "How can I? Not counting this place of mine, which I cannot leave, there are —— You see ——" He laughed shortly. "My dear child," he proceeded with some irritation, "there are other things we must consider. We have to be even more careful now lest we start unpleasant talk. I have sisters, brothers, friends. So have you. I would not like people to think my wife had ever been anything else to me. No, you go to Paris. When possible, I will come there for a day or so."

Audrey's voice was small. "I hadn't thought of that. Yes, I suppose so." She sighed. "What difference does it make, really, so long as we know we are right? We could be so happy just being engaged for a little while."

"You mean," asked De Châteauneuf, "because of the lack of responsibility? We look at things differently over here. Besides, I cannot be engaged to you until you are free of your husband."

The road looped up and up, it seemed, to the moon. The headlights swallowed, yard by yard, its dim, winding ribbon like the phosphorus-illumined lips of a magician. Audrey stirred restlessly and moved close to De Châteauneuf.

"Are you never going to kiss me?" she asked desperately.

De Châteauneuf's foot relaxed on the accelerator and then resumed its steady pressure. He laughed again.

"If I did that, my dear," he said, "we'd be over a cliff."

These Americans! It would take months to instruct this quaint and beautiful creature, although it would be worth doing. Americans seemed to think that as soon as they had made their own minds up, everything else was settled. They had no rules except those of their own consciences. No sense of society; only of society as individuals. How could he convey to this child, without wounding her, without seeming boastful, the simple fact—any European would have known it—that she was ceasing to be the lovely and irresponsible Audrey Leavitt and was on the edge of assuming great and grave duties? He had asked her to share a great name. He had made an extraordinary sacrifice of his traditions and prejudices in proposing to her, a woman already married. It was the greatest compliment he could have paid her. How convey to her that in himself he was no one—he was merely Jacques de Châteauneuf? A good fellow, easy to love. A little old, perhaps, shopworn, somewhat tired, but a good fellow. But, as the Marquis de Châteauneuf, he was France.

And here she was treating him like a gigolo or one of those shabby noblemen who would marry anyone for money. Americans thought marriage was a waltz or a jazz tune. He wasn't even a Parisian. The women of his family were wives and mothers, not painted marionettes.

How convey to her, furthermore, the subtle, not simple fact that as his wife to be, while still the wife of another man, every instinct in him—his sense of her dignity, the sense of his own dignity, his sense of honor—forbade him from taking the slightest advantage of the situation? How convey to her that as his wife to be, even after she had got rid of the other man, or, later on, as his actual wife, she must expect to be treated differently from other women? Where did kissing end, once begun? Did she expect him to treat her like a chorus girl or a *midinette?*

"I will go to Paris in a month," said Audrey reflectively, out of a long silence. "It will take that long for a letter to reach Martin and for him to reply." Her voice lost its dreariness and became coaxing, wheedling. She turned to De Châteauneuf, her lips smiling, her eyes starlike. "But for a month you'll do what I say, won't you? After that I'll do what you say. A little short month. There aren't many people here now. By the time we get an annulment and can be married—it will be years—they'll have forgotten. For a month we'll be gay and happy. Can we? A little short month? We'll motor for hours in the moonlight, and I'll help you up at your place, and we'll dine at little restaurants along the coast, and dance at Cannes and Nice and Monte Carlo. Can we?"

Something like a groan escaped De Châteauneuf's lips, but it ended in a laugh.

"All right," he said. "A month. But not Monte Carlo. Everything but Monte Carlo. And remember, please, that I am an old man."

"You're not old."

The road reached the summit of the mountains and transformed itself from a twisted ribbon into a taut white tape unwinding upon some mysterious spool.

"That place of mine needs so much to be done to it," said De Châteauneuf dreamily. "Hundreds of cartloads of fertilizer."

Pedro Fonseca, who liked hot weather, also bathing in the Mediterranean, in the pellucid, blue, salty waters of which his white, plump body floated like some alabaster jellyfish, was sitting, two weeks later, outside the Brasserie de Suède et Cosmopolitain on the Promenade de la Croisette in Cannes, drinking his noon *apéritif* and gazing at the deserted harbor across from him. He was reflecting that Cannes was getting almost too hot, that it was dusty, that the white dust made it glaring, and that despite all the recent efforts to turn the place into a summer as well as a winter resort, it was about time for him to be off to Dinard or San Sebastian.

His Spanish blood needed the sun, but only in places like Spain, where they knew how to protect themselves from it. Thinking these thoughts, he became aware that a beautiful pair of ankles were descending from a waiting motor car, and raising his eyes slowly so as to savor bit by bit what was above the ankles, he became aware that a pair of beautiful legs were crossing to the curb and would soon be passing him by on the pavement side. He turned his head, regretting that the owner apparently had no intention of sitting down near him, and having come by this time to the owner's face, he recognized with pleasure his adored friend, Audrey Leavitt, whom he had not seen for a long while and who, he thought, had left Cannes.

He had a peculiar admiration for Audrey; she was so good—he had tested that out for himself in the first days of their acquaintanceship, as, of course, any gentleman wishing to compliment a lady must—and yet so provocative. The latter trait surrounded her like a halo; flowed out from her. She could not help herself. Indeed, was unaware of it. But it made her subtly delightful to his middle-aged senses. There was all the interest and none of the bother. Also he liked Audrey's artificial appearance—her short golden hair, her carmined lips, her determined effort to keep her intelligent eyes unintelligent. All this amused him. No one but an American woman would look and behave just like Audrey and, at the same time, be just like Audrey. Not even in this age when hussies tried to look like housewives and housewives tried to look like hussies. And Fonseca, who had lived in America and made a fortune there, liked American women. Good or bad, they were fundamentally kind and simple. They were like Spaniards in those respects. They had a most mature childlikeness.

He arose from his chair, made a deep bow, and waved Audrey to another chair. "This is not," he said, "as chic as Rumpelmayer's, but Rumpelmayer's being closed, will not this do? I have not seen you for ages, and as a result, I have lost fifty pounds. I am worried about myself."

And then—Audrey stepping nearer out of the shadows of the awning which stretched from the front of the Brasserie de Suède et Cosmopolitain to the edge of the pavement, he experienced a shock. Audrey's lips had hardly any paint on them and were closed with a demureness that alarmed him; her golden, bobbed hair had been allowed to grow and was parted in the middle, and already could be drawn down smoothly over her ears; her dress was sober, if elegant, and her eyes were remote and quiet.

"Obviously," said Fonseca to himself, "she has suffered some bereavement, like falling in love with her husband or some other good man."

But outwardly he continued to smile and petition Audrey to sit down. Audrey hesitated and looked about her.

"Do you suppose I should?" she asked with an uncertain smile.

Fonseca's broad forehead expressed astonishment.

"And why not?" he demanded. "You have done it many times before. I have admitted that this is not so chic as Rumpelmayer's, but it is respectable. Also, I know my reputation is not of the best, but nothing really serious can happen to a lady at high noon, on the pavement, facing the Croisette. Besides, the French laws are very strict on such matters. What will you have—a *citronnade* or a cocktail?"

"A *citron presse*, please."

"Good."

Audrey sank into a chair.

Fonseca called a waiter, but his eyes were still on Audrey.

"What have you been doing with yourself, my lovely child?"

He sat back in his chair, his hands resting on his cane, his eyes narrowed.

Audrey hesitated, looked up, looked down.

"I am on the point of trying to get my marriage annulled," she said.

Fonseca pursed his lips and whistled softly.

"Ah, that explains it! From that cold fellow of yours across the ocean?"

Audrey's eyes darkened slightly. "Yes."

"May I, as an old friend, ask you if you have in mind anyone else? One usually has. But if you haven't, I would like to offer, as one of many, my own plump hand."

(Continued on Page 97)

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PRATT & LAMBERT
VARNISH PRODUCTS

(Continued from Page 94)

Audrey's eyes were starlike. She reflected a moment.

"Yes," she said finally, "as an old friend, I will tell you. Also, because, talking more than any man I know, you gossip less. I am so happy and so full of plans I must tell someone. I am going to marry De Châteauneuf."

"S-so!" Fonseca's broad face expressed pleased amazement. "Well, that is news!" He was thoughtful, studying his hands crossed on the handle of his cane. "H'm!" He looked up. "You could not have made a better choice, my child," he continued. "De Châteauneuf is a good friend of mine. I am happy. He is a good man—wise, kindly, a man of the world. Not one of these adventurers." His eyes narrowed shrewdly; his voice became confidential: "You could not have picked out a finer or more bona fide title."

Audrey flushed.

"I have never even thought of his title," she said hotly. "I trust I am too civilized for that." She looked Fonseca directly in the eyes. "I am marrying him because I love him."

"Ah, yes," said Fonseca, "you would. Forgive me, I was a trifle jealous. I am five years younger than De Châteauneuf and yet you scorn me. Of course you are marrying him for love. Like most of your sisters, you are romantic. All Americans marry for love; that is why, perhaps, so many of their marriages are unsuccessful. Even when, unlike you, they marry for a title, they still expect love when none has been promised. Would you like to hear a little lecture on love, my darling?" And without waiting for Audrey's answer, he leaned back in his chair and closed his eyes; his voice was mediumistic.

"Love is very deep," he intoned. "Most people do not know it until they have lost it or the person they love." He opened his eyes suddenly upon Audrey. "You have written to this husband of yours—this cold young man across the ocean? The one you used to tell me so much about? The handsome young man who's photograph you showed me?"

Audrey frowned. "I am writing him. It is difficult to write such a letter. I seem to tear them up as I write them."

Fonseca nodded his head affirmatively. "One does. About the fifth letter is the one. Tell me, my dove, you like France? You would like to live here all the rest of your life? You are not afraid of French conventions? I ask you, because long ago I perceived, as I have said, that you are a romantic. French marriage, you know, is very different from a winter in Cannes. French wives are supposed to know about soups and children, unless they belong to the very smart set of Paris, which De Châteauneuf does not. The odd thing about the French, as you are probably aware, is that even their greatest aristocrats are bourgeois in their ideas of right and wrong, of the *convenances*, according to the notions of us cosmopolitans—that is, again, unless they belong to the Parisian smart set. The French, in their own way, are a very moral and conservative race. They are almost as moral and conservative as we Spaniards."

Audrey had been listening, first with amusement, then with growing impatience to this speech. She interrupted Fonseca.

"Would you mind telling me," she demanded, "why I am being honored by this lecture?" She flung out her hand in a wide gesture, as if sweeping something aside. "You've never been an American wife," she added. "You know nothing about it."

"No, my dove, I have never been an American wife. That is one experience that not yet has been granted me. As to why I speak as I do, I have already given you one excellent reason; the other is that I am a Spaniard, and therefore love round words and seize upon every occasion as an opportunity for moral reflection. You suggest that Frenchmen know how to treat women better than Americans. I disagree with you. What man knows how to treat women? The American grabs the girl he loves, the Frenchman touches her here, there, some other place, lightly—with his mind, with his finger tips putting on her cloak, kissing her hand. In the end it is the same dull old marriage, unless the man and woman so sink themselves in each other that body and soul are one. But that takes genius. For the most part, what happens? The grabbed lady longs for hand kissing; the hand-kissed lady longs for grabbing. Regard how Frenchwomen like American and English men."

Fonseca pounded the end of his stick on the pavement.

"My child, American husbands basically are the most romantic in the world and American wives the least appreciative. Many lies have been told about American husbands. They are said to be absorbed in business and to neglect their wives. For what—no matter how little he knows it—does any man begin to work? At first the American man buries himself in his work for the woman he loves. It is only when he discovers that this woman who he thought inevitably would become his unconscious partner has not the slightest intention of so doing, that he buries himself in work alone. You cannot tell me about America; I know it well. It is the most romantic country in the world. Charm? Manners? Ah, yes, those are different things, although even there I might dispute you. But romance ——" He interrupted himself with a laugh, his eyes twinkling. "Forgive me, my dove, I have been carried away. I have been stupid. But knowing America, I am weary of hearing—at Cannes, at Biarritz, at Dinard, at San Sebastian—so many American women complaining of their country and their husbands. America has been kind to me. . . . Not that you have ever done this complaining," he added hastily.

Audrey got to her feet, color in her cheeks. "Yes," she said, "you have been stupid. Terribly. The first time I have ever known you to be. Good-by." She smiled. "But after I'm married, you can come to see me. Then you'll see how really stupid you are."

Fonseca bowed to her, and sitting down ponderously, watched her retreating figure.

"None the less," he communed with himself, "he is beginning to break the butterfly on the wheel—the big, hawk-nosed, admirable, idiotic Frenchman! He does not know his luck. How sweet it would be to have a wife who looked like a butterfly and was really a dear devoted grub! She could paint her lips all she wanted, as long as she reserved them for me."

That evening, strolling along the Croisette, Fonseca ran into De Châteauneuf, tall, seigneurial, absent-minded.

"This is a coincidence," said Fonseca to himself. "Torture shall not drag from me the secret that this noon I saw Audrey." Aloud he said, "Have a drink?"

De Châteauneuf looked down. Fonseca imagined that his eyes were somewhat haunted.

"Oh," he said, "it is you, is it? . . . No. No, thanks. I am late. I am on my way to my hotel to dress."

"You are down from your place?"

De Châteauneuf shrugged his shoulders. "I am always down from my place now—I dance, I dine. My crops will go to rack and ruin."

"So!" said Fonseca. "I did not know so many lovely ladies were left in Cannes."

"Ah-ha!" said De Châteauneuf mysteriously, and continued on his way.

"One lovely lady," reflected Fonseca, "one lovely lady, but she's too much for him. He is in love with her, but, being a Frenchman, he is also attempting to exercise common sense. Evidently, as the English say, June should not wed October, or, as we Spaniards say, the horseshoe which clatters wants a nail. Dear me, if Frenchmen could only learn to be rough to women the way Americans are, and Americans could only learn to be tender to women the way Frenchmen are, what happy women we would have—and men. Someone should write to that handsome young husband in America to come over and break his wife's neck. But he won't. Americans are only rough at the wrong times. He'll say to her, 'Whatever you want, darling. I won't hold you against your will, dearest.'" Fonseca smiled grimly.

He disappeared into the gathering shadows, a broad, leisurely, self-assured, placidly-looking-about-him figure.

Audrey could not finish her letter. She had gone over it again and again; she had torn it up a dozen times, compressed it and expanded it, but it would not quite do. It was necessary to find certain exact words and sentences that would explain to Martin her contemplated action in such a way that his feelings would not be wounded or his sense of her worth diminished. A delicate procedure. It was not his love for her that had to be protected, for obviously that had vanished; otherwise, she told herself, she would not be doing what she was doing—no, no matter how greatly she herself desired it—but his *amour propre* and her own. Martin was really a lamb, despite the way he had treated her, and his dark eyes were pitiful when he was wounded. He must not be wounded. As for herself, all her life she had been in the habit of acting upon sensible and unselfish motives, and she did not propose to allow Martin or anyone else to think that in this instance she was acting to the contrary. But how to combine this scientific explanation with the proper degree of sisterly affection? She wanted Martin to know that her decision was final, but that she would always be his friend; indeed, that life would be very sad if sometimes she did not see him.

She could not tell De Châteauneuf her difficulties. The month of irresponsibility she had demanded was drawing to a close. De Châteauneuf had been very sweet. He had fallen in with her slightest wish. After a while he had even learned to kiss her, upon meeting her and leaving her, in a tender, respectful fashion, and as she now understood his hesitancy, she liked him all the better for it. She decided that she would finish her letter when she got to Paris. There was plenty of time. Meanwhile, she had to lie to De Châteauneuf a little. He was becoming curiously inquisitive concerning Martin's whereabouts and attitude. It was really a trifle annoying. As the month diminished to a few days, he asked several times where Martin was and if she had heard from him. Once he said an absurd thing.

"There isn't the slightest chance, is there," he asked, "of—of your husband coming over here to hold you back? He isn't that sort of man, is he?"

"Yes," said Audrey, "he is. He is extremely impetuous, but"—she laughed grimly—"it has been a long while since he has been impetuous with me. Don't worry."

Early in July she went up to Paris. De Châteauneuf saw her off in the hot, scented night, a charming figure in his white, tropical clothes, the moths about the station lights making a moving nimbus back of his bared head. Pretty soon the train rolled out on its twisted way, the lights of hill towns and villas reaching up to mingle with the stars; reaching up almost to touch the faint new moon.

Audrey did not sleep at all that night. She was very tired when she got to Paris. She drifted dreamily into a taxi, drifted dreamily into the foyer of her little hotel, and drifted dreamily up to her apartment in the wake of a nice, kind manager in a swallow-tail coat who talked a great deal and, for all she knew, tucked her into bed; for when she awoke it was dark, and across the Seine the Eiffel Tower was a blaze of lights and on the Seine were the lights of passing boats. Audrey felt refreshed and swift-blooded, illumined with that strange sense of vigorous romance that so often accompanies deep sleep after a long journey and an abrupt change of scene. She wished that she had called up some friend—if there were any left in Paris at this time of year. It was a pity to waste this gorgeous, adventurous night. She dressed herself in a lovely blue frock and went down to dinner.

(Continued on Page 99)

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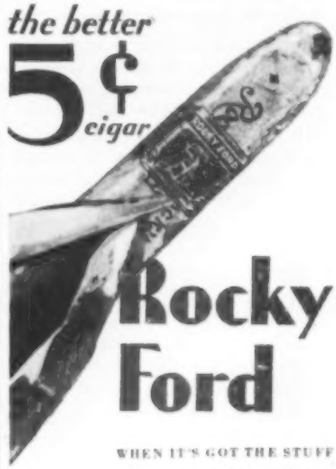

Rocky Ford

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There's a smart floor tip for every store and shop . . .

IN THE NEW YORK OFFICES OF THOMAS A. EDISON, *Inc.*

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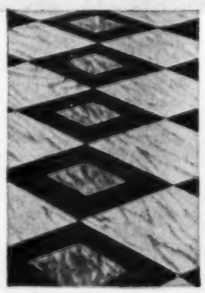

Above—One of the many new Armstrong Floor designs suitable for business use introduced this spring—Handmade Marble Inlaid No. 72

Below—Armstrong's Embossed Inlaid No. 1122

What the other fellow is doing to dress up for better business is pictured and described in "Public Floors of Enduring Beauty." Please let us send you this informative book on the proper selection of floors for modern business. We think it will help you answer your own public's question, "What kind of place have they?" Sent free. (Canada, 25¢.) Address Armstrong Cork Co., Floor Division, 328 W. Liberty Street, Lancaster, Pa.

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PLAIN · INLAID · EMBOSSED · JASPÉ · ARABESQ · PRINTED *and* ARMSTRONG'S QUAKER RUGS

(Continued from Page 97)

Audrey was used to strangers looking at her; she was even used to head waiters—the best of head waiters—losing for a moment their professional calm. This particular head waiter succumbed at once. After one quick look at her, he removed the reserved card from a table and gave the table to her. He hovered over her with a concentration that caused beads of perspiration to appear on his shining forehead. Soup was a problem, fish was a nice question, the roast was a vigorous research into possible delight, the sweet a delicate inquiry into gastronomic romance. Only with the fruit could he relax and become himself.

Audrey felt tired again. She had the American woman's dislike for any intimate discussion of food. Her idea of a pleasant evening was a *soufflé* and a charming man. She raised her eyes and looked about the dining room, and then her heart suddenly stopped beating and rushed back again to its work, sending the blood up to her face and the roots of her hair. Bent over a book at a near-by table was a back she recognized—a broad yet slim back in a dinner coat. Above the back was a sleek dark head.

For a moment Audrey thought of flight; from the hotel, from Paris, even from France. Then she changed her mind. No, this was the very best thing that could have happened. It was a stroke of preposterous luck. There would be no need now to write that letter; she could explain in person. And in a long life of explanation, Audrey, when explaining in person, had seldom failed to achieve her point. But how in the world had this man got here? And why hadn't he let her know?

She called the head waiter to her. He came, beaming.

"Do you see that gentleman sitting over there?" she said, indicating the back. "Tell him, please, that there is a lady here who knows him and wishes to speak to him."

She watched, with fascinated eyes, the waiter as he stooped over the back. The back raised its head, and the head turned, and with, it seemed to Audrey, deliberate disinterest, looked about.

To Audrey, there was that moment when, in Wagnerian operas, all music ceases and there is solely the slow, single beat of a drum. She did not know whether the head had expressed amazement or not, but she perceived that it and the body that belonged to it were approaching her. She made an immense effort and regained her coolness. She stood up.

"Well, Martin," she said, "and what brings you to Paris?"

She noticed that he did not attempt to kiss her, that he was not even particularly astonished. The thought flashed through her mind, and with it an unexpected pang, that perhaps he had come to see another woman.

"What a coincidence!" she laughed breathlessly.

He was smiling at her gravely.

"No, it's not a coincidence," he said. "I knew you were to be here. I knew why you were coming here. I dropped everything and came over to talk this out with you. It's a serious business. I just arrived this afternoon."

"You knew I was coming here? You know why I am here?" Audrey felt faint. "Let's sit down. . . . No, I've finished dinner. Let's go out into the garden."

She called the head waiter to her again and ordered coffee.

His face was stricken. "Madame is not eating her dinner?"

The waiter's eyes, regarding Martin, were baleful.

"No. I have something very important to say to this gentleman."

The little garden, cut off from the street by a high iron railing, was deserted.

"Well?" demanded Audrey, facing about.

Martin reached into his breast pocket and drew out a letter and handed it to her.

"Read that," he said.

Audrey went over to a garden lamp and began to read. "As a rule," explained Martin, "I pay no attention to anonymous letters. They are rotten things as a rule. But this one isn't. It is written by someone who is fond of you, whose intentions are good. As soon as I got it, I packed and came."

Audrey was reading. "Can't you hush?" she asked.

The letter was on two plain white sheets, typewritten. The language was precise and formal. It said:

Monsieur: It is with the deepest hesitation that I approach you, knowing what all gentlemen think of such communications, but it is, believe me, monsieur, in order to avert a tragedy. Madame, your most charming and irreproachable wife, has allowed herself, pending a proposed annulment of her marriage, to become engaged to an elderly Frenchman. That is to say, a Frenchman elderly in comparison to her own youth. No doubt you have already received her letter on the subject. Monsieur, it is not suitable. It will only cause unhappiness to all involved. Madame, as I have said, is young; the Frenchman is not. Their tastes are different. Madame cherishes the delusion that all Frenchmen are romantic. Monsieur, being a man of the world, knows that the sort of romance she demands is a question of youth, not race.

But none of this is important, monsieur, since I happen to have observed that this Frenchman adores madame and so would aim to make her happy, but, monsieur, he cannot. She does not know it, and she has convinced herself to the contrary, but in reality she loves you, monsieur, and no one else. This is a fact not to be put aside. Sooner or later she will rediscover this fact, and she should rediscover it before it is too late. Forgive me for saying, monsieur, that obviously you have been a little stupid, as so many American husbands are. Madame believes you do not love her. That is the crux of the situation.

In conclusion, monsieur, it is doubtful if, even with the reasons mentioned, I would have had the temerity to address this extraordinary epistle to you were I not a devoted friend of this elderly Frenchman in question and aware that he finds himself in a quandary. He adores madame; he has pledged himself; he would do nothing to hurt her pride. Finally, monsieur, if I may be frank about a friend, he has not the strength to release madame of his own accord. He could not do so. He has not sufficient will to relinquish her voluntarily. You perceive that he is in what you Americans call a fix. You will also agree, monsieur, that there are times when even the most punctilious are forced to adopt devious means to obtain beneficial results.

Monsieur, it is not too late to act. Madame will be at the Hôtel du Palais, Paris, the night of July tenth. She will be there some time. Clearly, she will be in a nervous and lonely condition.

Believe me, monsieur, with tokens of highest esteem and regard, A FRIEND.

Audrey walked back to the iron table beside which Martin was standing and put the letter quietly down on it.

"Well?" he asked in his turn.

Audrey took a deep breath.

"You!" she said in a trembling voice. "You—you dare to show me this? You dare to insult me in this manner? That is the most outrageous letter I ever read. I know the man who wrote it. He's a Spaniard—a man named Fonseca. A fat, silly gossip. I will tell Jacques. He—he will kill him—kill him!" She began to sob. "You think you can come over here and pick me up this way after years of neglect? That you've only to raise your finger and I'll come back to you? After letting me stay here over a year and not doing anything about it. Not—not even falling in love with another woman. I detest you. I ——" She clenched her hands at her sides and her voice grew calmer. "Leave this hotel at once—at once—or else I will. Do you hear me? Leave!"

Martin was looking at her, his chin lowered, his eyes weary.

"All right," he said with a sigh. "I had hoped that at least we could talk it out. I thought, perhaps, when I explained to you how much I loved you, you'd give me another chance. All right, if that's the way you feel about it."

"You love me!" said Audrey sneeringly, but she was watching Martin's stricken eyes.

"Yes, love you." Martin leaned across the table and caught her wrist. "Now you listen to me," he said bitterly. "I'm the one who's angry now. You listen! Perhaps I've been stupid. I'll admit it. But I've always loved you, and if you don't know it you're a fool. A fool, do you understand? Why do you suppose I worked so hard? Because you had money and I hadn't. That's why. I didn't want you to be ashamed of me. Why do you suppose I let you come over here? Because I thought you were bored with me, and that maybe you'd learn to miss me if I left you alone. Why do you suppose I've just taken this nightmare trip? But I won't love you any more if you don't want me to. I'll forget you." He released her and stepped back. "Good night. I'll leave tomorrow morning."

Audrey hesitated for a moment, staring at him.

"All right," she said faintly. "Good night."

She walked slowly out of the garden, crossing the swaths of light cast by the glass doors of the reception room; first one door, then the other. Suddenly she turned and ran back to where Martin was standing.

"It's a lie!" she said fiercely, her arms around his neck. "A lie! I do love you. I'd forgotten."

PHOTO. BY COURTESY THE COLORADO ASSOCIATION

Glenwood Springs Canyon, Colorado

In the thick southern night, Fonseca and De Châteauneuf sat on the terrace of De Châteauneuf's priory. They had finished their dinner and were sipping liqueurs. Between the leaves of the plane trees a full moon shone. It was the same moon that had been rising two weeks before, when Audrey had left for Paris. The air was heavy with the scent of late roses.

De Châteauneuf stirred from his reverie.

"I am glad," he said, "men are born into the world. I find their friendship the most satisfactory thing there is. It did not use to be that way. Like all young men, I preferred women. I am devoted to you, Pedro."

"I suppose, none the less," said Fonseca, "that you'll be going up to Paris soon?" And then he remembered that he was not supposed to know anything about Audrey and De Châteauneuf.

De Châteauneuf looked at him.

"Why should I be going up to Paris?" he asked coolly.

"Why? Why? . . . Oh, one does."

"I don't." De Châteauneuf got to his feet and, leaning on his cane, began to walk up and down the terrace. "I loathe Paris," he said grimly. "I loathe almost everything except this place of mine, and possibly you, Pedro. I am getting too old for Paris or anything it represents." He laughed shortly. "I must find a kindly middle-aged wife and settle down." Once more he became grim. He looked up at the moon, his hawklike face clear-cut against it, his right hand gesturing with that curious gesture of his—like a swordsman testing a rapier. "Too old! Do you know, Pedro, I believe I have reached the point where I would no longer fight a duel over a woman? No, neither an actual duel nor that far more subtle one of one's wits and charm against another man. I believe, Pedro, that I might experience compunction; that I might even surrender—run away."

"If the lady loved you?" asked Pedro Fonseca.

"Yes, unless she loved me with a great passion," De Châteauneuf answered. "Unless I was sure that she really loved me better than the other man. Can you imagine that, Pedro? I, who would once love any beautiful woman for as long or as little as she wished. Even if I feared her, even if I hated her. Who would fight any man for her with lies or kisses or weapons. I had no thought of the future. Odd, isn't it, that the less future one has, the more one thinks about it for oneself and for others? Can you imagine that, Pedro?"

Fonseca's voice was casual. "I can imagine anything," he said. "I have often wondered," he continued after a little pause, "what would happen to a man if he found himself engaged to some lovely lady who was already, let us say, engaged to another man, and then discovered that he could not make her happy, that she still loved the other man. The point being, of course, that she would not see these things for herself. That would be a predicament."

"And this man loved the woman greatly—the second man, that is; the man who had come into her life later?"

"Of course; otherwise there would be no situation."

"I do not know, Pedro, unless he were an old man filled with compunction. An old man like myself."

"What would you do?" asked Fonseca quickly.

De Châteauneuf looked again at the moon, his right hand once more gesturing. "My hand, Pedro," he said, "would want to kill the man, but my head and heart would command me to send the lady back to him. I might—I might do absurd things, even. I might even write to the man and tell him the lady still loved him."

"Really?" said Fonseca. "Well, that would be one solution."

De Châteauneuf's right hand came down to his side like that of a swordsman who, in a bout with foils, acknowledges defeat.

"Ah, well," he said, "I am no longer interested in such things. One retires."

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PROBAK BLADES

PRISONERS AT THE STEAK

(Continued from Page 7)

won't see." Sheehan dragged out the onion crate and, sitting down with his back to the stove, manufactured a cigarette, which he smoked with evident enjoyment, while Blett went clumsily about rough-drying the mess kits.

The onion crate suddenly shot from under Sheehan with a crash, depositing him upon the ground.

"Hey!" protested Sheehan. He scrambled to his feet, to be confronted by a man with that dirty, unshaven, smoke-bleared appearance that marks the cook in any army.

"Whose boarder was you last year?" demanded the cook. "Whaddyuh mean sittin' down, with wood to be chopped an' pans an' stuff waitin' to be scrubbed up? You're in the Army now, bo!"

"In the Army?" cried Sheehan hotly. "Why, I was in the Army when you was still getting it hot milk at two-hour intervals! You think I'm a recruit? Why, I stood at parade rest longer than you been in the Army!"

"Yeh?" replied the cook, slightly abashed, and more than half convinced by Sheehan's vehemence, for he had all the new Army's respect for the old-timer. "Well, as long as you're on K. P. you gotta do cook's police! How come this fat John is hangin' round the kitchen?"

"Some sergeant sent me down here," said Blett. "He didn't tell me what to do; he just told me to report to the kitchen!"

"An' so you went right to work! Good spirit!" grunted the cook, taking the lid off one of the *marmites* and looking into it.

"No, he told me to wash the mess kits!" Blett pointed to Sheehan.

"You told him to wash the mess kits? What's the matter with washin' 'em yourself? Old soldier! Old gold-brick, huh? Well, no matter if you was in the Army since General Grant, you don't give no order round this chow batt'ry! Compree that?"

"I rank him!" protested Sheehan. "This time last month I was a sergeant. I been yet on every Front in France already! What you think of that for sour apples?"

The cook was about to reply to this with vigor, but the mackinawed mess sergeant appeared around the corner of the kitchen.

"What's all this sound-off?" he inquired. He held a sandwich in his hand, from which he took an enormous bite. "That java ready?" he mumbled.

"Yup," answered the cook, "any time you say."

"Well, they're about ready to go up. Here, you two jar heads, grab hold o' that pole and snake that *marmite* outta there."

Sheehan and Blett, being indicated, stepped forward, and taking a long pole, hooked it into the sides of the huge *marmite* and dragged it out of the hole in the stove into which it had fitted.

"Now," said the mess sergeant, "take it up to the second platoon!"

"This heavy can?" cried Sheehan. "What's the matter with the second platoon it can't come down here and get it?"

"It ain't the second platoon; it's for the second battalion. They're up in the bushes an' ours is goin' up to relieve 'em."

"Yeh?" asked the cook with interest. "I hear they been catchin' hell. Spose that gold-brick Fulsom is goin' up with 'em, or has he ducked the detail again?"

"No, he's goin' with 'em," said the mess sergeant, tearing off another bite of sandwich.

"It's about time!" remarked the cook bitterly. "Matty Kuhn an' them gettin' bumped off up in the bushes an' him back here down a hole somewhere playin' he's a jack rabbit? He ain't got no guts, that guy!"

"Oh, Sergeant Fulsom's all right," said the mess sergeant. He finished his sandwich and licked his fingers. "Grab up that *marmite*, you two, an' come along!"

"All right?" cried the cook. "Well, if he'd got me drunk as many times as he has you, maybe I'd think he was, but bein' as he ain't never so much as give me even the sweat off his brow—why, I'll say he's yaller! An' fifteen gun-teams couldn't drag him up to the Front! Now there!"

Blett and Sheehan, having shouldered the pole from which the *marmite* hung, had already moved away with it, and the mess sergeant, pulling his mackinaw up about his ears, followed, without deigning to reply.

The organization to which these men belonged occupied a sector in that bitter wilderness between the Aire and Aisne rivers that is called the Argonne Forest. They were advancing, or trying to advance, in a northwest direction from the road that leads from the Four de Paris to Varennes, their objective the Binarville-Apremont Road.

The regiment had suffered heavily. They fought the woods, the clinging vines, the mud, the interlacing branches of the tangled brush, they became involved in mazes of wire, they threw grenades, fired their rifles, and buried their dead each morning, but withal saw no Germans.

There was a road that ran through the Argonne Forest from end to end called the Haute Chevauchee, and the men kept advancing along this road, despite orders, threats and curses. The road was a natural fire lane, being straight as a gun barrel, and enemy machine guns fired down it from a distance of a thousand yards. Enemy planes swooped at it, and enemy artillery shelled it at all hours, guessing, and rightly, that there would be Americans thereon.

Now there was a battalion relief on, and B Company, to which Sheehan and Blett belonged, was to relieve F. The troops who were to be relieved would get a hot meal as soon as they arrived at the kitchen, but during the relief they were to be given hot coffee; hence Sheehan and Blett bore the *marmite* full of coffee between them. The center platoon advanced cautiously, and the bearers of the *marmite* followed it, kneeling when the others knelt, and getting up when the low moan of the platoon leader's whistle signaled a forward movement.

Suddenly from the left there was the stern, cold sound of a machine gun in action. Two more joined in, like roused dogs barking, then suddenly there was silence again. The platoon knelt.

"Gee!" trembled Blett, his fat jowls shaking. "Are you scared?"

"Steaks he should eat," replied Sheehan, "with sandwiches. An order it gives, 'No more fried steaks!' No, only for the mess sergeant. I bet he got out the order himself. A year already I been in the Army, and I never see it before what he should fry himself steak whenever he wants to!"

"Shut up that talking!" ordered someone sternly. Sheehan looked. Sergeant Fulsom's white face appeared above a bush.

"You think the boche will hear?" asked Sheehan. "Well, they won't. That gun is two miles away."

"You shut up, or I'll ram this gat down your throat!"

"Go on," replied Sheehan, "and see what a nice fine you get, you should strike a private! You think I'm a recruit? I was at the Front in worse fights than this before you could do it shoulder arms from the present!"

"Bat that son over the head with your automatic!" ordered the platoon commander. "Go over there and jerk a pound of lead through him; he's drunk!"

Sergeant Fulsom rose to comply, but there was a sudden buzz and whine like a saw biting into a log. Everyone ducked. A hostile bullet had struck a stone and ricocheted off among the trees. Sergeant Fulsom remained where he was.

The advance continued. The woods had become, with the continual rain, a sort of huge bog. The men became drenched, for the short slicker was no protection to their legs, and the moisture crept upward to their waists, and meeting the water that ran down their necks, turned them into walking sponges. They met ragged patrols, and sent out others in their turn.

"Seen any boche?" they would ask.

"No. There's none over on our side. Yuh can hear firin', though. We must be gettin' close."

After a while they met no more. They passed three huts that took them half an hour to reconnoiter, and that at last, when a bold squad had rushed them with the bayonet, they found empty, with "John Siederholm, Dubuque, Iowa," newly cut in the wall. Behind the huts were four new mounds of earth.

"The outfit was here last night!" said the lieutenant.

The four mounds were new graves of men who had been killed during the night, while John Siederholm, on gas guard, had spent his lonely vigil cutting his name in the wall. If the second battalion had advanced at daybreak, they could not be very far away. The platoon pushed forward to make up for lost time. The woods now were silent, save for the continuous rumble of the battle that a man was so accustomed to that he had to stop and listen for, to hear. The lieutenant consulted his map, his compass, and Sergeant Fulsom, whose face became whiter than ever.

"By the right flank!" signaled the lieutenant. They moved in that direction for several minutes. A whistle blast halted them, and they lay down. They were in a gully through which nothing could be seen but tangled branches, shattered trees, and black, leafless boughs, down which the water ran in streams. They moved forward and to the left, and here came suddenly upon a narrow-gauge railway. The officer hastily consulted his map. There was no Decauville railway marked on it there. The map was wrong! There was a railway marked on the far side of the Haute Chevauchee, and one beyond the Apremont Road. Had they overrun the other battalion? No. The other outfits were here somewhere. A little search would find them. On the left there was prolonged machine-gun firing. Well, there would be Americans there!

"No," said Sheehan, as the whistle blew for the advance. "We ain't goin' to move. Blett, you should just stay where you are. I been in the Army before. Don't I know it when he's lost? We should run all over these woods with this big bucket of coffee and come right back to the same place we started!"

"We'll get into trouble, won't we?" panted Blett. "Shouldn't we go on with the others?"

"They'll be back!" said Sheehan firmly. "He don't know where he ain't at! Pretty quick comes it the outfit to the road out there, and then won't they catch hell!"

He nodded his head sagely, watching the backs of the distant platoon, now but half seen as they knelt while the officer and Sergeant Fulsom conversed again.

"This is a good minute," Sheehan went on, "that you should take off that rifle and throw it away! You think a boche is going to stand still you should shoot him with that? Well, he ain't. Lookit what an old soldier does!"

Sheehan produced from his pockets two grenades. "Comes a boche to me what asks me 'Kamarad,' he gets these right where he won't care about them! Throw away that rifle! You think you should lug a rifle and this coffee, too, for a dollar a day you don't get?"

"I'll have to pay for it!" protested Blett.

"Lost in action!" cried Sheehan. "Throw it away. You won't get another till you go out to rest billets!"

Blett compromised by unslinging his rifle and laying it beside him.

"Now!" said Sheehan, watching the woods ahead where the platoon had disappeared. "They didn't even see we wasn't

(Continued on Page 104)

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(Continued from Page 102)

with them. Well, when they come back we'll say we didn't hear the whistle. Gee, now if that loafer of a mess sergeant had been a gentleman like he ain't, he should have made us up maybe a couple of them steak sandwiches. Um-m. What we could eat now, with maybe a slice onion on top. Ain't he a no-good, though! I bet he'd sell to the junk man the handles off his own father's coffin! You and me up here in the woods, we should catch our death from cold and him back by the kitchen eating up all the meat what it was issued out for the soldiers! Cream to his coffee he got, too, like maybe a general!"

The bushes cracked behind Sheehan, who leaped to his feet, saying as he turned about hastily: "We couldn't seen where the outfit went, so we was just waiting —— Oy!"

There had risen from the brush three exceedingly unpleasant looking men in gray uniforms, their faces hidden by their helmets as by a hood. They pointed their rifles directly at Sheehan's heart, and their cold, hard eyes and set faces meant death.

"Kamarad!" shrieked Sheehan and shoved his hands skyward.

The three figures in gray stepped forward. One inspected the *marmite* can, another picked up Blett's rifle and, deftly opening the magazine, extracted the bolt and threw it far away into the brush. The third still menaced the two Americans with his rifle.

More gray-clad men appeared through the brush, and stopped to look curiously at Sheehan and Blett. A curse from someone that appeared to be an officer drove them forward, where they took shelter behind trees. Others appeared silently and began to unroll wire, stringing it hastily from tree to tree, inserting iron posts and hastily screwing them into the ground, their long overcoats flapping.

Two of them jerked the cover from the *marmite*, and, having sampled its contents with a tiny cup, proceeded gleefully to announce their find. The wire stringers stopped, the machine-gun crew left their weapon, the man that guarded the two prisoners forgot his charges as they clustered about the *marmite*, dipping cups and hands into the hot coffee, spilling it over themselves and the ground in their haste and greediness. Again the officer intervened, and it was only after he had forcibly taken two or three of his men away that the rest went back to their posts, but still casting longing eyes at the *marmite*.

"Oh, dear!" said Blett, at the point of tears. "And you made me take off my rifle, or this wouldn't have happened! What will they do next?"

"Nothing," said Sheehan. "Pretty quick they'll march us out of here!"

"You been a prisoner before?"

"Sure. It ain't bad. Only gives it nothing to eat but jam from carrots!"

The gray-clad Germans suddenly began to cluster about the coffee can again, first one or two, then a whole crowd, pushing and shoving like hogs around a trough. Sheehan looked about, but could see no sign of the officer that had driven them away before.

A man with white braid on his collar, a fresh-faced youth, looked at the group about the *marmite* nervously, then, wetting his lips, started to say something, but changed his mind, and went into the brush to pretend he could not see.

Crack! A long, crashing rattle, punctuated by yells and sharp explosions. The Americans ahead had run into the main body of Germans. Those about Sheehan and Blett hastened their wire stringing, and the men by the machine gun hurriedly tore up some brush, then lay down and covered themselves with it for concealment. A minute later this gun killed the two runners that had been sent back with the report of the platoon's position and its predicament.

The German force had come in and cut off the Americans so that the capture of the entire body would be but a question of minutes, hence no move was made to hurry Blett and Sheehan away.

Then, with the suddenness of a shower of rain, fell a shower of steel. A barrage descended directly on the German force. The machine gun and its crew went sailing, the woods rapidly became filled with smoke, the *marmite* can was overturned and destroyed, and Sheehan and Blett, running down the gully, hurled themselves into a sort of hole under the bank. Two Germans detailed to guard them had followed, and they all lay there and panted, listening to the roar of the barrage and the horrid nerve-racking buzzing of machine guns.

A third German appeared, followed by a fourth. These two halted on seeing the Americans, and whispered to each other. Then one of them went on, while the other crouched in the hole, looking nervously from time to time at Sheehan.

"How long they going to keep us here?" asked Blett.

"I don't know," said Sheehan, "but I wish we was moving. A man would catch cold sitting here. And all our coffee spilled. Better we should have drunk it ourselves before it got wasted on the ground. We should have ——"

A shell burst in the gully, so near that it showered them with dirt.

"Those are American shells!" cried Blett. "Think of being killed by one of our own shells!"

"Well, it would feel just the same to be killed by a German one!" replied Sheehan. He and the German who had last come into the hole had been furtively regarding each other for several minutes, and now their eyes met. The German looked hurriedly away.

"Blett," said Sheehan clearly, "you should be careful what you say! There is a son of a dirty boche here what speaks English!"

"Hey? How do you know?"

"How do I know? Do you think I been at the Front a year I shouldn't know a few tricks? Why, I was a prisoner when this guy was still looking it in the paper to see was the United States in the war or not. Well, he should sit there and hear what we say! He thinks maybe we will tell what Jack Pershing has got in mind he should send us up in these woods to catch our death cold! Well, if I knew I'd tell him. I'd like to know myself. He thinks maybe we would tell him the plan of attack, and where our outfit is. Well, we don't know. We ain't generals; we ain't nothing but chow carriers.

"'What information you got on the American forces?' 'Gives it for supper tonight beef slum with onions, and for the officers steak with French fries, because I peeled them myself this morning.' 'What's the state of morale in your outfit?' 'The cook is sore because the two kitchen police is missing an' he got to scrub the whole day's dirty pans himself.' 'Would you escape if you got it the chance?' 'No, because we'd get our frame climbed already; we spilled all the hot coffee!'"

"Shut up!" said Blett. "Somebody'll hear you."

"And more I would say," went on Sheehan, warming to his task, "only that's all I know. But I do know this: the Kaiser is one son and this guy here is another!"

The German arose here with the suddenness of a striking snake and fell upon Sheehan. The two rolled in the mud, but the two other Germans intervened and separated them. They dragged their comrade off Sheehan, who rose and, resettling his helmet, tried to brush some of the mud from his uniform.

"I told you he spoke English," said he to the pallid Blett. "Does he think I am a loafer? A soldier with the service what I got and not know all the dirty German tricks! And he'll find out, too, what it costs him a six months blind he should hit a prisoner! A lawyer's letter he should read, what it says, 'Damages in the sum ten thousand dollars!'"

The third German, meanwhile, had recited in rapid gutturals his reason for assaulting Sheehan. He repeated the latter's conversation in detail, and the two Americans watching saw the three Germans' faces change, as does a picture on a screen. Their cheeks seemed to collapse, their eyes sank slowly into their sockets and became large and haunting. Their lips tautened. They looked into vacancy over the prisoners' heads where there was nothing but a bank and rotting brush streaming with rain, and they swallowed dryly many times.

A machine-gun crew went hurrying by, but one of the guards called to them, and putting down their weapon the gun crew listened to a recital from one of the guards, punctuated by remarks from the German who spoke English. They all looked at Sheehan. One of the machine gunners asked a question.

"You there!" barked the German who spoke English. "Where's the main body of this party that's in the woods here?"

"I don't know," replied Sheehan. "I belong to a division that's just come up. They was to relieve them guys what was in the woods, only we couldn't find them."

"A divisional relief?" cried the German. "Why, that division only come on the line last night!"

"Well, ask Jack Pershing. He knows more about it than I do," said Sheehan. "He should worry how long they been in the line. He's got more divisions than he knows what to do with. The more get killed off, the less they have to feed. They ain't got chow enough to go round in them replacement camps!"

"They had enough in mine!" interrupted Blett. He wiped the rain from his face and smacked his lips at the memory. "Gievres it was. We had jelly doughnuts the day before I left, and each man had four or five, and a lot was left over. And Sunday and Wednesday we had cream chicken and peas with vanilla ice cream!"

"What's he say? What's he say?" demanded the other Germans, and the one who spoke English translated. Then they all turned and looked haggardly at the two Americans. They noted particularly Blett's plump form, his legs bursting from the mud-incrusted putties, and his fat face, down which the tears rolled, which, like Wackford Squeers', seemed melted grease.

"A new division in twenty-four hours!" exclaimed the German. "Do you know that we've been in the line fighting you people since the drive started?"

"Well, that ain't my fault," said Sheehan.

An avalanche suddenly descended from the bank above. When the scene had calmed a little, Sheehan discovered that it was an officer, who, in search of his tardy machine gunners, had found them gold-bricking in the gully, their gun unheeded in the mud. His language was vigorous although unintelligible, and his gestures more so. He boxed ears and kicked posteriors. The men looked at him from under their helmets sullenly, then rose and, gathering up gun and ammunition, disappeared into the brush with it.

The morning wore on, and then the afternoon. The rain fell in sheets. The woods became full of smoke and fog, the noise of the battle deafening. An unremitting barrage fell, and machine-gun fire beat upon the ear in gusts like rain driven by the wind against a pane. Patrols went through the gully, machine-gun crews, stretcher bearers with groaning burdens, a group of officers in tightly fitting overcoats, talking hurriedly among themselves. And all, except the officers, stopped and exchanged words with the German who spoke English. Then having heard his story, they turned their haggard faces toward the Americans and looked at them for a long time with great, sunken, hollow eyes.

"Hey!" said Sheehan finally. "They captured that platoon yet?"

"Shut up!" replied the German.

"Go on and tell me," said Sheehan undisturbed. "You ain't goin' to lose the war by telling me about one platoon."

"Oh, we don't care about that platoon. We'll capture it when we get ready. There's a force coming in from the Bois de la Grurie that we're fighting now!"

"Well, why don't you take us out of here? We been here now half a day already."

"We can't get out because of the bombardment."

"Oh. Is the way out down the gully?"

"Shut up! You talk too much!" And the German would hold no more conversation.

Toward dusk the noise of the battle began gradually to fade. Shells fell less frequently, there was no further shouting, the men that went up and down the gully walked now, and did not run. The machine-gun fire was silent for minutes at a time. Passers-by spoke joyously to the guards.

"We've driven them off!" said the man who spoke English. "We've given you chaps a doing!"

"Ain't it time we should get out of here?" demanded Sheehan. "It'll be dark pretty quick!"

"We'll clean out that platoon now and take you all in together! There will be a general retirement now to rectify the lines. They'll surrender. I hear they're ready to turn over to the first man that asks them."

A shell whooped into the gully, struck a tree, penetrated, and exploded, screech, whack, SLAM! When the smoke cleared away the newly shattered stump spread its torn fibers to all directions, like a clump of Spanish bayonet. The thunder began again, the man-made rain of débris and the heaven-made rain of water rattled once more on the men's helmets and pattered on the trees; and in the distance, but from a new direction, came the roar and crash of surf upon a rockbound shore. The guards and the man who spoke English called excitedly to those who passed, but got no reply until it was quite dark.

"It's time we should go!" hinted Sheehan.

"Not now," replied the German. "The Americans have made a new attack from Binarville!"

The night wore on. They shivered. A sheet of flame burst upon them like that from a furnace door suddenly opened. When Sheehan had cleared his eyes from the dirt and his throat from the sting of picric fumes, he discovered that one of the guards was dead and that Blett had been hit. They took the American out, and the German who spoke English went with him. Hours later the interpreter returned.

"How's my buddy?" demanded Sheehan.

"You saw him go. You know as much about it as I do."

"Didn't you go out with him to the dressing station or what it was?"

"No. He'll go out on the narrow gauge with the other wounded. Men able to walk and prisoners aren't allowed to ride on it."

"Well," said Sheehan, "he won't be a prisoner very long. This war will be over any day and I'd rather be a prisoner than a dead hero. Gee, when a guy's dead he ain't no more use to anyone!"

The German who spoke English looked at Sheehan for several minutes. Suddenly, as though he had made up his mind, he spoke.

"Listen!" he said hoarsely. "Could you find your way back to your outfit?"

"No," said Sheehan, "I couldn't. And I couldn't tell a thing about it, so you could ambush any reënforcements that come up! You think I'm a recruit?"

"Sh-h!" said the interpreter. "There are some of us here who want to surrender."

"You? You want to surrender?"

"We're fed up with this stuff," said the German, "and we want to eat some of this food you've been talking about!"

"Do I go with you?"

"Certainly."

"Um-m," said Sheehan, "such things I never heard of! Well, if you want to surrender you just go find that platoon in the bushes and you surrender to them. I ain't going to get mixed up in it. Fish is what I can smell! All Germans is liars, what I was told it the first thing when I came in the Army."

"Will you come with us?"

"No!" said Sheehan sturdily.

He became suddenly conscious of a cold something behind his ear. Something round

(Continued on Page 108)

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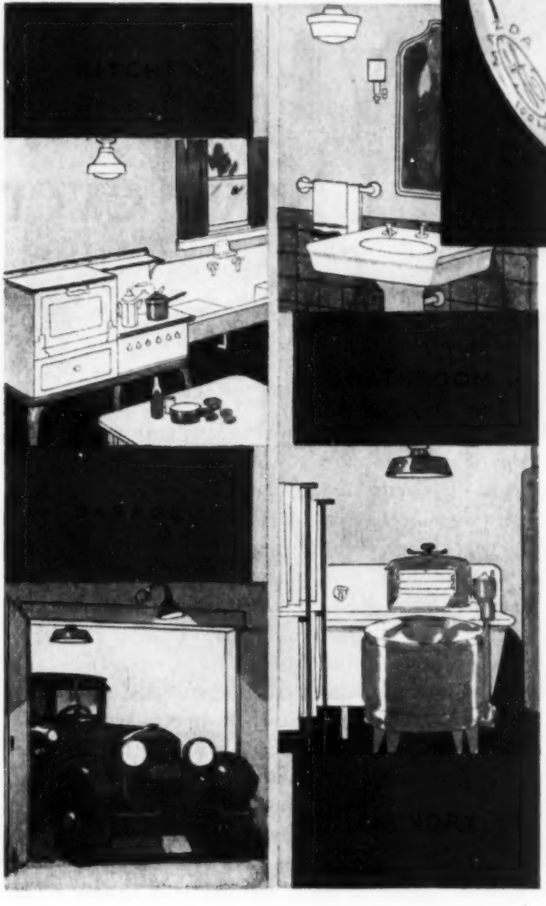

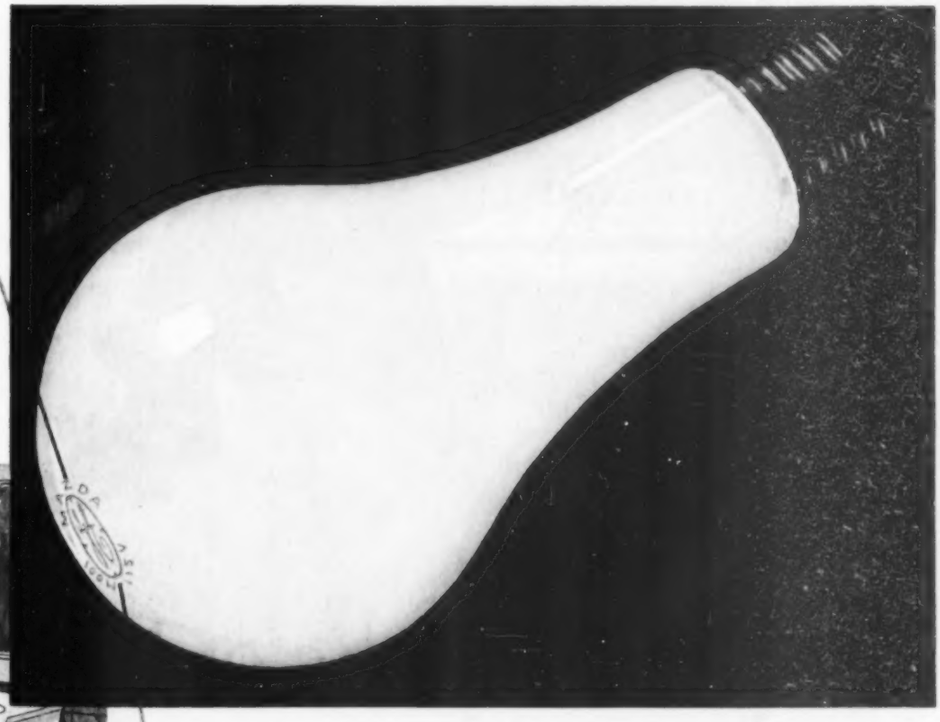

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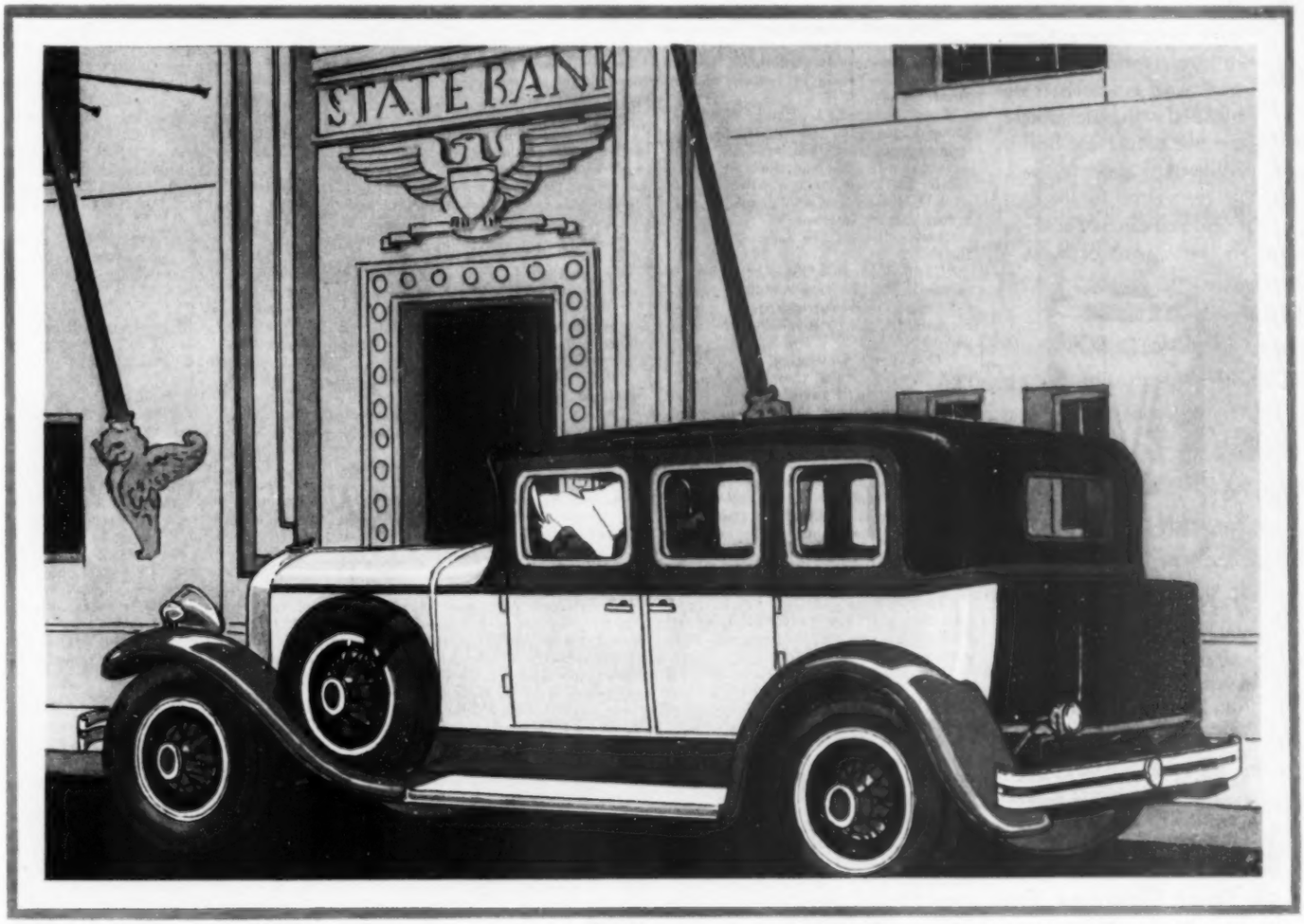

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Ask Your Grocer for

Soups Spaghetti Bean Hole Beans Milk Catsup Chile Con Carne

VAN CAMP'S ~of course~

(Continued from Page 104)

and hard, that was pressed there so tightly that it hurt.

"Yes, you will," said the German, "or I'll raise your roof right here!"

"All right," agreed Sheehan, "but you got to do the talking!"

At daybreak a white cloth waved from behind a bush attracted the attention of a red-eyed doughboy of the beleaguered platoon. He called a corporal, who in turn called another, and this one sought out Sergeant Fulsom, now in command of the platoon, where he lay in a shallow hole.

"A white flag?" gasped the sergeant. "They want us to surrender! Where is it?"

They led him to where the flag had been seen, and the two corporals, the sergeant, and the private conferred. What should they do next?

"Well," suggested the corporal, "the first thing let's do is ask what they want."

"Go ahead!" said the sergeant, and flattened himself on the ground.

"Whaddyuh want?" shouted the corporal.

"To surrender!" came back faintly.

"Who wants to surrender?" demanded the sergeant, sitting up again.

"Step out and show yourselves!" ordered the corporal. "Keep 'em covered with the Browning, Tex."

There appeared from the brush a small group of men. The first two, in spite of the mud that plastered them, were officers, one a stern, middle-aged man, the other slightly shorter and much younger. Behind them were three Germans with pistols, one unarmed, and an American.

"Lookit!" cried the Americans. "It's the K.P.!"

"Throw down those pistols!" ordered the corporal. The Germans complied.

"Are you really surrendering?" shouted Sergeant Fulsom. "Remember we've got you all covered."

"They don't understand you," yelled back Sheehan. "Yes, they surrender."

"Good!" cried Fulsom. "Now I'll just take these men back! This capture is important!"

"And leave us all here?" cried the corporals and the auto-riflemen.

"I'm senior, and you birds can't question my orders!" replied Sergeant Fulsom. He got to his feet and cautiously walked a few steps toward the prisoners. The men with the Browning rifle followed.

"What are you doing with these men?" demanded the sergeant of Sheehan.

"They took me and Blett prisoner, and then they said they wanted to surrender. Blett got hit. So they surrendered. They want something to eat!"

"All right," said the sergeant, slinging his rifle. "You men with the Browning go back to your post. I'll take these prisoners back and then I'll come back here! Now, you Germans, *gerade aus!*"

There rose up then, as behind the man that sowed the dragon's teeth, a mass of men from behind every bush and every tree. Gaunt, white-faced, bearded, mud-stained, many with bundles or with overcoats or blankets over their arms. The sergeant turned color and drew back a step, the auto-riflemen swung their weapons, and for a second things hung in the balance. Then one of the sullen officers spoke.

"Don't be frightened," he said brokenly; "dey vos all surrendered."

Silently the mob of Germans formed column of twos, the officers at the head, and then finally moved off, the dumfounded Fulsom marching ahead, and Sheehan following in the rear.

Word of the capture of an entire battalion of Germans by a man from B Company came back to regimental headquarters by telephone, and when it was later confirmed by the battalion commander, and furthermore that Sergeant Fulsom, son of the lieutenant governor, had done it, the regimental commander called the corps and reported it to the authorities there, suggesting that the correspondents might like to come up to the regimental P.C. to meet the prisoners and their captor. The correspondents would like to, and very much. They were at the P.C. in twenty minutes.

"Gentlemen," greeted the adjutant, "this is going to be a great story. Sergeant Fulsom here is the son of Darius Q. Fulsom, our lieutenant governor. My name is Haker, spelled with an *H* and not a *B*. As a good many people make that mistake, I thought I'd mention it. This young man has enlisted as a private and although his abilities are such that he should have long ago been commissioned, he remains in the ranks. Now, in command of his platoon, one-half of whom had become casualties, his platoon leader killed in the first five minutes of fighting, he sustains continuous attacks for a day and a night, and finally captures, in a gallant counter attack, one hundred and four prisoners, including a battalion commander and his adjutant. There they are!"

The sergeant smiled wearily, as he should, and glanced at the two German officers, who were being interviewed by an interpreter and the intelligence officer.

"And you can put down," said the colonel, thumping the table, "that I'm going to recommend Sergeant Fulsom for the Medal of Honor!"

The press wrote busily, some plying Sergeant Fulsom with questions, others sketching the two German officers. Some shook the sergeant by the hand. Then the interpreter, creeping around behind the group, whispered in the colonel's ear.

"Hey?" gasped the colonel. "Bring him over here!"

The older of the two officers crossed the room, and straightening his back before the colonel, saluted.

"I speak but very little English," he said, "so will I tell my story in German."

He began by saying that he was a captain, that he had been in the war for four years. He told of new officers in the army that knew nothing of their profession save the art of bawling out, of infantry holding the line while artillery retreated, of telephone messages that were never answered, of runners that tore up their messages and waited in shell holes for capture, of troops that went home on leave and came back to the front more discouraged than before they had left it, of deserters and malingerers living openly in the bosoms of their families and flaunting their shame before loyal soldiers going back to the lines.

He told of his own battalion, decimated, without food, in the lines without relief for weeks. The more Americans they killed, the more attacked them the following day. And last of all he spoke of their American prisoners of the day before, who had sat under a bombardment throughout the night and would not be dismayed, but talked incessantly of the coffee with cream in it, and of *Gelee pfannkuchen*, five to the man.

"He says," translated the interpreter solemnly, when the *Hauptmann* was done, "that their morale was pretty rotten, and some of his non-coms proposed surrender. He refused, and they mutinied and made him. He says the sergeant had nothing to do with it. He says there was a little fellow they took prisoner that did nothing but talk about chow and how plentiful steak was in the American Army, and it drove his men so nuts they mutinied."

"But what did Sergeant Fulsom have to do with it?"

"Nothing. He just brought them back."

"Oh, gee!" groaned the press as one man.

"Where is this man that supposedly brought down the prisoners?" demanded the colonel.

"He's probably that little fellow that had all the Luger pistols to sell!" suggested one of the correspondents. "He's outside. I can see him from here!"

"He's outside," said the sergeant. "He came down with me to help guard the prisoners."

"Is this true what this German says?" demanded the colonel.

"Well—er—no, that is, well, he was with them when they came in, anyway!"

"Bring him in!" Then when Sheehan stood before him, "Are you the man these Germans surrendered to?"

"Yes, sir. But I couldn't help it. There was one there what he spoke English and he said I must take them prisoner or he would raise my roof!"

"Dis vos der man!" said the German officer, pointing to Sheehan.

"Gee, this wrecks a good story," muttered one of the press.

"Nix," said another, "let it ride. Ship this Jerry to the pens, and you'll hear no more from him. And young Fulsom brought 'em in, didn't he? What more yuh want than that?"

"Just a moment, gentlemen," said the colonel sternly, "there is a Medal of Honor involved here. You, soldier, what's your name?"

"Sheehan, sir."

"Well, I'm going to recommend you for the Medal of Honor."

"I don't want it!" said Sheehan quickly.

"You don't want it!"

"Colonel," said Sheehan, "I ain't a recruit. I been in the Army since you was a captain, I bet. You think I'm a loafer I can't see all these guys here would like to write a story about Fulsom? He's maybe Jack Pershing's brother for all I know. My name ain't Sheehan, its Wladichesnikov. What good does a story in the paper do my peoples at home? They can't read, only my Uncle Yoma what can't read nothing but Yiddish anyway. No, better you should give it to this lad here what appreciates it."

"Yes," said the colonel, rather gaspingly, "but after all, you did the work!"

"Well, colonel, if you feel maybe you should do a little something for me, make me a mess sergeant."

"A mess sergeant?"

"Yes, sir, a mess sergeant. Bust the one in B Company and give me his job."

"How about this?" asked the colonel, turning to the adjutant.

"Well, if he wants to be a mess sergeant, I think it can be arranged."

"Well, get out the order." The colonel arose, and rearranging his overseas cap, went back to his desk.

"Shoot the works," whispered the adjutant to the press. "Let the story ride. The Old Man won't say anything. You, now, Coughanchoke, or Sheehan, or whatever your name is, beat it. I'll telephone up to B Company that they've got a new mess sergeant."

Outside the door Sheehan chuckled softly to himself.

"Medals, is it? Steaks whenever I want to eat them is better."

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THE DOOR

(Continued from Page 34)

"I think we will not be troubled again, madam."

"Troubled?"

"At night. I have found the means by which the person entered."

And so, indeed, he had. According to his story, he had gone into the drawing-room to open it, and had set the rear door open. On the upper step he noticed some bits of putty, and on examining it, he found that it was soft.

The device had apparently been a simple one. The old putty around one of the panes had been carefully dug out and fresh soft putty substituted. To gain access to the house, it was only necessary to remove this—a matter of a moment—and with some adhesive material fastened to the pane, to draw it carefully out. Inspector Harrison, examining the pane, decided that adhesive tape had been used for this purpose.

As there is no path there, the steps leading directly onto the grass, there were no footprints. But as a result of this discovery, the inspector himself that day placed a heavy iron bar across the door and personally examined the doors and windows. He was not entirely satisfied, however.

"That bolt on the door," he said to me—"it's beyond a normal man's reach from that pane. Now, it's conceivable that Joseph might forget that bolt once, and on the night that somebody had planned to get in. But twice or a half dozen times! I don't believe it."

"He might have pushed it back with something—the man outside, I mean."

"Well, he might," he admitted grudgingly.

XXIV

THE immediate result of that discovery was my decision to tell Katherine all I knew. Partly to save her in her trouble and partly because I did not trust her discretion at that time, I had never told her about the missing sheets from Sarah's records.

She listened attentively while I told her of that excursion of Judy's and mine to Florence Gunther's room, and of what we had found there, and I showed her Sarah's record of the eleventh of August.

"Have you told Godfrey Lowell that?"

"Not yet. I've been trying to locate the missing pages."

She got up, rang the bell and ordered the car.

"It is hard to forgive you for this, Elizabeth," she said. "To hold that back, with Jim's very life hanging on it!"

"I don't see how it helps Jim."

"Don't you? Don't you know what was on those records of Sarah's? That Howard never made a will at all, or that he was drugged when he did it—one of these two things."

She had not waited for Elise. She was dragging out her outdoor garments, hurrying about—strange to see Katherine hurry—with two purplish spots of excitement high on her cheeks. Judy came in and stood by helplessly.

"It's been clear to me from the start. That man Waite has forged this will, and Walter Somers bribed him to do it."

"With what?" Judy demanded.

"On his prospects. How do you know that fifty thousand dollars wasn't the bribe?"

She was still talking when we got into the car, still feverishly excited. Judy begged her to be calm, not to say anything disastrous, but I doubt if she heard her. But when she made that flat statement to Godfrey Lowell, he sat upright in his chair, stiff and angry.

"I have the utmost confidence in Mr. Waite," he said. "An accusation of that sort necessarily involves his probity, Mrs. Somers."

"How do you know how honest he is?" she said sharply. "Men have been bought before this."

"The will was witnessed. I can have those signatures examined if you like, but ——"

"What good would that do? The witnesses are dead. Maybe that's the reason why they are dead."

But Godfrey shook his head.

"No," he said. "I understand and I sympathize with you, Mrs. Somers. But that will was made by Mr. Somers, properly drawn by a man above reproach, and signed and witnessed by two persons in Mr. Waite's presence. He has already sworn to that before the grand jury. He will so testify at the trial."

"Then why did Sarah hide the records of the two days when the will was drawn?"

"She did that?"

"She did. What was on those records, Mr. Lowell? Did she show that some pressure was brought to bear on Howard, or that he had been drugged?"

"Doctor Simonds says he was not drugged."

"What does he know? He wasn't there, was he?"

"Barring evidence to the contrary, we shall have to take his word. He was there that night, and Mr. Somers was normal then."

Before we left he referred again to Katherine's statement about Mr. Waite.

"I know that you have had a great burden to bear, Mrs. Somers, and that naturally it is difficult for you to accept certain things. But some facts we must accept. During that illness all unpleasant feeling between Walter Somers and his father had been wiped out. In his conversation with Mr. Waite, Mr. Somers mentioned this. He was feeble, but quite clear as to his wishes. He felt that perhaps an injustice had been done to his son, and he wished to rectify it. That is why the will was drawn as it stands, and as it will stand before any court, Mrs. Somers."

"Have you examined the signature?"

"I have, at Mr. Waite's own request. We have even had an expert on it. A forged signature under the microscope shows halts and jerks; the hand works slowly, and there are tremors."

"And this shows none of these?"

"Mr. Somers was not allowed to sit up. It shows the weakness of a sick man, writing in a constrained position. That's all."

She sat there, smoothing her gloves after that habit of hers, and her face looked drawn in the glare from the wide-open windows. Her anger was gone, and something disquieting had taken its place.

"Then this secret fund is beyond question?"

"Beyond question."

She said nothing more until we had got into the car. Then she spoke, looking ahead of her and with her face a white mask. "So she is living, after all!"

"Who is living, Katherine?"

"Margaret."

Just how long she had been brooding over that possibility I do not know, but I think it explains much that had almost alienated me at the time—her refusal to accept the will; her frozen attitude even to Judy; the hours she spent locked away in her room, inaccessible even to her maid.

"I don't believe it, Katherine."

"I do," she said with stiff lips. "It would be like her, wouldn't it? To hide away for all these years, and then, when she knows Howard is ill and dying, to let him know. She told Walter, and Walter told him."

Nothing I could say could shake that conviction. And here again we had grazed the cheek of truth, touched it and gone on. For Margaret was not living, as we were to learn at the end.

Certainly one of the most astounding things about our series of crimes—and perhaps about all baffling crimes—is the narrow margin by which, again and again, the solution evaded us. Despite the extraordinary precautions taken by the criminal, on at least a half dozen occasions safety was a matter of seconds only. One such incident was the sound outside Florence Gunther's room, the night Judy and I were there. Another, for example, was Clara's failure to identify the figure in the pantry door. Again, had the intruder on my staircase, the night of Sarah's murder, happened to have crept a few steps lower, the entire situation would have been changed. That I was resting when Florence came to see me resulted in her death before she had told her story. There were others also.

Had Judy turned that night in the garage she might have seen who it was who struck her. And Dick, deciding by the merest chance to retrace his steps around the wash, confronted that crouching figure and was violently flung into the gully.

These and a dozen other instances which I was to recall later had given me an almost superstitious attitude toward the case. Clearly it was not meant that we were to know until the deadly roster was complete, the whole sanguinary business finished. Then, when it was all over, Katherine, with her deadly pertinacity, was to step in, and the door was to play its part.

The next incident was a fair example of the narrow margins to which I have referred.

I have said little about reporters, but of course life had been made miserable by them for weeks; masculine and feminine, they had more or less invaded us. Dick's injury had resulted in a fresh influx, and so I had instructed the servants to inspect all callers from the library bay window before opening the door.

A day or two after the visit to Godfrey Lowell the bell rang and Joseph tiptoed upstairs to say that a suspicious-looking woman was on the doorstep. By that I knew he meant probably a reporter, but something made me ask what she looked like.

"A big woman," he said. "Rather flashy, madam."

"Humph," I said. "Big? All the ladies of the press so far have been small, Joseph—small and young."

The bell rang again, almost fiercely, and suddenly a curious thing happened to me. I had a vision of Florence Gunther standing there, ringing the bell and being turned away. It came and went while the bell was still ringing.

"Let her in, Joseph. I'll see her."

He disapproved, I knew. It was in every line of his back. But in the end he admitted her, and it developed that my caller was Lily Sanderson.

She looked tired, I thought—too tired even to be self-conscious.

"I guess you have enough bother without my adding to it," she said. "But I had to come. I had, really."

She sat down and put her hands to her hat.

"I guess I look something dreadful. I've been losing a lot of sleep, and what with being on my feet all day ——"

"Would you like some tea?"

"No, thanks. I feel too messy. I want to get home and get my shoes off. My feet swell something dreadful these days. Not getting to bed properly, you know."

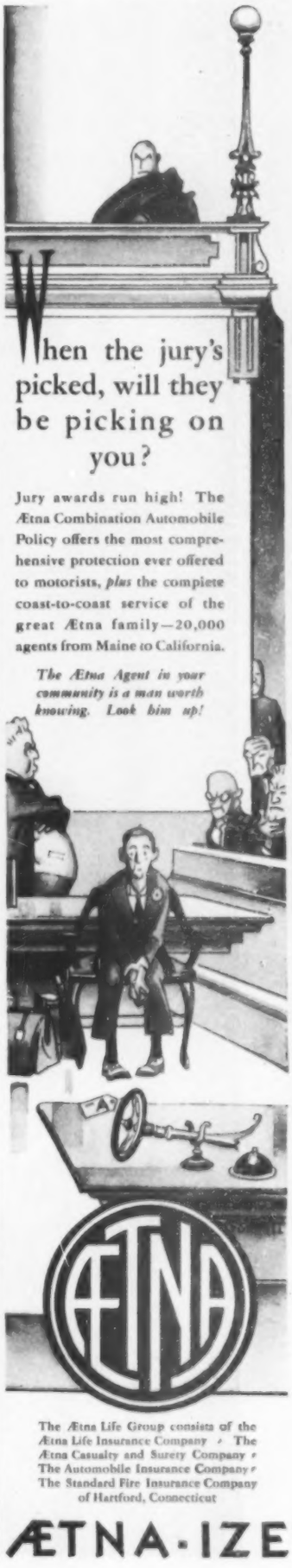
"Can't you slip them off now—your shoes?"

But the idea seemed to outrage her sense of the proprieties. She shook her head.

"I'll just give you my message and be getting on. It's about Mrs. Bassett. She's sick. She's got ——" She lowered her voice, as women of a certain age always will when mentioning cancer. "She's got a cancer, and it's too late to operate. She's living on morphia. Her daughter's there now, but I relieve her at night—that is, I sleep on a sofa, and if she gets bad she calls me."

But the point of the matter was this: After Mrs. Bassett had had morphia she would grow talkative, "what with the pain

(Continued on Page 114)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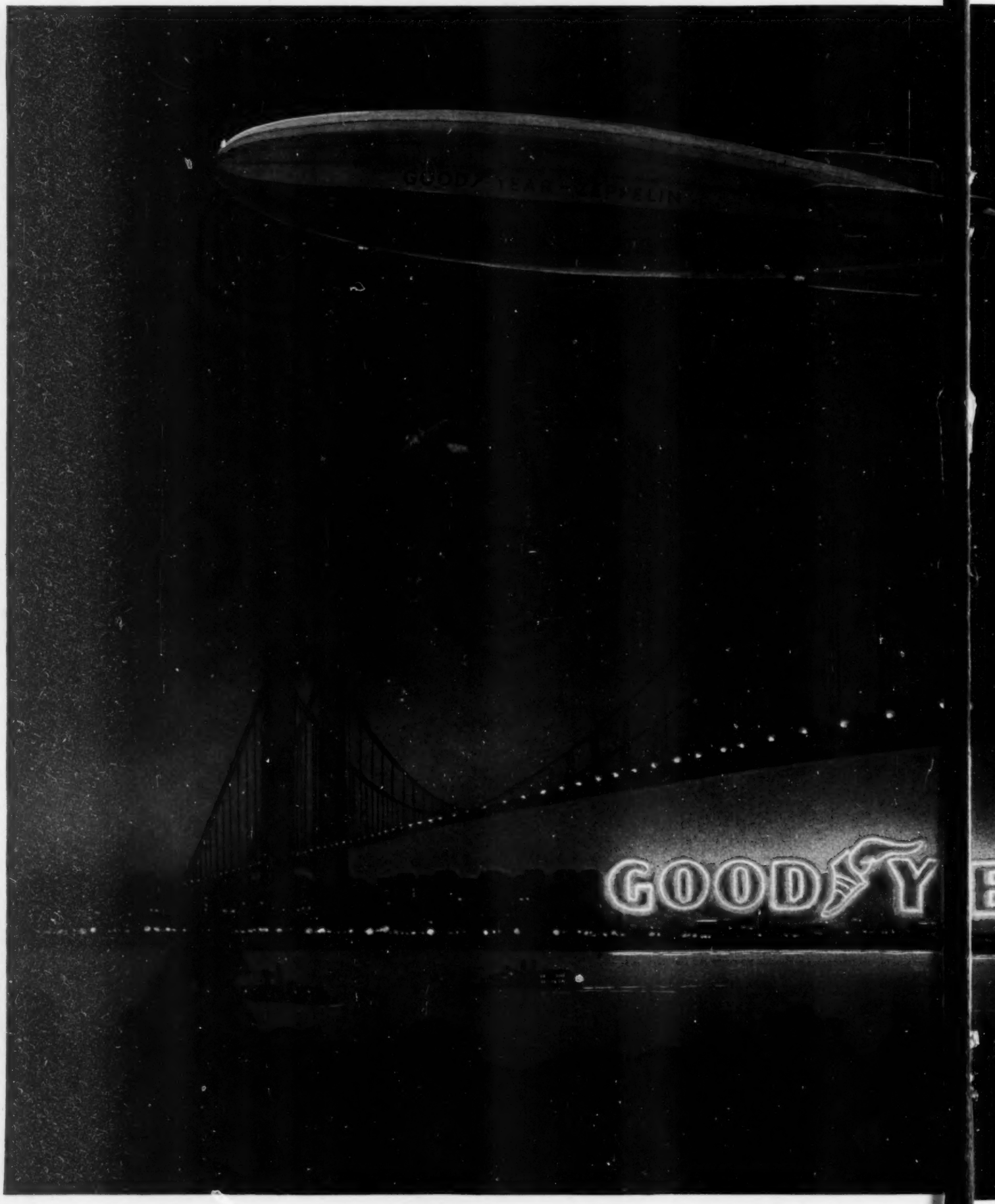
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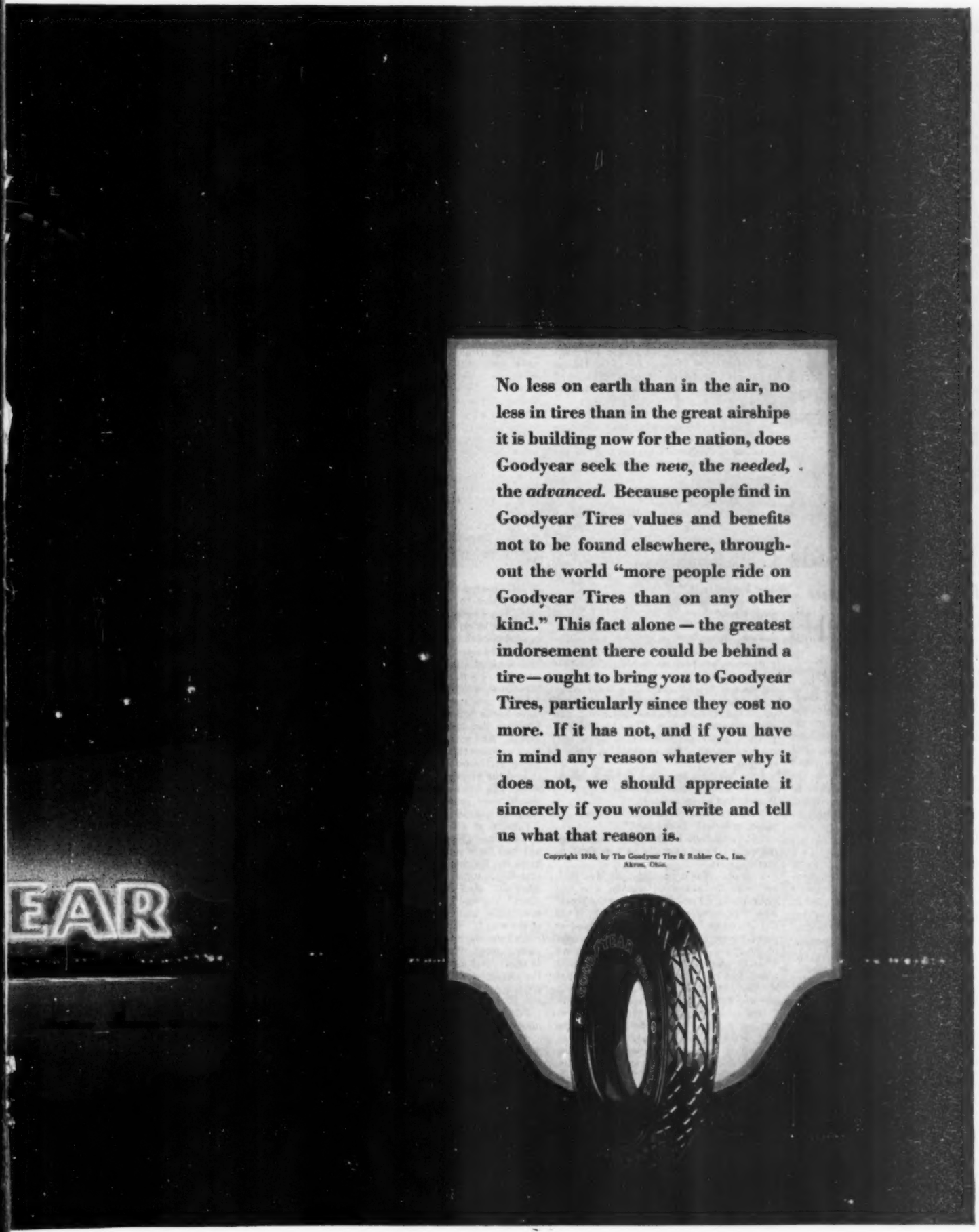

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(Continued from Page 111)

stopping; and anyhow, I guess morphia does loosen the tongue." And Miss Sanderson would listen.

"It's really awful," she said. "Me working all day and trying to sleep, and her talking on and on. Sometimes she'll say: 'You're not listening.' And I'll wake up and tell her I am. But what I'm coming to, she's talked a lot about Florence. She's got her on her mind. And she knows something, Miss Bell. She knows something about that murder."

"What makes you think that?"

"She's as much as said so. The other night she called me in the middle of the night and told me to get somebody from headquarters; she wanted to make a statement about something. So I got the telephone book, but I didn't know what to look for, and then I heard her calling like a crazy woman. I went in, and she was running her tongue over her lips—morphia makes them dry, you know—and looking at me with a queer, sly look. 'I haven't anything to tell the police,' she said. 'It's this stuff they give me. I guess I was dreaming.' But I didn't believe her then, and I don't now. She meant to tell the police something, and then she got frightened."

"It might not have been about Florence at that."

"Listen!" She leaned forward. "I told you I heard two people in that room the night Florence was killed, didn't I? And that one of them was a woman and she was crying? Well, why wasn't that Mrs. Bassett?"

She sat back, having made her effect, and gazed at me triumphantly.

"Mind you," she said, "I'm not saying she had anything to do with the murder. She's a decent sort of woman, and she's had a hard time; roomers at the house, and going out to give body massage into the bargain. She knows something; that's all I say. And I stick to it."

"Would she talk to the police if they went there?"

"I doubt it. She's thought it over, and she's made up her mind. She's afraid—afraid of somebody."

She had, however, no more idea as to this somebody's identity than I had. She knew no more of Mrs. Bassett than the average roomer knows of her landlady. She believed that there was a husband living, but she had never seen him. The daughter had given up a good position to take care of her, she understood. She rambled on while I thought.

Only one thing struck me as being significant in all this, and that was that Mrs. Bassett had given massage.

"What does she look like?" I asked. "I mean, in build? Is she tall?"

"She's medium height and stocky. Very muscular. Even now she isn't as weak as you'd expect."

I sat up. Was it possible that Mrs. Bassett was the heavy-set woman who had given Howard Somers massage at the hotel? And if so, what would that mean? What did she know? What had she learned in those rooms, during those mysterious days of the illness, that might be valuable now? That, it seemed to me, was the important thing, and not Lily Sanderson's guess that she had been in Florence's room the night she was killed.

One could imagine her, her sleeves showing her strong arms as she bent over the bed, working mechanically. And then, something being said, some quarrel going on or some name being mentioned which had registered in her mind. Then, lying in her bed, the impulse to tell what she knew, and the second impulse, more profound, to be allowed to die in peace.

"Did she ever mention any of her patients?"

"I think not. She isn't what you would call talkative."

"I wondered. We know that a woman answering that description gave massage a few times to Mr. Howard Somers here last year. But I dare say Doctor Simonds would know."

That, however, did not interest Miss Sanderson. What she wanted, and finally brought out, was that I should myself see Mrs. Bassett and talk to her. That night, if possible.

"Her heart's bad, and she may go any time like that." She snapped her fingers. "If you could work on her she might talk. Tell her all the trouble and sorrow that's going on. She's kind enough. I could have yelped myself when I saw that picture of Mr. Blake with the handcuffs."

Here the feeling that she had committed an indelicacy caused her to get up suddenly and prepare to go.

"That's fixed, is it? You'll come? Say about nine o'clock. I'll be watching for you. She'll have had her hypo at eight, and the daughter's going out. I've promised to relieve her early. I can smuggle you in." But she seemed loath to go. "I don't know why," she said, "but I get a funny feeling in that house at night. She thinks she hears things, and she lies and listens."

I let her out myself and watched her go down the drive to the street. It occurred to me then that she was frightened, that she had been frightened all along; that she knew that to meddle in this matter might be deadly; that the same fear which had turned Mrs. Bassett stubbornly silent was in her. There was pathos in that. These two women, one worn with watching, one dying, and no peace for either of them. Shut in those two upper rooms, awake in the long night, and the sick woman "hearing things."

Doctor Simonds did not remember the Bassett woman. He had suggested massage, and either Sarah or Wallie had found someone. He himself had never seen her. He had two or three *masseuses* on his list, but they were all Danes or Swedes; there was no one named Bassett.

XXV

I DID not take the car that night. I had no desire to let Robert know of that visit. But I took Joseph, out of sheer panic, to see me safely down the hill and into the lighted portion of the park. There he turned back and I went on alone.

A week of June had passed. The trees were in full leaf, and the scent of flowering shrubbery was in the air. I remember thinking that it would soon be two months since Sarah had been murdered, and that Florence had been dead for more than a month. And what did we know now, more than we knew then? Almost nothing. That Sarah had known Florence, that they had shared the knowledge of the will, and that Sarah had hidden two pages of a record which were being diligently sought by someone unknown.

Cleared of all extraneous matter, that was our case. We might suspect that Howard had been murdered, but we did not know it. We might believe Judy had been attacked, but had the ladder possibly fallen, after all? Had Joseph tumbled down the stairs? And had Dick surprised some venial malefactor, who had simply pushed him out of the way?

And was the answer of the grand jury the correct one? Was it, after all, as simple as that—that Jim had killed Sarah to get the duplicate will, trusting to luck—and possibly Katherine—to get hold of the other?

I dare say I walked slowly, for it was after nine o'clock when I rang the doorbell.

Almost at once it was opened and Lily Sanderson slid out on the step, closing the door behind her.

"Well, wouldn't you know it?" she said. "The husband's come to see her! He's up there now, and the daughter, too, and there's been all sorts of a row. She'll be upset, and it's bad for her. It might even kill her."

I saw that she was crying, and I realized that her tears were not for me and my disappointment; that for a little time she had fed her starved womanhood on service, and that she had developed an affection for this unfortunate woman who had become, for the time at least, her child.

"You need sleep," I said. "Let the daughter stay tonight, and go to bed."

But she shook her head. She had stepped into the vestibule and drawn me in with her. "Look here," she said in a low voice. "What do you suppose the fuss is about? She's sick, and he knows it. Why is he jawing her? Is he afraid she'll tell something?"

"Who is he? What does he look like?"

"I never saw him, and I don't want to."

But she caught something in my face—we were in the vestibule, and there was a little light—and she turned swiftly and went into the house. She was back again almost immediately, her finger on her lips.

"He's coming down," she whispered. "Don't move."

She had partially closed the door behind her, and we stood there waiting, while the man slowly descended to the second floor. Still as it was on that by-street, his movements were amazingly quiet. Indeed, had I not been told that someone was descending that staircase, I would not have believed it. A creak now and then, the indescribable faint sounds of a moving body were all I could hear.

Then part way down the second flight he stopped. Evidently he had seen the partly opened door, and was looking at it. Lily Sanderson's face was curious in that half light. It was as though that descent, harmless enough until then, had become sinister. She stared at me, her mouth partly open, and thus we stood for an absurd time, waiting for the man on the stairs to make the first move.

Suddenly the tension became too much for her. She made an odd little sound and threw open the door. There was no man on the stairs, nobody in sight. She looked profoundly shocked, and she gave a sort of hysterical giggle.

"Can you beat that?" she whispered. "He went back!"

"Back where?"

"He went up to the second floor and down the back stairs. That is, if he's gone." Some rather awful thought evidently came into her mind at that moment, for she left me and ran up the stairs, her heavy legs and ridiculous heels moving with incredible rapidity. She went all the way to the third floor, and I could hear voices there—the daughter's, I imagined, and her own. She came down more quietly.

"It just occurred to me," she said breathlessly, "that—but she's all right. The daughter is with her."

"What in the world did you think?"

But she seemed rather ashamed. "It was funny—his slipping out like that—wasn't it?" she asked. "Maybe Clarissa saw him."

As it turned out, however, Clarissa had already gone home. Her kitchen was dark, and I think it took some courage on Lily's part to go in and turn on the lights. But it was empty, and she turned her attention to the door. She looked around at me with a startled face.

"I forgot! He couldn't get out here. Clarissa takes the key with her. It's locked now, and the key's gone."

It was then that we both heard a sound from the pantry, and the swinging door into it opened and closed a few inches. It was an uncanny thing, and I can still see poor Lily, leaning on the kitchen table and staring at it, and admire the courage with which she raised her quavering voice.

"Who's there?"

In the silence which followed, we both heard the front door softly close.

Evidently Mrs. Bassett's husband, or whoever the stealthy visitor might be, had found himself locked in the kitchen, and when we went there, had taken refuge in the pantry. There were two swinging doors, and the opening of the one, as we found by experiment, caused the other to move. As he escaped by the simple expedient of going forward through the dining room, this had happened.

But as Lily said, now blind to the proprieties and sitting weakly in a chair with her slippers in her hand, why escape at all?

(Continued on Page 116)

Kardex shows *blue* ...and only ½ of 1% of MORGAN'S time payments ever need *stringent handling*

"AN ACCOUNT is good or bad, depending on how closely you follow collections," say the executives of Morgan's Inc., one of Boston's largest furniture stores.

"When you are handling any number of accounts (and Morgan's Inc. have over 35,000), the Kardex installment record follows them so closely that less than ½ of 1% ever require legal action."

Morgan's Inc. can tell the condition of any or all accounts at a glance. Collection letters go out automatically and punctually. The system thereby relieves the executives of a considerable amount of supervision in the handling of this great number of accounts.

In the automobile industry, 4 out of every 5 cars sold on installments are sold through Kardex. Thousands of other businesses are using it just as widely.

Every business in America, in fact, can use Kardex to swell its net income.

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By furnishing important sales news, Kardex recently helped the United Autographic Register Company of Chicago build $150,000 in extra sales within a few weeks.

Kardex can flash a dozen pieces of selling news on a single visible margin. It tells whether the customer is buying more or less than in a previous period. It tells how important he is, and how his credit stands.

Cuts stock $225,000

The American Writing Paper Company of Holyoke, Mass., has reduced its invested capital $225,000 with the help of a Kardex stock control system.

In this case Kardex works both ends against the middle. It not only reduces stock, but also insures an adequate supply of material at all times.

Moderate cost—easy to operate

Like most other truly great devices, Kardex is simple. The index margins are visible. The signals are easy to understand. A system can be started on as little as $5. A schoolgirl can handle it.

Talk it over with an analyst

No matter how well your business is operating, a Remington Rand man can suggest new ideas for making or saving money. Get in touch with him right away. He will give you an impartial answer to any problem, for he represents a consolidation of office equipment manufacturers who can supply you impartially with the proper product for any office need. Call one of the nearby branches or write to Remington Rand Business Service, Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

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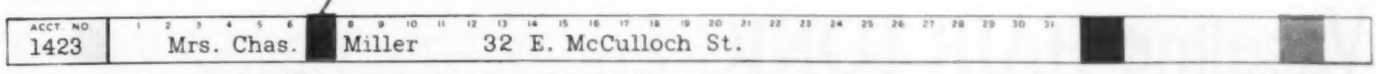

THE KARDEX TELL-TALE EDGE: Blue ■ Payments due 7th of the month. Red ■ Three notices sent. Yellow ■ Placed in hands of attorney. Black ■ Mail returned.

Do you want to know how to keep a wave?

Ask most girls you meet and they will tell you they do more worrying about how to keep their wave than any other matter of personal appearance.

Any wave—natural, permanent or marcel—needs to be encouraged, and here is a way to prolong its life and give it the most becoming line.

First brush out the hair and comb it in the general shape you wear it. Then apply a tiny bit of "Vaseline" Hair Tonic with the palms of the hands, or put a few drops on the comb and apply it that way. Next, with comb and fingers, shape the hair as you like it and pinch in the wave deeply. For naturally curly hair or a permanent wave, dampen the hair slightly before applying the Tonic.

"Vaseline" Hair Tonic will make your wave last twice as long, for it protects against wave-destroying dampness, and it leaves the hair shining and smooth, too. Just try it. And don't use too much—a few drops will do. It is made by the Chesebrough Manufacturing Co., Cons'd, 17 State Street, New York.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. © Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd, 1930

(Continued from Page 114)

"I don't believe it was her husband, Miss Bell," she said. "Anybody could come here and say that. That's why I went upstairs."

"To see if it was her husband?"

"To see if he had murdered her," she said, and somehow my blood ran cold.

I took a taxicab home that night, and I did not feel safe until I was in my own house once more, with Joseph double barring the door, and the dogs, as usual in my absences, settled on the best library chairs.

I told the inspector the next day of that experience in the Halkett Street house, but he pooh-poohed the idea of its having any connection with the crimes.

"Why make so much of it?" he said. "Most men tiptoe out of a sick room. They may raise the devil inside, but they tiptoe out. Watch that sometime. And as for his hiding—well, maybe he did and maybe he didn't. How do you know he hadn't been crying? He'd rather be caught without his clothes than crying."

He was not so certain, however, after he had seen Mrs. Bassett that night. He had arranged with Lily Sanderson as I had, and this time the daughter was out. He stopped by on his way home.

"Not that I got anything," he said. "But there's something peculiar there."

She had absolutely refused to talk. Asked about her request for the police some time before, she denied having made it.

"I get queer ideas when I've had the dope they give me," she said, and lay there quietly, looking at something he could not see.

When he tried to discuss the murder of Florence Gunther she said nothing whatever. Nor was she much more communicative about her husband.

"My daughter's a good girl, but the least said of him the better."

Then she had said she was in pain and had called sharply for Lily, and he had come away.

"But she knows something," he told me. "Not necessarily that the husband has anything to do with it. She knows something. She had a queer look about her. I've seen it before."

"What sort of look?"

"I saw it once before in the face of a man just before he jumped out of a tenth-story window."

And so, like everything else which might have helped in the defense, that, too, had come to nothing. I believe the inspector made at least one other attempt to see her, but either she was frightened, or more likely she had been warned, for she told him nothing. And before our mystery was cleared up she was dead.

By the tenth of June, Jim's trial began. Public opinion and the prosecution had done everything possible to expedite the proceedings, and the defense was equally anxious. Jim was not bearing the confinement well. The jail was dark and airless, and the general feeling against him so strong and so infuriated that the authorities could do nothing to ameliorate his situation.

There had been leaks of various sorts. It was known that Jim's clothing had shown minute bloodstains in spite of Amos, and that he had been on the hillside the night of Sarah's death, at ten o'clock. Two persons, a man and a woman, had come forward to state that they were coming up the path that night, and that they had seen a man in light golf clothing, standing beside the path and wiping something from his hands with a handkerchief.

The man, named Francis X. Dennis, made his statement unwillingly enough.

"I didn't want to be mixed up in this," he told the reporters, "but my wife thinks we'd better speak up. We'd been taking a walk, and we came along to the foot of the hill about five minutes to ten. My wife's hearing is better than mine, and she stopped and said there was somebody scrambling through the bushes overhead. We listened, and it seemed like somebody was running along the hillside. We didn't start up until it got quiet again, and my wife was kind of nervous.

"Well, when we'd got about halfway up, there was a man. He was about ten feet off the path on our right, and I saw that he had on a light golf suit and a cap. He didn't pay any attention to us. He seemed to be busy with his hands, wiping them. After we'd got up the hill, my wife said: 'He's cut himself. He's tying up his hand.' I said maybe he'd slipped and fallen when he was running, and—well, I guess that's about all."

It was a body blow for the defense, coming when it did, and with a detail the more convincing because it was unstudied. Both these people believed that it was Jim they had heard running along the hillside below the Larimer lot toward the path, and Godfrey Lowell threw up his hands in despair.

"This case is being tried in the press," he said. "We'll have a verdict before we even get into court!"

But I have thought about Godfrey since, sitting in his office and talking to the imposing array of counsel who were to help him, and going home at night to lie awake for hours, studying the darkness for some weakness to attack, some point to be made: "And I say to you, gentlemen of the jury ——"

What? What could he say? That Jim was a good fellow who gave good dinners and played excellent bridge? That he was a decent citizen, who had spent that evening conversing harmlessly with another woman who had since been murdered? And that he was given to nosebleed, which would account for the blood on his clothes? Jim still stubbornly silent, and Godfrey lying there and wondering. Was Jim innocent after all?

I believe that until the day before the trial he was uncertain. Then I was able to give him a little—a very little—help. Small as it was, it heartened him, and on it he hung his defense, but even then he was not sure.

It was an odd conversation I had with the inspector that second evening before Jim's trial. He marched in like a man with a purpose, and I saw that whatever that purpose might be, he had dressed for it. He was always neat enough, but that night he was resplendent.

"This is a social call," he said. "I'm not a policeman now; I'll ask you to remember that."

And he added, not without embarrassment, that he felt very friendly toward all of us; that he had enjoyed his talks with me, and that he liked Judy. Then he sat still and stared at his well-polished boots.

"In that case," I suggested, "out of office hours, so to speak, and the whisky being some my father put away years ago, would you like a highball?"

Which he would, and did.

Perhaps it warmed him; perhaps he had come for the purpose. The upshot of it was that he said he did not want any miscarriage of justice the next few days, and that things were looking pretty black.

"The prosecution's going to get a conviction. It's out for one, and it'll get it. Mind you, the district attorney thinks he's right. I've talked it over with him. But there are one or two little points they're not likely to bring up, and I thought I'd talk them over with you."

And then and there, categorically, he outlined the defense for us. As I wrote it down for Godfrey Lowell at the time, I have it before me now:

1. Jim was being tried for Sarah's murder, but the story of Florence Gunther's would inevitably enter the case. Why was it that there was no oil in Jim's car the morning after Florence's death, although I found it later? "Tell Lowell to bring that out. The prosecution won't."

2. Find Amos, and get him on the stand. "He buried that sword stick. His prints were thick on it."

3. Ask the microscopist who examined Sarah Gittings' clothing if he found anything wrapped around a button. "I may lose my job over this, but he did. He found a longish white hair."

(Continued on Page 119)

Home, safe home

WE ARE APT to think of scientific laboratories when prevention of disease is mentioned. Conquerors of far-flung plagues spring into our mind's eye . . . great hospitals . . . clinics . . . the glorious drama of medicine.

Yet, one of the chief reasons why life is healthier and safer today is our enlightened, intelligent homes. Here the campaign against disease never stops . . . here the discoveries of medicine are eagerly accepted . . . and here are carried out *daily* the thousand-and-one little things that make us a people resistant to disease, whose homes are the most healthful of any period in history.

E. R. Squibb & Sons have co-operated with four generations of parents in the practice of prevention at home. While serving scientific medicine through the development of vaccines, sera and preparations of the utmost purity, the House of Squibb has also served the home by preparing products for the medicine cabinet that meet the same high standards.

Squibb Products contain in generous measure the Priceless Ingredient, the Honor and Integrity of the Maker. Keep them in your medicine cabinet . . . and when emergencies arise, and to meet the common needs of everyday life, you can turn to them with full assurance that they are the finest and purest that can be made.

Squibb's Home Necessities

SQUIBB'S COD-LIVER OIL—a pure, refined product, exceptionally rich in Vitamins A and D.

SQUIBB'S VITAVOSE—a milk modifier, exceptionally rich in Vitamin B and assimilable iron salts, delicious in taste.

SQUIBB'S MILK OF MAGNESIA—universally known as a safe, effective antacid and gentle laxative—free from any suggestion of earthy taste.

SQUIBB'S CASTOR OIL—Special Squibb processes of refining and manufacture make it tasteless, and it stays that way.

SQUIBB'S LIQUID PETROLATUM—a safe, internal lubricant . . . odorless, tasteless—non-habit-forming, non-fattening.

SQUIBB'S DENTAL CREAM—made with over 50% Squibb's Milk of Magnesia—neutralizes acids, protects as it cleans. Guards The Danger Line.

SQUIBB'S NURSERY POWDER—an unusually fine, impalpable powder, prepared from the best Italian talc. Pure and non-irritating. Fragrant and soothing.

SQUIBB'S TOILET LANOLIN—delicately perfumed. Lanolin is recognized as the nearest equivalent of the skin's own pliant lubricants—unexcelled for chapped skin.

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SQUIBB'S BORIC ACID POWDER—excellent as a dusting powder—exceptionally pure.

SQUIBB'S BICARBONATE OF SODA—refined to an unusual degree of purity, hence more palatable and efficacious.

SQUIBB'S EPSOM SALT—entirely free from impurities and therefore free of the usual bitter taste of ordinary epsom salt. Easy to take.

SQUIBB'S SHAVING CREAM—a double-action cream that restores the protective, natural oils of the skin. The result of many experiments by the Squibb Laboratories.

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In coffee, *an old-fashioned gentleman found* romance

HIS FRIENDS left the sunny Southland to adventure in distant gold fields. But this young Southerner of the Old School chose to remain where the grass is blue, and to seek *his* fortune in a quest for coffee more delicious than any then known.

The exquisitely flavored blend which finally he discovered, has since become famous throughout the land. Enclosed in a friendly blue tin, it stands upon your grocer's shelf. It is worth trying—Maxwell House Coffee—and worth trying *today.*

Its appetite-coaxing aroma, its rich and mellow flavor, its fragrant goodness will send you from the table not only conscious of having dined well, but with memories of a coffee which three Presidents thought deserving of their praise. Try it without risk of disappointment—your grocer will unhesitatingly return your money if you are not fully satisfied.

You will be delighted, also, with Maxwell House Tea

MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

GOOD *to the* LAST DROP

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(Continued from Page 116)

4. Ask him—the microscopist—if that hair was living or dead? If it came from a head or a wig? "I think it came from a wig myself. Make them produce that hair in court. They've got it."

5. Ask the microscopist what he found on that piece of wood from the Larimer lot. "He found something besides blood and that dead woman's hair. He found some fibers from cloth on the end of it—black cloth, or grayish black. They've got those too."

6. Put a lot of emphasis on that three hours from seven to ten. Where was she? "I'm not so sure myself that the whole solution doesn't lie there."

7. Why were both those stab wounds the same depth?

He leaned back like a man well satisfied with himself.

"Now here's the situation, to my mind," he explained. "And Lowell's welcome to use it if he likes. Here's a man who has worked himself into a mood to kill. He's out to kill. And he's got a sword in his hand; a rapier, rather. It's got a blade a foot and a half long, and it's as sharp as a dagger. What does he do? He drives it home with all his strength, and this man who did this had strength—plenty of it. If your grandfather ever fought a duel with that weapon, he'd have run his man through, wouldn't he? Providing he got the chance, of course! But here are two stab wounds, and both of them short. That's not accident; that's necessity. That's a short knife; to my mind, anyhow. He might have gone short the first time, but not the second. Never the second."

I was rereading my notes.

"What do you mean by the wig?" I asked.

"Well, that hair was peculiar. It had no root, for one thing. A hair that's torn out usually has a root; and there was no dust on it, nothing that ought to be on hair in active service! Nothing but a lot of brilliantine. Mind you, that's only a chance. Still, it has its points. A man old enough to have white hair and wear it long is too old to have put that body in the sewer."

"You mean that whoever it was was disguised?"

"I say there's a possibility of it. You see, men often disguise themselves to commit crimes. That and to make an escape are practically the only times any criminal uses disguise at all. In other words, a murderer is seen at or near the scene of the crime, and identified by certain marks—hair, eyebrows, clothes or what not. But in his own proper person he has none of those marks."

"And they won't bring that out at the trial?"

"Well, why should they?" he said reasonably. "It wouldn't help Blake any. How do we know he didn't wear a wig that night?"

"Then why bring it in?"

He smiled.

"For the effect on the jury," he said. "Nobody has shown that Jim Blake wore such a wig, or even owned a wig. As a matter of fact, I don't believe he did. But get Lowell to work that three hours and the unknown in a white wig and dress clothes, and at least he's got a talking point."

XXVI

I TOOK those notes to Godfrey the next day, and by the eagerness with which he seized on them, I realized his desperation.

"Where on earth did you get all this?"

"Never mind, Godfrey. It's our case, that's all."

And that was the situation the day before Jim's trial opened; Laura arriving in the early morning, having left her children for once, and outraged over the whole situation. But not for a moment taking the outcome seriously; coming in from the car, smartly dressed and vocative, followed by that mass of hand luggage which she requires for a twenty-four-hour journey.

"Don't look at me. I'm a mess, but of course I had to come. Of all the ridiculous and pointless accusations! . . . How are you, Joseph? . . . How d'you do, Clara! . . . Charles told me to see that I had an extra bolt on my door! Isn't that like him? . . . That cabinet looks well in there."

Nor did she once consider a possible unfortunate outcome for Jim until the trial began. Then the dignity of the court, the gravity of the counsel for both sides, all the panoply of a trial in which a sovereign state with all its resources is opposed to a single individual in a prisoner's box began to impress her. Our faces, too, must have told her something of our doubts—Judy, pale and thin, and Katherine as if she had been chiseled out of marble.

"Oh, the poor dears!" said Laura. "Somehow I didn't realize it had been like this."

But it was Jim who struck her dumb—Jim, so carefully dressed, so drawn, so isolated. She reached out and caught my hand, and for once she was silent. Silent she remained, through that ghastly impaneling of a jury, which required days, and until the opening speech of the state's attorney. During that speech, however, her color rose and her eyes flashed.

"How dare they?" she muttered. "How dare they?"

I have no space here for that trial, for its heartbreaks and its insufferable, dragging hours and days. Witnesses came and went. The audience—those who had won the daily battle for admission—sat and fanned themselves with hats, handkerchiefs, newspapers. To such few points as told in Jim's favor they were cold; they were united against him, a seething mob of hatred, waiting and furiously hoping for revenge.

Laura said they were like the market women who knitted around the guillotine while the French aristocracy was being executed, and so I felt that they were.

In vain Godfrey Lowell fought, cross-examined, almost wept out of his exhaustion and anxiety; in vain he made the inspector's points, from 1 to 7. The jury was hot and growing weary. Sarah's blood-stained clothing and the sword cane were on the table. They reasoned from cause to effect: He had had the cane; she had threatened his easy-going life; he had been seen where she was killed; he killed her.

Judy's eyes were sunk in her head by the end of the third day, but she remained throughout the trial, from that sonorous opening speech of the district attorney, of which I reproduce only a paragraph or two:

"We will show, gentlemen of the jury, that this unfortunate woman, on the day before she was killed, wrote to this defendant and asked him to meet her on urgent business. A reconstruction of a portion of this letter as shown on her blotter, will be produced in due time. And we will show that she sent this letter. She not only wrote it but she addressed an envelope, and the imprint of this envelope, left on the cuff of that uniform of service which she wore, has been examined by experts and pronounced to be her own handwriting. It has been compared, as the law requires, with valid examples of her handwriting; samples easy to obtain, for this good and faithful friend to this family had for years kept a record of all their illnesses, day by day.

"We will show that on the night of the crime this defendant varied from his ordinary procedure; that he dined early and without dressing, which in this case means that he did not put on a dinner jacket. That is more important than it may sound. There are certain individuals, gentlemen, to whom a dinner without a dinner jacket approaches the unthinkable. It is cataclysmic. And so revolutionary was it in the habit of this defendant that his servant made a mental note of it. Following this early meal—and he ate very little—he went out. He had put on a light golf suit and a pair of heavy shoes, and this suit and these shoes will be shown to you later on, stained with blood; the blood, we fully believe, of this dead woman. . . .

"But there was another and even more terrible, more sinister object in that house that next morning. The sword stick stood once more in the hall, where it had stood before. But this sword stick, or sword cane, gentlemen, had become a matter of intense importance to this defendant. Either on his return the night before, or during that day, or even following the discovery of Sarah Gittings' body, this defendant proceeded furtively and secretly to wash the sword cane. But he could not clean the interior of the sheath. That remained for the experts of our department. They have found human blood in that sheath, and also another object.

"The age of human blood, after a certain period of time, is difficult to determine. My friends of the defense may urge that this blood may be from some ancient duel long since forgotten. But of this other object discovered the age is unquestioned. Adherent to this sheath was a needle from a pine tree, and this needle was fresh, gentlemen of the jury. It came from a particular variety of evergreen to be found only on that slope of the city park down which this unfortunate woman had been dragged. Numbers of similar needles, from similar trees, were found clinging to her clothing on the recovery of the body. And I may add that in the opinion of the experts for the state, this blood inside the sheath was similarly fresh . . ."

Why go on? Bit by bit he built his case, and bit by bit Jim sagged in his chair. When he reached the question of motive, and named Florence Gunther, there was such a stir in the court room that it had to be called to order.

"Now, gentlemen of the jury, it is not our purpose here, directly or indirectly, to try this defendant for the murder of Florence Gunther; but here and there this girl's name will have to enter the record. On the day of this murder, Florence Gunther took from the safe of her employers a certain document, sealed in a brown manila envelope and duly indorsed. This document has disappeared, but its identity has been established."

And with the description of the will which followed, the supplying of the motive, the case was indeed as Godfrey had predicted—over before it commenced.

He fought on doggedly, but what were such things as hairs and fibers to a jury which had already reached its verdict? And we had a blow or two which were unexpected, at that.

One was the proof that Sarah had indeed written the letter to Jim, as claimed by the state. A photograph had been made of her blotter and greatly enlarged, and certain words had come out clearly enough. So far as they could put the words together, allowing for certain undecipherable places, she had written somewhat as follows:

Dear Mr. Blake: I must see you as soon as possible on a very urgent matter. When I tell you that I believe that there is a ——

The first page had ended there, or she had used less pressure, for that was all. And even in this, only certain words were at all clear—"urgent" and "possible" and "believe," for example. But the "Dear Mr. Blake" was beyond dispute.

Katherine, too, had her own particular shock to face. This was the reconstruction of that charred fragment of a letter from her to Jim which had been found in his fireplace.

Your message alarms —— What am I not to say?

She had no warning. She had not expected to be called, and I am sure she had not the slightest idea of what was to confront her on the stand.

"Can you identify this?"

"I don't even know what it is"—putting up her lorgnette and staring down at that flat board, and then lifting her head slightly.

"Do you recognize it now?"

"I think it is something I have written."

"To the defendant?"

"Yes."

"Do you remember when you wrote that?"

"No."

"Or how you sent it? By mail?"

She was under oath, and she would not lie. "By hand."

"By whose hand?"

"By my chauffeur. I was sending certain things to my brother by car, and the letter went with them."

We know now that that was true—that she had had no idea then that Jim's mail was being watched. But on the face of it, the admission was fatal, and when, a little later on, she was asked to explain that sentence and refused, there was little more to be done.

In the eyes of the jury and of the audience that day Katherine had as much as admitted that she knew something about the crime which she was "not to say." And the next question, ruled not competent by the court, was not only designed to show that but had a sinister purpose not lost on the jury or the crowd.

"Did you see your brother the night he went to New York?"

"What night was that?"

"The night of your husband's death."

"I did not," said Katherine haughtily. "He was not in New York that night."

But the effect had been made. The introduction of Charles Parrot was likewise fought, but on the district attorney's statement that he was important to their case, he was put on the stand, and he made his semi-identification.

"He's the same height and the same build," he said, "but he was pretty well covered. It looks like him, but that's as far as I go."

The purpose of the prosecution was then revealed. Judy was unwillingly obliged to say that the telephone call had been apparently from Jim, and Howard's check book was introduced.

It was shown that on the day, or night, of his death he had drawn a check to cash for a thousand dollars. The book was found on his desk in the morning, with the stub so marked. This check had not been presented, but evidence was introduced to show that two days before, Jim had called up a local steamship agency and inquired about sailings.

And underlying all this, brought out again and again, was the sinister reference that when Jim had left the apartment in New York that night, or just before he left, Howard was dead.

Judy made a fine witness, and she got over more than the prosecution allowed to enter the record; she deliberately talked until they stopped her, and I think the jury found her a bright spot in a long day.

"Why hasn't Mr. Waite been murdered?" she asked once, out of a clear sky. "Why wasn't he the first to go?"

And again, relative to the finding of the cipher, she brought a laugh.

"Why did you search that room?"

"I thought the police needed a little help." And after the laugh, and before she could be brought to order: "Why on earth would Sarah hide whatever she did hide, if she was going to tell Uncle Jim about it? She trusted him. She wasn't hiding it from him. Find who she was afraid of and ——"

They stopped her then, and under pretense of getting her handkerchief, I saw her looking at a card in her bag. Evidently she had made some notes on it.

When they took her back to the night of Sarah's death, and the intruder in the house, she was ready for them.

"You didn't see him?"

"No, nor since. He's been breaking in ever since, while Uncle Jim has been locked up. He didn't find what he wanted on Sarah, so he ——"

She was making a valiant effort, but I heard none of her testimony after Godfrey Lowell had read aloud the cipher itself. Laura suddenly caught my arm.

"Elizabeth!" she whispered. "Didn't Sarah tell you about the cabinet?"

"What about it?"

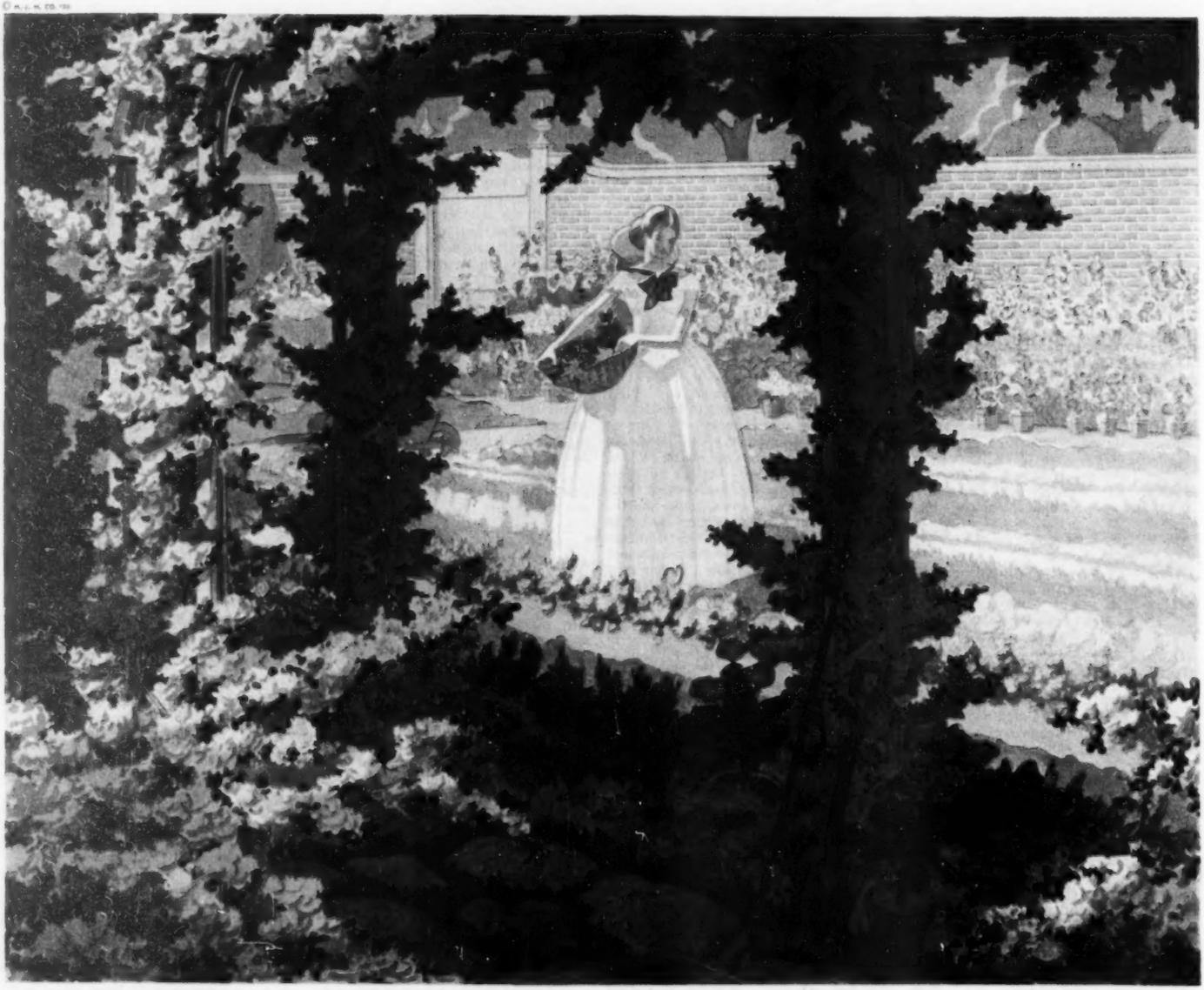
"Let's get out of here. We've got to get home."

It took us some time, however, to escape from that crowded court room. The very

(Continued on Page 123)

The sun-kissed flavor of old gardens

Those were gracious times, those times of an age long past, when meals were unhurried—when the *flavor* of her foods fixed the rank of the hostess. And each housewife had her herb garden where mint, thyme, and sweet marjoram—basil, sage, parsley, and other savory herbs grew. She picked them



when they were in their very prime, on a sun-filled day. Then after they had dried, she stripped the leaves from the stalks, rubbed them through a sieve, and bottled the fragrant powder to make more opulent still her burdened pantry shelves.

Then it was that long spits turned before the clear wood fire—laden with game, with poultry, with legs of mutton, rounds of beef, haunches of venison, while below the basting pans caught those over-abundant juices coaxed out by the ardent flame.

From the rafters near the kitchen chimney hung long brown sides of bacon and fat, russet hams—gathering further flavor from the aromatic wood-smoke. Braids of onions hung in festoons from other rafters; in an oak cask, in a corner of the cool, damp cellar, vinegar was mellowing—gaining through time and contact with the sweet oaken wood, a glorious flavor and bouquet . . .

We have lost this happy manner of living . . . but our taste for *flavor* still persists.

Heinz has done, for many years now, what the modern housewife is no longer able to do—that is, bestow infinite attention and care on *flavor.* Today Heinz Vinegars are mellowed for months in great wooden tanks. What fruity flavor they have—what bouquet! And all the world knows the delightful zest of Heinz Tomato Ketchup—the very essence of plump vine-ripened tomatoes so deliciously spiced . . . And Heinz *Oven-Baked* Beans—tender little bits of flavor so brown, so mealy, so appetizing . . . So it is with every one of the famous 57 Varieties. Each is *unmatched in flavor*, each is wholesome and good.

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The famous "Frigidaire Cold Control"

NOW, for the first time, you can have moist, reviving cold for vegetables and dry, frosty cold for meats and other foods . . . both *in the same cabinet.* You can have the right type of refrigeration for every kind of food. You can enjoy a new convenience in your kitchen. All of these advantages are brought to your home by the new Frigidaire Hydrator . . . now standard equipment on all household Frigidaires.

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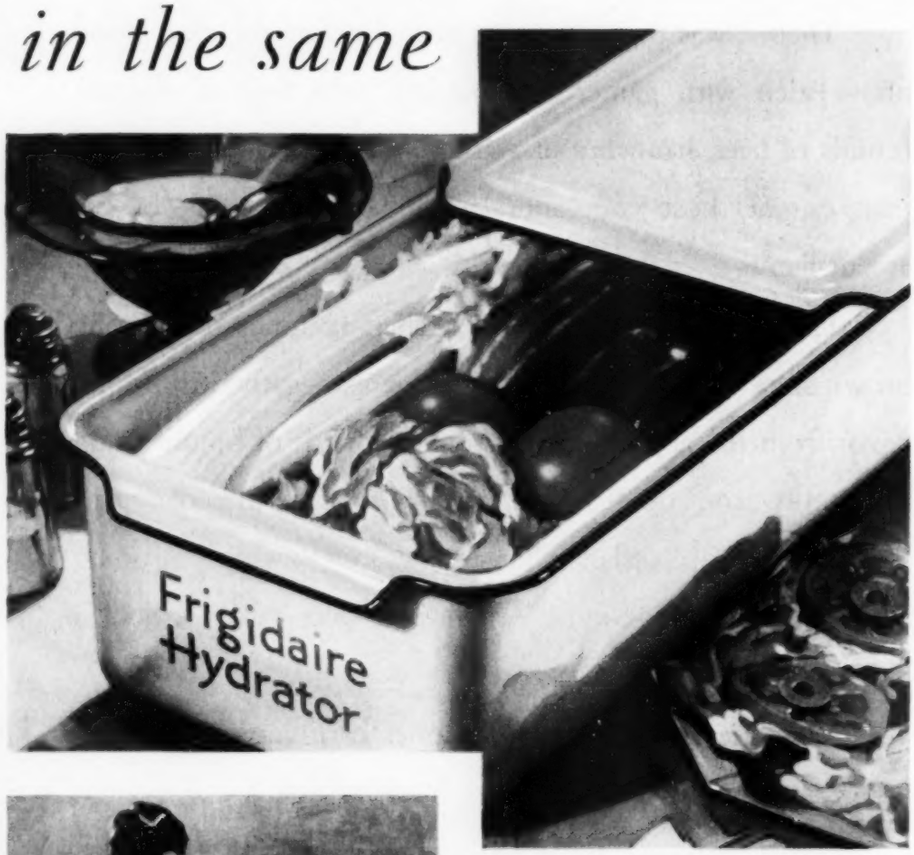
Celery comes out of the Hydrator crisp and brittle. Lettuce takes on a dew-drenched freshness. Tomatoes become firmer. Parsley, cress and other garnishes seem almost to grow again!

You'll want to know more about the Hydrator. And you'll want to know more about the Frigidaire "Cold Control" which enables you to speed the freezing of ice cubes and desserts. You'll want to know more about Frigidaire's surplus power that keeps foods fresher . . . longer. You'll want to see and examine the beautiful cabinets in



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(Continued from Page 119)

doorways and the halls outside them were filled, and when we finally reached the street, Robert had left his car and joined the morbid throng inside the building. Laura was exasperated and almost tearful, and I was not much better. It was Wallie who finally found him for us, and who went with us to the house.

I had my key, for all the servants were at the courthouse, and at first glance everything appeared to be as it should be.

On the way, Laura made her explanation.

"I meant to write you," she said, "but I had some buying for Sarah to do, and so I wrote her. She was to tell you. Why didn't you tell me she had hidden something? It's in the cabinet, of course."

It must have been forty minutes from the reading of the cipher to the time we turned into the drive. Save for a natural urgency to get into the house and find the key to the mystery, I think none of us except Wallie realized the necessity for any haste. And he had his own reasons for not stressing that.

He said very little during the drive. I remember now that he was very white, and that he jerked his shoulder and head even more than usual. But when I had unlocked the front door and opened it, everything seemed quiet and in order. The dogs came to meet us—Isabel with corpulent dignity, Jock effusively. The servants were all at the courthouse and the house was very still.

Laura turned at once to the drawing-room on the left, and as I had restored the key to the cabinet some time before, she unlocked the center door without difficulty.

The cabinet is a fine example of Louis XIV, of satinwood and kingwood. It is really a small secretary—that is, a shelf draws out and forms a writing desk, and above are three doors. The two outer doors are of glass, and behind this glass are my mother's old Chelsea figures. The center door, however, is solid, and on this is fastened a very handsome oval piece of ormolu.

It was the center door which Laura opened, and I then noticed for the first time that this ormolu was fastened to the walnut lining of the door inside by some dozen very small bronze rosettes, ostensibly covering the heads of the screws. There was one in the center also, and thus they formed what might be interpreted as a clock dial.

"Five o'clock right, seven o'clock left, press on six," said Laura, and did so. "Give me your knife, Wallie."

But Wallie's knife had a broken point. I remember that now, although it meant nothing to me at the time; I remember that, and that his hands were shaking when he tried to open it. In the end I had to get my own penknife from my desk, and Laura inserted the blade along the metal binding of the door.

It sprang open, revealing between the inner lining and the front of the door a flat space, the size of the door in area, but hardly more than a half inch in depth.

But that space was empty.

We stared at one another. My disappointment was more than I could bear, and Laura was almost in tears. What Wallie felt I can only surmise. He bent over and examined it, and I saw then that there the lining was badly scratched. Laura saw it too.

"Those weren't there when you got it, were they?"

"I don't think so."

Wallie spoke then, for the first time. "Why should anything be there?" he said. "Somebody was quicker than we were, that's all."

"You mean that this has been done recently."

"Since those directions were read out in court," he replied grimly. "You'll find a window broken somewhere, or a door left unlocked."

He was right. With all of us out of the house, there had been no one to put in place the chain which now supplemented the lock of the kitchen door. The key of that door lay on the floor, as though it had been pushed out from outside and a duplicate or skeleton key had been used. And the door now stood open.

It was that night that Wallie disappeared. I was less surprised than I should have been, perhaps, when he was not in the court room the next morning. On the evening before, at seven o'clock, he had telephoned Judy and told her not to worry.

"I'm going on the stand tomorrow," he said, "and everything will be all right, Judy."

"What do you mean, all right? If everything isn't as wrong as it can be I don't know what it is."

But he said that he was going to testify, and that he had plenty to say. That she was to be ready for a shock, but not to think badly of him. He had got himself into this mess, and he would "take his medicine."

"Go to bed and get a decent sleep," he said. "Let me do the staying awake. And don't worry. Jim Blake isn't going to the chair."

She said later that he was not drunk, she was certain, but that his voice sounded queer.

"I've made up my mind," he finished, "and I feel better for it. It's a clean slate and to hell with what happens, for me."

But he did not appear.

I was bitterly disappointed, and Judy looked puzzled and anxious.

"He lost his nerve," she said. "He'll never tell now, whatever it is that he knows."

But the trial went on, although the papers commented unpleasantly on his absence, and Godfrey Lowell was upset. Still, on the surface at least, Wallie's testimony could neither damn Jim nor save him. Whatever the true story of that pencil in the shaft, the fact remained that Wallie was in my house at ten o'clock, and Jim was in the park.

Things went badly for Jim that day. Amos had not been located, but there was his damaging testimony before the grand jury; and now read into the record, over protest, that the cane had been in the hall until Sarah's body was found, and then disappeared; and that further and damning fact that he had found a bloody handkerchief of Jim's the morning after Sarah's murder and placed it with the soiled clothes; that on listing the laundry the following Monday, he had found, this handkerchief, but that in the interval it had been washed clean and dried.

The accumulated mass of testimony was overwhelming. Nothing could shake the opinion of the experts that Sarah's letter to Jim was in her own hand, or that the drops of blood here and there on his clothing and inside the sword stick were human blood.

"How do you know they are human blood?"

"By the shape and size of the corpuscles. Also by their numbers and groupings."

Indeed, so badly did things go that on the day following Godfrey Lowell at last put Jim himself on the stand. Jim had asked to testify and so he did, although how he thought it would help him nobody can say.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

PASSENGER LIST

(Continued from Page 9)

and disloyalty are active passions, and whether he had taught her, too, that emotional bonds are not cut along with legal ones, or even at the will of the one who is held by them.

There was perhaps something like that in her mind, for she said, "Does every single thing you do ever seem totally unimportant to you, Henry?"

"Not everything. A good deal of it does. And is."

"You know, even being miserable isn't so bad," said Eulalie, "as living in the empty space between suffering and being happy. You are so alone. There's no one anywhere near you."

"I'm sorry."

He was exceedingly sorry. He was hurt for her and with her. She was so young and yet so far ahead of her age—in knowledge of men. It was the perfect moment to expand his affectionate pity into something else more definite and intimate. Henry knew. But he could not feel that he was ready. If she were still in love with Brett, he couldn't help her. It would be better to write to her, put all the shadings of the situation before her and read over what he wrote, to be sure that it said exactly what he meant.

They reached the pier. The space around was clotted with automobiles and trucks with luggage.

"Don't get out, Euly. Thanks for bringing me down."

"Nothing Ludwig can do for you?"

"Not a thing. Merryman's got my stuff aboard."

"Good-by, Henry. I like seeing you. You have such a way of making life keep its temper."

"Oh, I can't always. It's an imperfect, acquired habit."

"I hope you'll be gay abroad."

"I'm going to write you, Euly."

"Good. I adore letters. Good night."

He went on board, still a little up in the air as to whether he had said too much or quite enough, imagining very clearly how Eulalie would return to her father's rich, quiet house which had nothing to offer but refuge. What had she been like with Jim Brett, he wondered? Would he himself, if he married her now, keep wondering that?

The sailing, he found, had been delayed another hour. The reason had something to do with the ambassador, who was coming from a conference in Washington. There were reporters hovering around, looking as disrespectful as men who know too much about other people always can. Photographers still stalked the celebrities, and Aline d'Arcy, her arms piled with roses, gave her professional smile to them as she posed on the gangplank with everyone staring. Stewards stood in the corridors watching to see what the passengers in their charge looked like, and everywhere there were groups of friends around some departing person. There were young fellows who weren't sober who had come from dinner parties. There were girls in evening dress and the usual display of super-smart clothes and indifferent manners. Everyone was excited, calling, going to and fro on errands, spending cordiality freely.

Henry knew the liner and did no exploring beyond checking a few things over with Merryman. Then he went out on the upper deck, lit a cigar and sat down in the shadow of an inoperative smokestack to wait. There was no point in going to bed, for the boat would be noisy until it slipped out into open sea. He wished he had spent another hour with Eulalie. He could have taken her somewhere for supper. There were not many people up here. A few came up to try it, see what it was like. Three expensive-looking girls with lean young men walked by, each girl with an enormous shoulder bouquet of orchids.

"It's too divine," he heard one of them say. "Everyone seems to be on this boat! Everyone I know!"

Henry supposed so.

He saw well-dressed elderly men, pacing and smoking and looking worldly. John Abbott, president of the Sumner Trust, went by, but Henry stayed in his comfortable shadow. He'd run into Abbott quite soon enough. A plainly dressed young woman in black, carrying a jewel case, went by—somebody's personal maid. It was all pretty much what was to be expected among people who could afford to pay what the

(Continued on Page 126)

bite and run?

...chew

for digestion!

Hurry and worry?

Too busy to chew your food properly?

Do something, then, or your digestion is bound to suffer . . .

Chew Beeman's, the real pepsin gum. Dr. Beeman perfected it 30 years ago as the most pleasant aid to digestion.

You'll like its satin-smooth texture and its keen, fresh flavor. For Beeman's is every bit as delicious as it is healthful.

BEEMAN'S
PEPSIN GUM
aids digestion

"... let's do over the

The famous VALSPAR *Boiling Water Test*

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Year in and year out Valspar Finishes have proved their ability to stay like *new*. Neither weather, wear, nor boiling water can make *Valspar* surrender!

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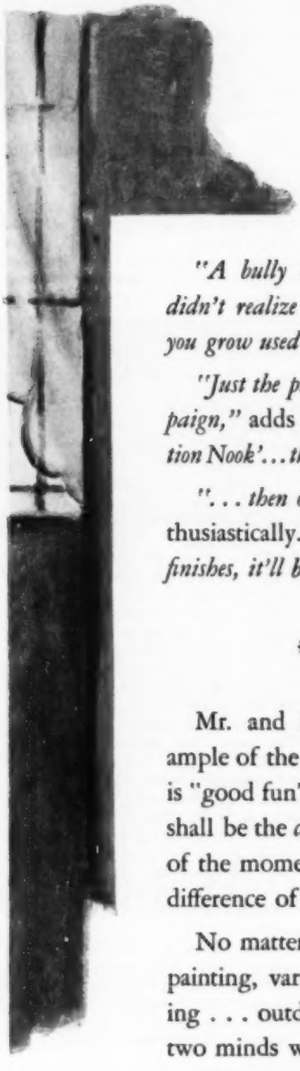
Breakfast Nook, VAL!"



"A bully idea," replies Mr. Valspar. *"I didn't realize it looked so shabby. Funny how you grow used to things."*

"Just the place to begin our Spring color-campaign," adds Mrs. Val. *"We'll call it 'Inspiration Nook'... then the kitchen, and sonny's room..."*

"... then on to my den," concludes Val enthusiastically. *"And say, with four-hour Valspar finishes, it'll be a cinch! Let's start today."*

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Valspar are a typical example of the young married set. Everything is "good fun" when it means that their home shall be the *cozier* for it. And when the plan of the moment is "finishing" there's never a difference of opinion . . .

No matter what the program may be . . . painting, varnishing, enameling or lacquering . . . outdoors or indoors . . . there are two minds with but a single thought. *Valspar!*

The "nook" transformed, simply by using 4-hour Valspar Enamel and Valspar Flat Wall Paint, and by dying the curtains. Picture your breakfast nook or kitchen after a Valspar visit.

Valspar has become a necessity to almost everyone today. The newly married and those well along on Anniversary Path select Valspar because they want *quality* . . . Because they want a finish that suits their momentary needs—and has the *extra* security of long water-proof, wear-proof, weather-proof service . . . Because they want a finish that gives them *real* beauty and an honest-to-goodness range of colors—and valiantly resists accidents, wear and weather. And that means *only Valspar!*

Don't forget! Besides Clear Varnish, Enamel and Lacquer, there is a complete line of House Paints, Flat Wall Paints, Porch and Floor Paints. All are *Valspar!* All are the shortest cut to satisfaction that you can take.

FINISHES

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Cleans Teeth as Nothing Else Can

For Cleaner, Whiter Teeth . . . do as your dentist does, when he cleans your teeth—use POWDER

There is nothing known that will clean and polish teeth so quickly and leave them so gleaming white—as POWDER.

Science has found nothing to take its place.

That is why your dentist, when cleaning your teeth, as you know—always uses powder.

As powder is the essential cleansing part of any dentifrice; a dentifrice that is...ALL POWDER . . . just naturally cleans best.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder IS ALL POWDER—100% cleansing properties. This is more than twice the cleansing properties of tooth pastes.

Dull Teeth Become White

For over SIXTY YEARS—dentists everywhere have prescribed Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder, because—teeth simply cannot . . . remain dull and film coated when it is used.

It cleans off all stains and tartar, and polishes the teeth in a harmless and practical way that leaves them sparkling—many shades whiter.

No Pumice—No Grit

Being an ALL POWDER dentifrice, Dr. Lyon's contains nothing to injure the gums. It is free from all grit or pumice and cannot possibly scratch, or injure, the softest enamel, as years of constant use have shown.

Dr. Lyon's is the only dentifrice old enough to prove that it can preserve teeth for life.

Neutralizes Acids

In addition to cleansing, it is probably the greatest neutralizer known for ACID MOUTH, being many times more effective than other anti-acids.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder keeps your teeth REALLY CLEAN and clean teeth mean—firm, healthy gums, maximum freedom from pyorrhea and the least possible tooth decay.

Brush your teeth with Dr. Lyon's regularly—consult your dentist periodically—and you will be doing ALL that you can possibly do, to protect your teeth.

Lasts Longer—Costs Less

Once you use Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder, you will never be satisfied to use anything else. It leaves your teeth feeling so much cleaner, your mouth so refreshed, and your breath so sweet and pure.

Dr. Lyon's is not only doubly efficient, but it costs . . . only half as much . . . to use. Even a small package lasts twice as long as a tube of tooth paste.

In use over 60 years

(Continued from Page 123)

Venus expected and asked for carrying people across the Atlantic in unremitting luxury. There were a few people who didn't seem to fit, of course. There always were. The sensitive-looking Jewish boy leaning over the rail and watching the crowd with a frowning, unsympathetic intentness, as if he were already forming his impressions into iambic hexameters. The quite fat, dowdy woman and the thin, perky little man and the girl in a thin summer dress with a pink quilted coat were out of place too. They were exploring. They started up the stairs to the lookout and came down in nervous haste, after running into a "no admittance" sign.

"I guess we'd just better wait here," advised the fat woman. "Kitty said the top deck."

"It's the best of everything," the man said. "I suppose this is the best that's going. I suppose there isn't anything in the way of sea travel that's any better than this."

"Isn't it wonderful?" exclaimed the girl. "Oh, that sky! That moon! And the way the people look. Oh, I wish I were going."

"You just wait," answered the fat woman kindly. "You wait your time, Jessie. Kitty did, you know."

The girl gave a long sigh of impatience. "Kitty's one person and I'm another. She always gets what she goes after."

"They sit out here," said the little man, explaining everything, "and they watch the ocean all day long. Nothing to do but take their ease."

Henry liked them. That last phrase came from an Irish imagination. They were having such an honest, open-eyed, good time out of all this.

"Where's Kitty?"

"She said she had to see about getting a chair on the deck. They're not free, you know, mother."

"You mean they have to pay extra for those long wooden chairs with no cushions?"

"Sure you do. And Kitty says that it matters a lot where your chair is."

"That's wicked. You'd certainly think that chairs would be free to all."

Henry had often felt that way about it. He was sympathetic.

"Kitty's spending her money too free," said the fat woman.

"Well, she earned it," said the girl.

"No one begrudges it to her," said the mother tolerantly. "She's a dear, generous girl. And the lovely coat she gave me! There she is now. She ought to put that fur around her neck."

Her voice had a kind of wondering pride in it. Henry, deep in his chair, couldn't help looking. Kitty was a very pretty silhouette as she came along. She didn't look like the other three. Clearly she was the flower of the flock, and rather an unusual flower. She went further than being conventionally well dressed. She was out to make people stare. Her coat might be black like most of the other traveling clothes smart women wore, but its little cape came close under her chin and evidently fastened in the back. Only a girl with so definite and beautifully curved a chin would dare that severe line and know it would help her. The great beige fox fur on her arm gave her elegance, and three pinkish gardenias in a row on her shoulder proved that she had admiration.

Henry recognized her first because of her mouth. How out of proportion she made it, like a modernist painting which had some idea to which all others must be sacrificed! It was, he saw, the same girl whom he had seen in the office of the Gallic Line.

He had a moment of amused curiosity as he watched the incongruous group. They were obviously fond of one another.

"Oh, Kitty, you do look so wonderful!" said the younger girl.

"Think so?" asked Kitty rather eagerly. "Well, I will say I've not seen anything like this coat anywhere on board ship. We're sailing a little late, but all visitors really have to go ashore pretty soon. I wish you didn't have to go."

She meant that, at least as she said it. There was affection for all three of them in her tone.

"My, it's just wonderful," said Jessie. "You're going to have a marvelous time."

"I certainly hope so. I never could have taken this boat if the other one hadn't been decent enough to burn. And I've always wanted to go on this one. It is such fun to get the very best there is."

"That's what I always say," said the little man; "that's what I like. You get that from me."

She could only have been given the desire for the best and not the acquisition of it by her father, from the look of him, thought Henry.

Jessie was speaking again, out of her enthusiasm:

"Think of being on the boat with Aline d'Arcy, Kitty!"

"Regina Snow too."

"No!"

"Yes. And she looks just the way she did in the Follies. They've been photographing her down below. And Mrs. Jefferson Bayly, with two little dogs that look like muffs. You know. You see her picture in all the fashion magazines at Palm Beach and Newport and those places, and advertising cold cream. There are all sorts of society people on. And the best-looking men!"

"You'll probably get to know all of them, Kitty."

Kitty laughed. It was an adventurous little sound.

"You can't tell," she said.

Then she seemed to forget herself in her responsibility for her family's entertainment.

"Well, you've seen my cabin. Of course it isn't very large, but it's wonderful the way they fit things in, isn't it?"

"I wish you had a window in it," said her mother. "It seems as if it would be easier to get out if anything happened."

"For my part," said the thin little man, "I should say those inside cabins are probably the best on the ship."

The girl in black laughed.

"They aren't the most expensive anyway. But I won't be in it much and I've got it to myself. Come on, let's go down again. It's awfully pretty from here, but I want you to see the place where they dance. It's all lined with mirrors and the floor is like glass. You'd love it, Jessie, the way you like to dance. And there's a library too. You'd like to see that, father. Let's take one more look around before you have to go off."

She slipped an arm in the fat woman's, who said, "Now, Kitty dear, you don't want to be dancing all the time. You want to get a good rest every night."

"Don't worry about me, mother. And now be sure, if you need anything, you write me."

They were out of earshot by that sentence, and soon beyond the curve of the deck. Henry did not stir. He was meditating the illusions of that girl. She didn't know, of course, that of all snobbish places on earth an ocean liner could be about the worst. But then, the girl was crossing alone and she had style. If she put up a front she might get a kind of attention.

The excitement on the pier rose to crescendo. Hundreds of partings merged into the tie that was being broken between land and water as the great liner moved, not restlessly but as if her going were inevitable and the time had come for it. The adventure, which never quite ceases to be adventure, of people sharing a boat on an ocean, had begun again. Peril might be minimized, but peril there might be, even in a June crossing. Farewells were a little more than casual. But to Henry it did not seem adventure. He was glad to get started, and that was all. After a little he went below to the smoking room to get some cigarettes before he went to his room.

He was in the big gilded hall around which the stairs circled, when the sight of a passenger gave him an unpleasant surprise.

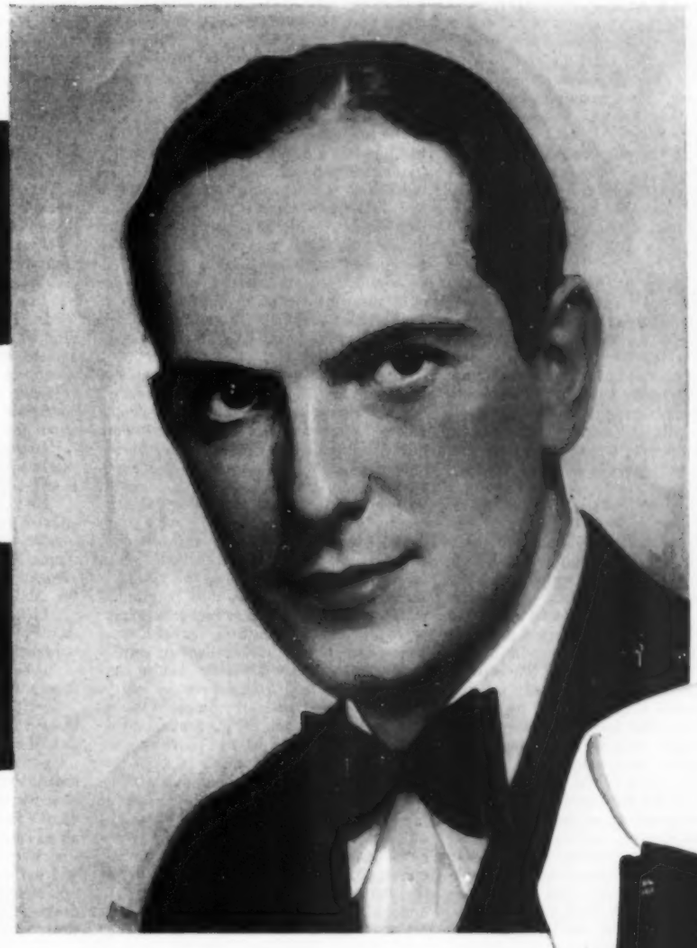
(Continued on Page 128)

GLENN TRYON

Here's Glenn Tryon and his famous smile. He is making a tremendous hit in the Universal talking-comedy "Skinner Steps Out."

JOHN BOLES

Another Universal star who caps his successes in "The Desert Song" and "Rio Rita" with his newest picture "La Marseillaise."



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***in* "THE NIGHT RIDE" *and* "SHOW BOAT"**
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(Continued from Page 126)

The man was half turned away, but the light curly hair and the rather braggadocio manner were highly individualized in Henry's memory. For a moment he hoped that he was wrong. Then he saw the man laugh and knew that his first guess had been right. He frowned and went back to his cabin. That was one encounter which he particularly did not want, and it looked as if there were small chance of avoiding it. He hadn't expected to be on the same boat with Jim Brett, who used to be Eulalie's husband.

In the course of its three years afloat, the dining room of the Venus had exhibited as beautiful women, as remarkable clothes and as fine foods as were to be found anywhere in the world. There was a café in addition, of course, but to eat in the dining room was the boat's tradition. There were those to whom dining on the Venus was a trial, especially if, lacking confidence in themselves, they were not yet content to be merely spectators of the display. It was a very cleverly decorated room, which seemed in the daytime to be very spacious and almost simple, with its silver and gray and gold coloring, and at night caught every gleam of electric light, splintering it into brilliance. It was a room which aided and abetted impressive entrances. One stairway from the deck above was inside the room itself—an immensely broad staircase on which beauty could display itself, and fame and distinction parade. There were side doors, too, of course, through which a passenger could enter quietly if he had no taste for even that much drama and only hunger brought him to the dining room. Everything had been considered.

At seven o'clock of the first night out, the seating at all the tables had been settled by one of the great diplomats of the world. The steward had done his tactful work, satisfying debutantes and arrogant old ladies, placating plump and unattractive women who did not want to be in the corners which would best conceal them, reserving center tables for the great and allowing celebrity or talent literally to wrap itself in its napkin only if it insisted. At seven o'clock the dining room shone and glittered. The menus folded on the tables offered sustenance and delicacy, elegance and plenty, in two languages. The head wine waiter's cheeks shone pink, as a wine waiter's properly should. There was a plethora of service, and a perfect hierarchy kept it in formation.

At three minutes past seven o'clock Mrs. Russell Legrand, who liked to eat on time and made her own rules, entered with her paid companion and was shown to an excellent table. At the same hour Mrs. John Winton, who had been hurrying her husband because the bells had announced that dinner was available, came in with him, and would have been glad to go out again when she saw that only two others had appeared. A bishop followed shortly with his wife, a tall lady in black whose diamonds and net dinner dress showed that she saw no reason why episcopacy should be unfashionable. A bride and groom who were beginning their honeymoon without thought of expense came next, looking as if they were full of secrets and too much excited at finding each other in this new environment to notice much else. Henry Carle came in soon after.

He had told the steward that he preferred a table by himself, mentioned it in one brief sentence without explanation. The steward knew the manner which had a right to authority. He had arranged to have a table for two made into a table for one, with the result that a wealthy, elderly globe-trotter was farther in the wings of the dining room than he might otherwise have been. As for Henry, though his table was reasonably conspicuous, he himself never was. He had no self-consciousness, so it was impossible for him to be so. In five minutes after he had taken his place, the head waiter knew that this was someone who could recognize good service as well as the lack of it; the table waiter realized that he was attending a person who, in spite of his easy ways, could not be neglected; and the wine waiter was aware that the handsome man at Table 15 had ordered wines before, and knew what he was about when he did it.

Henry bowed to Mrs. Legrand. There was no getting out of that, though it would probably mean spending several hours during the voyage listening to her autocratic and intolerant comments on her fellow passengers. Still, she was the kind of dowager he liked, with no jealousy of the young and fundamentally as generous as autocratic. He discussed the Burgundies with the wine waiter, ordered a bottle of 1906 Richebourg, and began his dinner, paying very little attention to the successive entrances.

The next table on his left was a table of six covers, and, as it began to fill up, Henry's casual observation told him that the people whom the steward had assigned to it were not traveling together. There was a bored-looking, beautifully dressed, youngish woman, well used to her emeralds, and an insolent-looking man who appeared to be her husband. They looked as if the burden of proof that the world was worth living in was on the world as far as they were concerned. There was a young man with a slight beard and a great deal of manner with waiters, whom Henry recognized from press pictures as the author, David Evans. There was a plump, affluent-looking gentleman who evidently knew the author and made what introductions were necessary. It rather interested Henry to see that the fifth person who took her place at the table was the girl whom he had already seen twice. He had not been aware of the slightest continued curiosity about her until he felt a surprised pleasure from having it further satisfied. She was really out of the ordinary, far ahead of the run of pretty girls. It amused him to see heads turn and eyes question as to who she might be, as she came across the room. Her hair was done plainly, lifted above her ears and drawn straight back—as if to prove that what would have made another woman ugly only showed her beauty off—and then, deliberately released, it broke into curls shining black at the back of her neck. Her high-waisted dress was the yellow green of a lettuce heart, and her earrings long and crystal. She had no other jewelry, and needed none.

The other woman at the table looked her over with a shade of criticism and was rather insufficiently cordial, as if reserving judgment. But the men were interested at once, even the bored-looking husband. They became more conversational and the girl led them on. Henry could see at once that she got along better with the men than the woman. And it did not please him at all to see that the vacant place at the table—the one next to the girl—was about to be taken by Jim Brett, who was coming negligently toward it. "No doubt in the world," thought Henry, with his eyes still very incidentally on the neighboring company, "that Brett is one of the handsomest men extant, and one of the least reliable. Eulalie surely couldn't have hoped that such a man would even try to make her happy very long." But it was never any work for him to make people like him. The miscellaneous group at the table was blending under the influence of his charm. Brett had plenty of that when he chose to use it. And he was using it now because of the girl called Kitty.

Brett caught his glance, and a flash of hostility came into his own. He nodded.

"Hello, Henry," he said briefly, and Henry returned the greeting with no extension.

Brett introduced him to the girl. He brought her into the Persian Garden much later in the same evening. The Persian Garden was a glorified smoking room, and Henry, finding it quieter than the other bar, which was very near the room where there was music and dancing, was idling through a whisky-and-soda before going to bed. He had no chance of escape, even if he had wanted one. Brett was swaggering, and in one of those moods which demanded attention. He didn't care whether Henry liked him or not. He meant to intrude upon him.

"All by yourself, Henry? Hard luck. Or do you like it that way? Guess you do, don't you?"

The girl smiled. "She has all the right mechanism for happiness," thought Henry. "She responds to everything."

"I want you to meet Miss Parrish. . . . Henry Carle is the gentleman's name. You'd better use his last name, Kitty. He's not like me. Mr. Carle of New York and Paris. In New York he is a lawyer. The kind who will adjust your estate if it is big enough, but not your divorce. Don't run around to him with that."

Henry let it pass. He said something courteous and commonplace to the girl about the voyage.

"I saw you in the ticket office. I knew you were going to be on this boat," she answered.

"He's a cold fish," remarked Brett. "Don't waste any time on him, Kitty."

But Kitty was wasting a little. She was giving Henry that look which tried to be arrogant and only succeeded in being hopeful. This time he liked it better.

"I hear Jean's living in Vienna. Her work seems to be looking up," said Brett, attacking from another angle.

"I hear it well spoken of," answered Henry without a tremor.

It was odd. He knew it was an insult, knew that the reference to his wife, who had tired of him and gone off with another man, who seemed able to hold her, was meant to draw blood. But none had come. Henry's mind was drawn off, instead, toward a new discovery. He seemed to know all at once why Brett was so vicious. It was not his careless, exhibitionist mood which Henry had seen before, and it was not merely the egotistic selfishness which drove other people's feelings into the discard.

"He's unhappy," Henry thought. "The fellow's all shot to pieces. This girl isn't really diverting him."

She was trying to. She thought she was. It must have been all as she had dreamed it would be—a glamour of evening clothes, amazing settings, strange men, dancing. But she wasn't getting off on the right foot, and Henry knew it. She couldn't by letting Brett annex her. He would be amused and interested just as long as it pleased him, and that might not be very long. He wondered how many other partners the girl had had tonight. On a voyage it was better to build things up a little, go a little slow. People shook down after a day or two and began to study the passenger list and figure out who was who.

He had an impulse to ask her to dance with him and changed his mind.

"Good night," he said.

"Better stay and have a drink with us," suggested Brett.

"No, thanks. I've a little work to do. I must be getting at it."

Henry was not lying. He had something in mind which he intended to do, though perhaps "work" was a misnomer. It had been borne in on him, ever since last night, that he should write Eulalie at once, now that he had seen Brett again. There were a great many people who said that Eulalie would go back to Jim Brett even now if he wanted her. That really should be guarded against. In his very luxurious room, Henry sat down to pen and paper. He knew what was to be said. But it was surprising that, as he sat there, his mind should play him another trick and fasten on Kitty Parrish, where it did not belong. He wondered what that girl was really like. Anyone who responded so to pleasure and happiness would probably do the same to pain. She was, under her dramatization of herself, probably a very simple, excited girl. Somehow he knew she was just that. She should

(Continued on Page 132)

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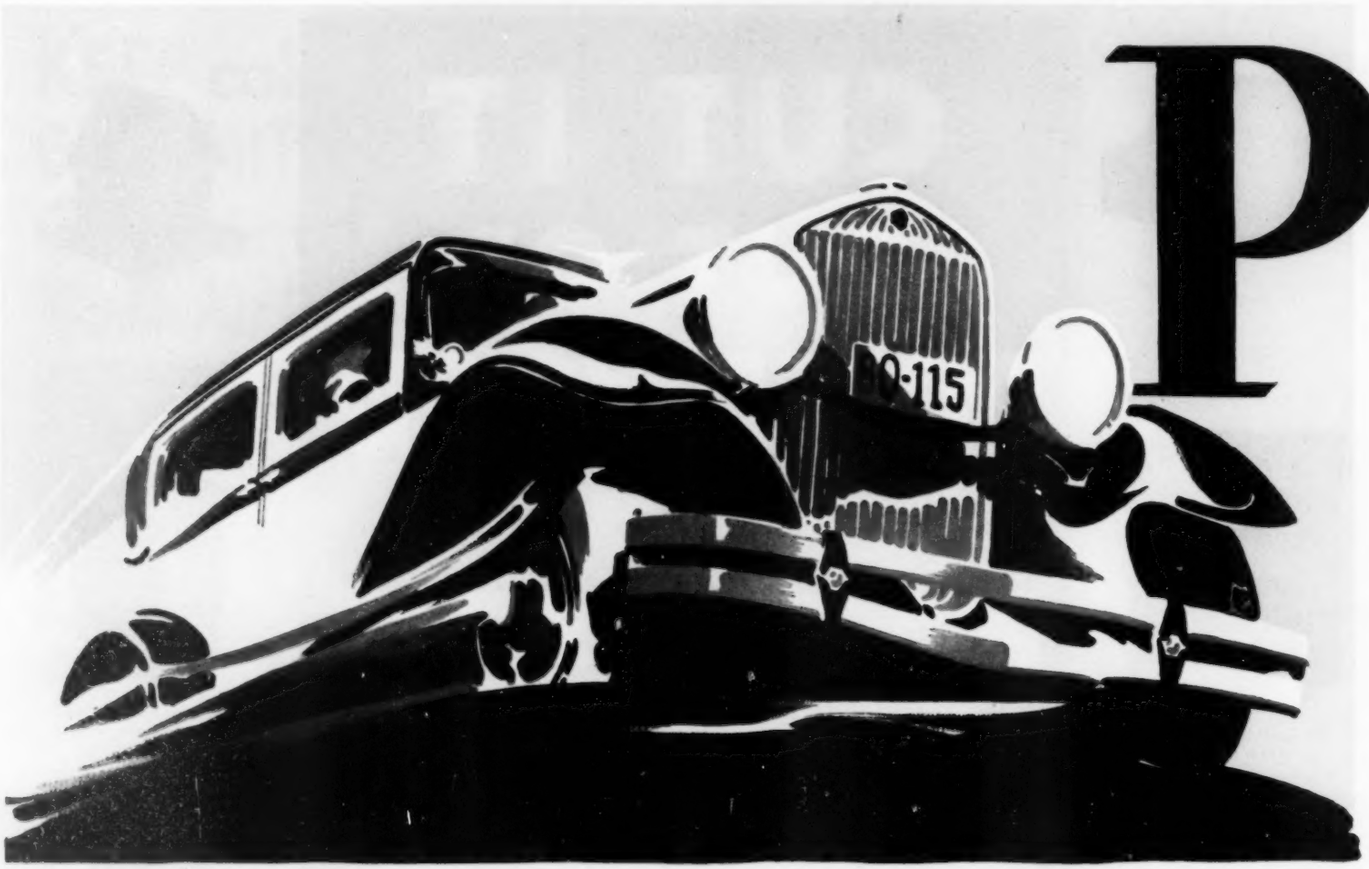

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TOWER'S TRADE MARK FISH BRAND

(Continued from Page 128)

be protected. With a slight sense of being a fool, he came back to his letter.

When the passenger list appeared, as it did next day, with the ship's picture riding the cover and the names of some seven hundred first-class and five hundred second-class people printed within it, there was no longer any mystery about Katherine Parrish. That was her name; but who was she? Nobody seemed to know. She was before very long known by the kindliest as that striking-looking girl who was always with Jim Brett, who had been divorced by his wife last year for plenty of cause. That was no recommendation, and on that voyage a recommendation was necessary. There were too many celebrities, too many beautiful girls, too many famous names on the passenger list, for competition to be easy for the unknown.

Such a name as that of Aline d'Arcy, carried by its own weight of notoriety, and the sight of the tall, overblond singer coming down the deck, wrapped in incredibly thin furs and apparently pinned together with orchids, inspired a steady interest. Miss d'Arcy had the well-trained manners of celebrity. She appeared but seldom. She danced a few dances and stopped, and she was well protected from autograph hunters by her several admirers.

The motion-picture actress, Regina Snow, whose beautiful back was almost completely on display every night, was alluring even if tawdry. Mary Siena took her up, and Mary Siena was one of New York's most startling debutantes of the previous year. There was an anti-Siena school among the younger group, of course, but they all had claims of their own. There was also Mrs. Louis Knight III, who spent practically all her time with the Princess Marasov. There was Carlos Hanna, who was undoubtedly a great sculptor and could not be bothered with anyone except his secretary, who paced the deck with him; who never seemed to look at any woman, and whose amazing and beautiful female nudes had just been photographed and reproduced in one of the magazines in the library. There was Doctor Bagnell, the psychoanalyst, who surprised everyone who did not know him by being young, clean-shaven and amusing.

There were other notables by dozens, headed by the ambassador, who did not appear on deck, for physical reasons, and the ambassadress, who occasionally did, wearing a faintly tired ready-for-the-public smile. There were at least sixty people whom the press would always be glad to photograph or run interviews about, if they were obtainable. There were a hundred or more in desperate pursuit of the sixty. There were almost six hundred others who were a vastly paying semi-audience, happily watching the actors, talking about them, lying in deck chairs and seeing the show, dancing, and sitting on the edges of the grand salon, or at tables in the dining room. They sorted, sifted, compared and salted away memories of the great and near great.

Henry Carle did not go unnoticed. Too many people knew who he was or how rich he was, that his sister had married a title, or that he had married Jean Bishop. There was no forgetting Jean Bishop, who wore out marriages as if they were silk stockings. She liked publicity too well. It had been romantically exciting that such a man as Henry Carle had fallen in love with her, and still more exciting that they hadn't made a go of it.

But Henry was impervious to any attention he was given. He had learned that one can pretend to a thick skin, and that it is the best substitute for having one. He walked a good deal, and ate carefully selected meals, and chose the people to whom he talked with the same care. Every now and then, on deck or in the great halls, he met Katherine Parrish and exchanged a few words with her. He knew now that she was equally beautiful in black chiffon and gold tissue, in a sweater suit or a tweed coat, rather too beautiful for a girl who seemed to know no one on the ship except men. Henry never saw her, during those first three days, with a woman. He had noticed the almost immediate withdrawal of the bored-looking young matron from the table next to him. She did not appear on the second day in her assigned place. It might have been seasickness, he had thought and vaguely hoped, until he saw her on deck talking to a group of people and later lunching at a different table, where the places had been crowded together to take care of her. She did not come back, and her husband rarely appeared. It left the girl with only men for companions, and David Evans seemed to have found bigger game; for he, too, only came to the table for breakfast. The other man, after a day or two, left Kitty more or less to Brett, and Brett's attention to her had a trace of showing it off to spite everyone.

On the third night Henry had dined with the Wallace Hayneses, who had most of their meals served in their sitting room. Later, after several rubbers of bridge, he had done what he seldom did—gone in to take a look at the dancing. He had even taken one of the debutantes he had met in the winter out on the floor and listened to her brisk little comments. But he really heard only one of them.

She had said, "Who is that girl, do you suppose?"

He asked which one she meant, though he knew.

"The one in the gold dress."

"She's a good-looking girl."

"Do you think so? I heard somebody say that she was a regular out-and-outer."

"What's that?"

"Go on. You can't hand me that line. But she is handsome and she has good clothes, but she doesn't know anybody, and nobody seems to want to know her except men." The girl became worldly. "Men always know that kind of a woman by instinct."

Henry wanted to box her ears. He did jerk her a little.

"Probably she's just a nice, attractive girl."

"They say she spends most of her time with Jim Brett. I think he's fascinating, but isn't he supposed to spoil them quickly? What ever did happen to his wife? Did she die or something?"

Henry released her as soon as possible, with a courtesy which only barely shielded distaste. He disliked these clattering girls who licked their lips at the thought of vice and didn't know that Eulalie was alive. For all their talk of freedom, they were as cruel and hidebound as the older ones. They all drew away from that slender figure in gold. They'd leave her to starve for a courtesy, or they'd leave her to Jim Brett, which was worse. He had to remind himself that it was none of his business, and then he felt as if he were getting the worst of an argument. He had watched Kitty Parrish at dinner. She had come in before anyone else appeared at her table. The plump man and Brett hadn't come until she was half through. She had looked pretty well abandoned, though occasionally a passing man stopped to speak to her.

Brett had been dancing with her in here, and now both of them had disappeared. Henry went around for a few times with young Mrs. Beltran, whom he liked. Then he lost interest and went out on deck.

His cabin was on one of the upper decks and so was his steamer chair, not in one of the orderly rows but put in a sheltered corner, and the steward had been bribed not to put it away at night. He said to himself, for the hundredth time, that if he were going to get that letter off to Eulalie—the half-written one—it must be thought out. Neither of them must have any pretenses in another marriage, if they should decide to try one. And not too many hopes. He didn't really believe he could make a woman happy. Jean had somehow taken that hope out of him.

As he rounded the corner he saw with annoyance that his chair was occupied. He was about to turn back when something familiar in the dress and coat drew him on. That gold dress was surely one he'd seen before tonight.

"Is this your chair?" she asked, half getting up as he passed.

"It's quite all right. I'm not using it."

"Not when I'm in it," said Kitty; "you can't."

"No, please don't get up." He stood and smiled down at her. "Beautiful girls don't give chairs to men."

"But you came out to be alone here."

"How about you?"

He was surprisingly elated at finding her there, entirely ready for a little light conversation. But she could not sustain it.

"Yes, I came to be alone. I wish I could sit here and not stir until we get to the dock. I wish I could wait until everyone else is off and then get off without anybody seeing me."

Her words were harsh, and human feeling whipped raw drove them out. Henry held himself carefully in check.

"That's unsociable," he remarked.

"You think the people on this boat are sociable? Or friendly?" she asked.

"It sounds like it down below."

"That's all right if you know people. It's all right for you."

"Then why not know them?"

"Because they don't want to know me. Nobody does. I suppose nobody will. Oh, you can't imagine how it feels! I think of the money I've wasted! I've been a fool. But I'm just as good as anybody else. I don't care if they don't want to know me. I'm not ashamed of being myself in the least."

Henry said, with perfect truth: "I want to know you."

He sat down on the foot rest of the chair and looked at her, both dim and bright in the moonlight. He had a sense of being close to someone real, someone who could be comforted and, therefore, was strangely comforting to him. He had never been able to comfort Jean. He had not comforted Eulalie.

"What do you want to know about me?" she asked, and the life came back into her voice.

"Oh, everything. What you do. What you work at. What you think of all these new things you're seeing."

She laughed, a deliciously clear laugh, straight out of humor.

"And I thought you were a terrible snob. I didn't think you'd ever be interested in fashion designing. I thought you were about the most snobbish person on this boat. Jim Brett said so."

"You mustn't take his judgment on me."

"I don't take his judgment on anything. It's terrible to see a man so unhappy though. I don't see why he doesn't go back to his wife. Do you know her?"

"Yes. I know her very well. He made her frightfully unhappy."

"Yes, but if he loves her, they're better together," said Kitty Parrish; "and he has his good points. He's not mean. Doesn't she care for him?"

"I guess she does."

"Well, I told him that he'd better go back to her," Kitty said, "and he said that if he didn't lose his nerve, he'd cable her and ask if she'd have him."

Henry stiffened. He thought of that cable breaking into the Mason household. If the cable went tonight, his letter would be too late, wouldn't ever be sent.

"He won't lose his nerve. That doesn't happen to Jim," he answered.

"I suppose you think I'm a very interfering sort. I haven't any right to, I know."

"There aren't any rules for interfering," said Henry. "People who claim that they have a right, only seem to make trouble. I suppose it's a question of who sees straight. But since you know so much about these things, tell me this: If a man failed once to make a woman happy, do you think he'd ever make a success of it with another woman? I've wondered a lot about that."

"Doesn't it depend on why he failed? Maybe he didn't really love her, and maybe

(Continued on Page 134)

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(Continued from Page 132)

she didn't care for you," Kitty told him, mixing her pronouns into an indiscreet mass. She went on with conscious bravery: "Perhaps you'd better send a cable first, if you feel that way about that girl."

"What girl?"

"The one who used to be Jim Brett's wife. I think Jim knows you're in love with her too. It's why he doesn't like you."

"I'm not," said Henry. "I'm not in love with anyone. I think I'm not. But I'm beginning to feel that perhaps I have unused capabilities. Let's drop talking about me. Let's talk about you."

"It will work back to you," she said. "You'll see."

Mrs. Wallace Haynes, approached in her morning walk on the promenade deck by Henry Carle, whom she liked, said she'd be very glad to accept his invitation.

"But why not have dinner in our room," she asked, "where we can be by ourselves? Bring your friend along."

"No," said Henry, "let's have it in the dining room and not be by ourselves. I'll have a couple of tables put together and let the steward give us a thrill. He's got some really excellent champagne. Will you walk around once more? I'd like to have you meet this friend of mine."

Kitty, rising from her deck chair and glowing with pleasure under an angora béret, was a friend to be proud of. And Mrs. Haynes did not probe for credentials. She liked Kitty's looks, though she didn't remember having seen her before.

"Your family lives in New York?" she asked.

"My mother and father and sister," said Kitty.

"And such a pretty sister," remarked Henry casually.

It was very little to say, but it gave Mrs. Haynes exactly the right impression and attitude. Speaking of it afterward to someone who asked a little dubiously who Kitty was, she said, "Henry knows her and her family. Nice people."

That was what Henry thought. His little dinner that night gave him great pleasure. It was not only the curious catch in his feelings as he watched the gay, glowing face of the girl in white chiffon who was at the opposite end of the table, where he had carefully placed her. It was not because his guests included young Mrs. Beltran and Mrs. Louis Knight III and their husbands, nor because the Princess Marasov joined them for coffee with Aline d'Arcy, nor because he knew that the bored-looking young matron was looking a little disturbed, as if her insolent boredom had cost her something, nor because he'd even included Jim Brett, who was riding on the clouds since he had received an answer to his cable and was returning on the next boat to joy, if not happiness.

For none of those reasons. Henry's pleasure was because he hoped and was rather sure that there would be many more of these proud little dinners. He liked that half question in Kitty Parrish's eyes. Jean's confident, provocative eyes were not troubling him, nor were the tired, unbelieving ones of Eulalie. For the first time a woman seemed to be asking him to make her happy, and believing he could do it. And so, perhaps, he could.

UP THE LADDER OF GOLD

(Continued from Page 27)

has won a mille at baccarat. I have lost another trick in the great game, but the moon is rising, and I have courage. Come and join us, Tellesom. You live too much in the shadows. I shall not let Chloe flirt with you, but we can find others."

She laughed gayly. She was very happy to be back once more in her beloved France. She smiled up into Tellesom's face.

"I think that monsieur can find all the companions he desires for himself," she cried, "and if he seems sad—ah, who can tell how an Englishman feels? Perhaps he is gay inside."

"Pooh, pooh!" Behrling scoffed. "What is the good of that? Gayety of the spirit should make a froth of words, like the bubbles in a glass of champagne. Join us, Tellesom."

The latter waved his hand and summoned a waiting automobile.

"Some day, if you ask me again," he promised, "I will spend an evening with you and learn something about life."

With his foot upon the step of the automobile, he chanced to look backward. Felix Behrling was standing underneath the arched lamp of the narrow entrance. The trees drooped low about it, and in the tangle of lights and shadows it seemed to Tellesom—never an overimaginative person—that the real Behrling was suddenly revealed. The laugh remained, the parted lips, the head thrown back, but it was the laugh of a satyr, the mocking, leering gibe of one conscious of the near approach of evil things. Larger and grosser than ever, the man seemed to loom there, with the little fragment of artificial womanhood clinging seductively to his arm—a powerful, threatening figure, the embers of whose gayety were fanned by that flicker of malignant triumph.

Tellesom was never sure whether or no Behrling spoke, or whether he fancied the words which seemed to come from the thick, sensual lips:

"We may teach you something, too, of death."

They disappeared, Chloe singing gayly, her huge companion humming a bass refrain. Tellesom withdrew his foot from the step of the automobile and listened for a moment to a word or two whispered into his ear by a man who had slipped from the shadows, and who, his message delivered, drifted away out of sight.

"You can return to the hotel," Tellesom directed the chauffeur. "I am going back to the Casino for an hour or two."

But after he had passed through the portals of the Casino and loitered about long enough to be seen within its precincts, he left the place by another exit, and, calling a taxi, was driven to Cannes.

XIV

THE entrance hall of the Majestic presented the bare appearance of a hotel de luxe kept open out of season against its will. The show cases were all closed and very few of the electric lights were burning. A single reception clerk occupied the office, and only the concierge was to be seen in the hall. Tellesom addressed himself to the latter.

"I should like to see Mr. Warner," he said, giving the name his chief always used when staying at a hotel. "No. 274, I think."

"I'll telephone the room, sir," the concierge suggested. "Mr. Warner does not allow anyone up without an announcement."

"Quite right," Tellesom acquiesced. "As quickly as you can, please."

The man stepped into his inner office. It was several minutes before he reappeared.

"I can't get any reply from Mr. Warner, sir," he regretted. "I've rung up the sitting room several times. He came in a short time ago. I know, because I took him up in the lift. Is he perhaps a heavy sleeper?"

Tellesom was for the first time genuinely uneasy. He remembered the sinister gleam on the face of the man disappearing into the dancing place, and he shivered.

"Come along upstairs, and bring your pass-key with you, if you have one," he enjoined.

The concierge hesitated.

"I'm all alone on duty here, sir," he pointed out. "Besides, the gentleman may be asleep, and not want to be disturbed."

Tellesom wasted no more words, but made his way toward the lift. The concierge reluctantly followed him, and they mounted to the second floor. At the door of No. 274, Tellesom knocked, at first gently, then more loudly.

"Has Mr. Warner received any visitors since he returned this evening?" he inquired.

"None that I've seen or heard of, sir."

"Open the door with your pass-key."

The concierge inserted the pass-key in the lock with some reluctance.

"He looks quite a queer-tempered gentleman—Mr. Warner," he observed dubiously.

"I am one of his secretaries," Tellesom confided. "I will see that you don't get into trouble."

"One of his secretaries" was impressive. The man demurred no longer but turned the key in the door. His companion pressed forward and they entered the sitting room.

Tellesom's first little start of surprise was rather for the things he failed to see than for those which he saw. For a man whose nerves had carried him successfully through every sort of crisis and had never failed him, he realized, both at that moment and afterward, that his poise had been curiously and abnormally affected by his brief meeting with Felix Behrling. The self-revelation of those few seconds when Behrling had looked back from the dancing gardens, his momentary dropping of the mask, his malignant yet mysterious air of triumph, had filled Tellesom with a queer and illogical sense of apprehension. It had brought him to the Majestic. It ran riot now as he gazed eagerly into the room. His first impression was one of half-ashamed relief. Warren Rand was seated with his back to them, at the handsome mahogany desk, writing. A small electric lamp drawn close up to him was the only illumination in the room, and it seemed at first as though everything were as usual. Then a little exclamation from the concierge startled Tellesom, and he saw strange things. The severed cord of the telephone instrument was upon the floor, side by side with the smashed bell top, a chair lay on its side, a vase of flowers had fallen and a thin stream of water had trickled across the carpet. More alarming than anything, however, was the sight of the huddled-up body of a man lying face downward upon the carpet by the side of the desk. Warren Rand sealed the envelope of the letter which he had just written, and swung round without haste at the sound of the concierge's exclamation. So far as he ever allowed any expression at all to disturb the granitelike immobility of his features, he betrayed a faint satisfaction at recognizing Tellesom.

"What brought you here?" he demanded.

"I don't know, sir," was the frank avowal. "I just came to be sure that you were all right. I had a word to delay my own departure, and I thought I'd just run over here."

"I'm all right," Warren Rand declared. "I'm afraid that poor fellow isn't, though," he went on, pointing downward. "Have the body taken away, Tellesom, and deliver this letter yourself at the house of the *préfet*."

Tellesom accepted the letter mechanically. His eyes were fixed upon the crumpled-up figure upon the floor. The concierge was stooping down to examine it.

"*Mais c'est Monsieur Louis*, a new employe!" he exclaimed.

"I thought it must be someone connected with the place," Warren Rand remarked indifferently. "He has a pass-key and all that sort of thing."

"*Mais il est mort!*" the concierge cried.

"Yes, he's dead," Warren Rand agreed. "Seems an odd thing," he continued, half to himself, "that I, who will probably be immortalized in history as the greatest pacificator in the world, should occasionally have to take human life."

"But it is an affair for the police, this!" the man announced, rising to his feet.

"Naturally. You had better send for them at once, and a doctor, and have the body removed. At the same time, Tellesom, I shall have to trouble you to place that letter in the hands of the *préfet* himself, and to put a call through on the telephone to the Minister of Justice. You can easily find his telephone number. It is very absurd of our friend Behrling to put us to all this trouble with his clumsy assassins."

"You weren't hurt, sir?"

"Not a scratch. I saw the fellow hanging about on the landing when I returned. I ordered some coffee. There it is on the table. I didn't like the look of the fellow, and after he had brought it, I applied a very simple test. I think, if it is analyzed, it will be found to contain enough poison to kill half a dozen men. Considering the value of my life," Warren Rand went on thoughtfully, "I was then, perhaps, a little foolish. Instead of going downstairs myself, I telephoned to the manager's office. Just as I was preparing to speak, the lights were extinguished, the telephone wire behind me was cut, and that most unpleasant person on the floor there made a rather blundering attempt to stab me between the shoulders. You will find the knife on the floor there. I got him by the throat, and it really seems as though I had squeezed the life out of him."

"There is no doubt about that," Tellesom said, rising from a brief examination of the body and feeling a little sick.

The conversation between the two men had been carried on in English, which the concierge only partially understood.

"It is an affair for the police, this," he repeated. "I must go to the bureau and report."

"The sooner the better," Warren Rand agreed. "And you, Tellesom—I am afraid you'll have to knock the *préfet* up. I have a plane coming to Antibes the first thing in the morning, and I don't wish for any delay over this."

Tellesom was a little doubtful.

"This is a funny country, sir, where the police are concerned," he confided. "I'm afraid you'll have to attend at least one examination."

His chief smiled.

"Present my letter to the *préfet*," he directed, "and bring back the inclosure, which is only for his inspection. Get the call through to the Minister of Justice too. A pity to have to disturb these people in the middle of the night, but it must be done. What's that?"

The telephone bell was ringing in the bedroom. In obedience to a gesture from his companion, Tellesom entered that apartment and answered it. When he returned a few minutes later, he poured himself out a whisky-and-soda from the sideboard without waiting for an invitation, and took a long drink.

"The Hôtel du Cap was ringing, sir," he announced. "The car which I had ordered to take me home, and which seems to have taken another passenger instead, was smashed to pieces at one of those sharp turns."

"An accident?"

Tellesom shook his head gravely.

"I don't think so, sir. No one seems to understand the affair exactly, but there must have been some sort of obstruction in the road. The driver escaped, but the passenger was killed."

"What made them ring you up?"

"It seems that the poor fellow was so badly knocked about," Tellesom explained, "that they couldn't identify him at all; so they've been ringing up to see if they could find me. They tried the Casino of Juan first, and then here. I had a hint from one

(Continued on Page 137)

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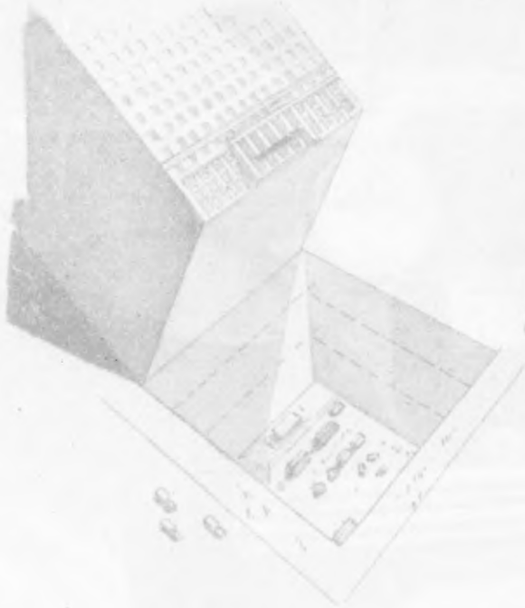

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(Continued from Page 134)

of my men to leave the car alone and take a taxicab, or I should certainly have been in it."

Warren Rand rose to his feet, pushed the window a little farther open, and looked out across the Croisette and the harbor to the thin line of the Estérels, gray and delicate against the moonlit sky. For several moments he said nothing. Then, with the air of one who has finally dismissed from his mind a subject of no vital importance, he shrugged his shoulders, lit one of his black cigars and threw himself into an easy-chair.

"Well, Tellesom," he acknowledged, "I am glad you had the idea to look me up. This seems to have been Behrling's busy night. Get away with that letter to the *préfet*, there's a good fellow."

Tellesom picked up his hat.

"You realize that the police will be here very shortly," he reminded his chief.

The latter nodded.

"There won't be any more trouble with the police as soon as the *préfet* has had my letter," he declared.

XV

CHARLES TELLESOM and Sarah, still in their bathing clothes, were seated on the terrace of the bar at the Eden Roc, from which very fashionable rendezvous the crowds were beginning to disappear with the passing of the season.

"I think," Tellesom pronounced deliberately, "that your father is the most wonderful man I ever knew in my life."

She looked at him with a little grimace—a gesture which he fancied was meant to conceal some unexpressed feeling.

"He is the most unusual, at any rate," she admitted, "and I suppose that's the same thing. Why abandon that amazing reticence of yours, and drag in such a stormy petrel as my parent is, on a peaceful morning like this?"

"I can't help thinking about him," Tellesom confessed. "He broke the law over there in Cannes a few nights ago in a manner for which any other man I know of would have been in prison at this moment, or would, at any rate, have had to appear before the magistrate and be allowed out only on heavy bail, yet he sits down and writes a letter, sends a telephone message to Paris, and the whole affair is wiped out. Not a word in the papers, not even any gossip in the hotel."

"What did he do?" she inquired. "Remember, this time you started talking about him."

"Don't ask me exactly what he did," Tellesom begged. "He was justified all right, but in the case of an ordinary man it would have been a very serious affair. As it was, he left the next afternoon for Geneva, after what seemed to be a mere visit of courtesy from the mayor."

"You had a narrow escape that evening yourself, didn't you?" she asked.

He nodded. "I am sorry for the poor fellow who rode in my car," he said gravely.

"So am I," she agreed, "but I'm glad that it wasn't you."

"I suppose you wouldn't stop and have lunch with me?"

"I'd love to," she accepted promptly. "I have a suit of pajamas in my locker, as it happens. Since you have begun to speak about him, tell me some more about my father. Why does he seem so extraordinary to you?"

"Is there another man in the world," he asked, "who moves about with the retinue he does? Do you know that on his behalf I have a bodyguard of at least a dozen men who are with us wherever we go, and, although I've been used to disguise and make-ups during the last year of the war, when I had to go in for that sort of stunt, I honestly can't recognize some of them. All the time I feel that I am being watched as well as protected. I was warned not to come home in that car the other night, and I know perfectly well, for instance, that your father will be informed before tomorrow morning that I have lunched with his daughter."

She laughed. "Well, that isn't a very risky episode."

"Perhaps not for an ancient person like myself," Tellesom admitted. "I shall be the most hated man in the hotel, though, when your crowd come along to their usual table."

"Are you saying this to flatter me?"

He looked at her, and from his gray-blue eyes the steely light had gone. His mouth, she decided, could soften at times, could even become tender.

"Am I? I suppose it has occasionally occurred to you that you are—well, rather attractive."

"It took you some time to find it out," she reminded him.

"When I first came down here," he explained, "I had to keep out of the way altogether. We had to try and round up some men who had a rendezvous here, to find out what they were after, and to stop it if possible. I didn't want to be in evidence, and your father only came at the last moment."

"Well, tell me some more," she begged. "As you know, one never sees his name in the newspapers, and neither mother nor I ever hear a word about him. It seems as though he lived in a steel chamber somewhere."

"So far as any interest in the outside world is concerned, he practically does. As a matter of fact, he is the nearest approach to an absolutely robot man I have ever come across. His manner of life is amazing. Nothing gives him any pleasure except to work out his schemes—either his financial ones through John Glynde, or his political ones, which he takes care of himself. Neither of these is exactly a human pleasure."

She indulged in a little grimace.

"I should think not," she admitted. "Doesn't he ever do anything reasonable?"

Tellesom shook his head.

"I have never seen him smile. I have never seen him take any interest in anyone's society. The sight of a woman is one of the few things which annoy him. He eats and drinks when he's told to, without taking the slightest notice of his food or his wine. The most uncanny thing of all, he never makes a mistake. If he tells you you will find a certain man in a certain place on a certain day, that man will be there. He has the journalist's intuition too. He seems to know what is going to happen, how certain events will influence the great people of the world. He spends half his time, when he is in Europe, at Geneva, but he never attends one of the official meetings, although every word that is spoken there he knows, and a good deal that is spoken there is practically dictated by him."

"Is he there now?"

Tellesom hesitated. "Yes, he's there now," he confessed.

"Why did he leave you here?"

"I can't imagine, except that one of the most dangerous men we have ever worked against is still here, and so long as he remains your father thinks that something must be going on. As soon as he leaves, I shall have to report either in Geneva or London—wherever your father may chance to be."

She rose to her feet. "I'll go and change into my pajamas," she announced, a little abruptly.

Tellesom's eyes followed her as she threaded her way among crowds of more or less grotesquely attired men and women, en route to or from the sea. A curious fancy seized him. The Sarah Hincks who had been the spoiled darling of the hotel when he had first come down a fortnight ago seemed to have disappeared, or to have developed in some strange fashion into a more sedate and subdued person. The charm was there still, and at odd times the gayety, but the boisterousness and purely animal spirits of youth clashing against youth, a little excited by the new-found appetite for life, had gone. He stared at the corner round which she had disappeared. His brain was befogged by a strange, insinuating thought—a ridiculous, absurd, but fantastically disturbing reflection. He surrendered to its intoxication for a moment. Then he swung around and sauntered along the terrace to select his table.

Sarah realized the change in him five minutes after they had settled down at a table looking over the sea.

"My quixotic friend back again!" she laughed, with that little crinkle at the corners of her eyes which he, in common with everyone else, found so alluring. "Now, please, what has happened to drag you back to prehistoric days?"

"Why prehistoric?" he fenced.

She helped herself deliberately to omelet before she answered him:

"Oughtn't history to have commenced with you when I first found out how nice you are?"

"You seem determined to goad me on to saying foolish things."

"Well, saying them is the next best thing to doing them. I'm a creature of action, and if that man doesn't open that wine at once, I shall do it myself."

He summoned a *sommelier*. She smiled as she recognized the label on the bottle.

"My favorite," she murmured. "What a dear creature you are to remember things."

"You never give one a chance to forget anything about you."

The very faintest of blushes showed underneath her tan. If he was not exactly eloquent, there was at times a very subtle vibration in his tone.

"Very neat, if a little artificial," she laughed. "I wish bathing didn't make me so thirsty. Can I have some water as well, please? And tell me why you looked so glum when I arrived? Don't you like my pajamas? They're supposed to be marvelous. Mother sent them to me from that new place in Paris. By the bye, mother's coming here. I wonder whether you'll like her?"

"Coming here?"

"Motoring. May arrive any minute. That is, if she can pass Avignon. Avignon has a fascination for her. Every time she comes south, she gets lost there."

"How do you get on with her yourself?" he asked, a little bluntly.

"Wonderfully. Perhaps because we so seldom see anything of each other. She loves entertaining—does it very well too. I like having a good time with a crowd for a week or so, but after that I get terribly bored. You have been my salvation here."

"You relieve me," he confided. "I felt rather guilty at having taken you away from your younger friends now and then."

"You have taken me away from them a great deal oftener than 'now and then,'" she reminded him coolly. "If mother had been here she'd have asked you your intentions before now. American mothers are that way. By the bye, for anything I know, you're married. Are you?"

"No," he assured her hastily. "Nothing like that."

"Why so emphatic? You don't seem keen on women, but you don't dislike them, do you?"

"Not at all. I am poor though. Except for my pension, I have a very small income. Never in my wildest dreams did I imagine earning such a salary as your father's paying me."

"Seems to me you earn it all right," she observed dryly. "Why has my father so many enemies?"

"They aren't exactly personal enemies," he told her. "They are the representatives of causes which would be ruined if your father's schemes came off. Life, even today, isn't quite so civilized as it seems," he went on. "There is always an undercurrent of ferocity among men who see the chance of having their lives or careers shattered, and your father is entirely ruthless. So far as I can judge, he is working toward a magnificent, if impossible, goal, and to reach it many people must suffer."

"Same old peace business, I suppose," she commented. "I was ashamed to look anyone in the face during the war."

Tellesom sipped his wine meditatively.

"I have been a soldier," he said, "but I am not sure that your father is not right. At any rate, he is not a sentimentalist. Only the other night I was trying to see with his eyes, to put myself in his place. He remains all the time perfectly logical. That's why he might seem to have a chance where all the sentimentalists have failed."

"Does he take you into his confidence at all?" she asked.

"Neither me nor any other human soul. He never utters one unnecessary word. If he has orders to give he vouchsafes just sufficient explanation to enable one to comprehend them intelligently. Apart from that, there isn't a single man living—not even that wonderful secretary of his, John Glynde—who knows what is at the back of his mind."

"What is the difference between your position and John Glynde's?"

"John Glynde is his financial right-hand man," Tellesom explained. "I should be more properly described, perhaps, as his chief of the staff. I organize his marauding and defensive enterprises, and keep a little corps of men employed for his protection. They were most of them engaged before I came along, and one or two of them I scarcely recognize even now, but I have an instinct for danger when it's about, which is sometimes useful. I picked it up, I suppose, during that last year of the war."

"It sounds terribly romantic," she remarked. "Do you have meetings every morning and plan out a campaign?"

"Nothing of the sort," he assured her. "We have a bureau in London, and as soon as we have found out what your father is going to do, we tell off the necessary men to look after him. Then, when he goes abroad, we have men for each country, and correspondents in that country. We aren't infallible, of course. Last week they let your father down at Cannes, but they saved me from being smashed up."

"Sounds like a modern Arabian Nights," she murmured.

"There is a very true though very trite saying," he reminded her, "that half the world hasn't the faintest idea how the other half lives. There is a German here at the present moment who has almost as extensive a system of espionage as we have, and an even more desperate class of men connected with it. He's attacking all the time too. We exist only for defense."

"Tell me about John Glynde?" she begged.

"John Glynde is a financial wizard," he confided. "He could have been president of one of the first banks in America if your father hadn't collared him. I believe he could tell you from memory your father's holdings in all the great stock companies of the world, and each morning, after he has gone through the prices and had his report on the New York market, he knows exactly how to make an odd million or two before lunch."

"What a life my father's must be!" the girl reflected, pausing to wave her hand to some gayly though scantily clad acquaintances. "You very seldom hear him talked about. It's amazing how he seems to be able to keep his name out of the papers, with his enormous wealth too."

"Yet," Tellesom ruminated, "in one of his few moments of partial confidence he told me that he expected to die poor."

"The lawyer who made over our money to us," she told him, "was specially definite in saying that we need never expect any more. I don't know what we should do with it if we had it. Neither mother nor I have ever spent the interest on our capital, and she's extravagant enough."

A speed boat below, with one of the notabilities of the place aquaplaning, attracted their attention, and, as though by mutual consent, they abandoned their more serious conversation. As they reached the end of the meal, one of the *chasseurs* came hurriedly into the room and made his way to the table where a short, consequential-looking man, more formally dressed than the rest of the crowd, was lunching. A few moments

later, the latter, with a regretful backward glance at his plate, was hurrying across the threshold. Sarah followed the direction of her companion's gaze and smiled.

"Who's the funny little man?" she asked. "And what do you suppose he's been fetched away in such a hurry for?"

"I can tell you who he is," Tellesom replied. "I had an interview with him the other day. He is the *chef de sûreté* for the place, but what his trouble is I don't know. Something serious, I should think, or, being a Frenchman, he wouldn't have left his lunch."

The maître d'hôtel bustled up with the pleased air of one who has information of importance. He leaned over their table confidentially.

"Terrible murder in Juan last night, sir," he confided. "A foreign lady—Austrian, they say—who has been playing very high lately, found in her room at the Hotel Provençal this morning, with all her jewels gone—strangled."

Tellesom only half suppressed a little exclamation which had in it as much of anger as of shocked surprise. He looked across the close array of tables toward the opposite side of the room, and met Felix Behrling's eyes. Solemnly, and without any attempt at concealment, the latter raised his glass and winked.

XVI

ONCE more Warren Rand rode the clouds. This time he sat at a table alone, deep in thought. A little distance away, Glynde was dictating to a secretary. The wireless operator was on the other side. An assistant pilot, with a map in his hand, stood gazing downward at the great carpet of blackness. The light for which he was seeking suddenly twinkled out—a faint light like the gleam of a glowworm thousands of feet below. He turned to his employer.

"It will be impossible to reach Le Bourget before three o'clock, sir," he announced. "We're doing a hundred and twenty kilometers an hour against a head wind, and we've only just passed the lights of Lafaye."

Warren Rand made no protest. If he felt disappointment he failed to show it. He summoned Glynde to his side.

"Get in touch with Paris," he directed. "Let them know that my appointments must be postponed until the morning. Ask the earliest hour at which Monsieur Foucquailles can receive me."

"Sorry we can't do better, sir," the pilot apologized, turning away. "I'm taking over outside in half an hour, but there's no getting more than this out of her."

"How long is your stretch?" Warren Rand inquired.

"I shall drive until daylight," the man replied—"probably take her into Le Bourget. Andrew had a rough enough time getting over the mountains."

Warren Rand leaned back in his chair. He drew a long, leather case from his pocket, selected a black cigar and broke every rule of the air by lighting it. John Glynde looked round from his place.

"You would do better to sleep," he suggested, "especially if you want to cross to England this afternoon. Your bunk is made up."

"I have slept," was the terse reply.

There was silence in the compartment, presently disturbed by the crisp sparking of the receiver. The Marconi operator wrote down a message and brought it to Glynde, who glanced it through and passed it across to Warren Rand. The latter read it carefully, word by word. It was handed in at Antibes two hours previously.

Madame von Trugner robbed and murdered last night at Provençal.

Warren Rand twisted the message up between his fingers. Glynde rose to his feet, and, hanging on to the rail, approached the table. The plane had struck a bad pocket of air and was quivering like a blown leaf.

"Madame von Trugner conveys nothing to me," he confided. "I never heard of such a person."

Warren Rand looked out into the darkness.

"She was the woman," he explained—"Tellesom tracked her down—to whom I gave ten thousand pounds for her husband's formula, and subsequently another twenty. Professor von Trugner was the man who invented the miniature aeroplanes and what he called the repeating bombs. If she hadn't sold us that formula, I doubt whether the pact would ever have been signed in this generation."

"They don't seem to have given her long to spend it in," Glynde remarked. "Was it Behrling's people who got after her?"

"Without a doubt. Behrling himself was there at Antibes when I left."

John Glynde stroked his weak little chin. There was something to feel there, for he needed shaving badly.

"My impressions of Behrling," he volunteered, "are that he's dangerous. I dislike his geniality. In one of the reports our people sent in about him lately, it was remarked that he was occasionally impetuous, left loose ends through his agents when working, and that he lacked the finish of our own men—left his flanks open, if you know what I mean. I was wondering whether a word—even an anonymous word—to the French police might not be of service."

His chief shook his head.

"Not our line, John," he pronounced. "The French police would take the matter too far back. We can't guarantee our outside tools. When they betray their own people, they must take their risks. Madame von Trugner is no loss. She may have had a third copy of the formula."

Glynde took the seat to which his chief had pointed. He touched a bell, and a bottle of Scotch whisky and a siphon of soda were placed upon the table.

"Can't understand your never wanting a drink yourself," he remarked, blinking behind his spectacles as he poured out some whisky. "Good stuff too! Bucks you up for work."

Warren Rand smiled tolerantly.

"I drink with others if it is necessary," he said. "As you know, it means nothing to me. What did you think of the impasse today? I heard every word, of course, in my rooms, but I couldn't see the expressions of the men when they were speaking—the Frenchman in particular."

"It was amusing in a way," John Glynde confided, "but not altogether satisfactory to us. The Frenchman gave me the impression always of shuffling as though he had something up his sleeve, and the Englishman was disposed to call his bluff. They were the two who broke the whole thing up."

"They shall be taught their lesson," Warren Rand decided grimly.

John Glynde took a long draught from his tumbler and leaned forward.

"Why worry about this disarmament business?" he asked. "I have nearly finished working out the gold deposits of the world. You were very nearly right in your calculations. Two-thirds of the bullion that comes into the market comes from South Africa and Australia. The other third is scattered all over the place. The Russian mines must always remain something of a mystery, but this much is certain—they cannot be working at anything like productive capacity for another ten years. I begin to believe that your first theory—fantastic though it seemed to me at the time—is possible."

There was a flash in Warren Rand's hard eyes, a slight contraction of the lips.

"I knew you'd come to it in time," he declared. "All the same, for certain reasons I prefer the disarmament clauses maintained and the scheme carried through on its original basis."

Glynde produced a Virginian cigarette, carefully lit it and smoked for a moment or two in silence.

"I don't believe you'll be able to convince Foucquailles," he predicted. "I think you'd better leave disarmament alone. It doesn't matter."

"I disagree with you," was the prompt rejoinder. "I intend to convince Foucquailles. If words fail this time, then deeds must succeed. Why do you imagine, John Glynde, that I shall find it so difficult?"

"These two new cruisers of his," Glynde answered. "It may or may not be the truth, of course, but Foucquailles thinks that they'd lick anything afloat. Isn't there some talk about one of them carrying a couple of submarines, and the other a bomb-carrying seaplane of terrible design?"

Warren Rand nodded.

"That's all perfectly true," he admitted. "If Foucquailles keeps those cruisers, he'll have to give up a hundred and fifty thousand tons of shipping in other directions."

Glynde shook his head slowly.

"I once had an argument with Foucquailles," he recalled—"the year he was Minister of Finance. You'll find him uncommonly difficult to convince."

"Then it must be done with deeds, not words," was the dry rejoinder.

John Glynde was uneasy. He finished his whisky-and-soda, and he replenished his glass.

"My chief," he said, "if I were to venture a criticism of this meteoric career of yours, which has dragged me from the safe places in Wall Street and set me trailing across continents and through the skies in this most disturbing fashion, I should say that you took too great a risk with your deeds. You've been lucky so far, but they'll surely let you down sometime."

"Explain yourself."

"You trust to too long a chain. The links seem all right—every one, I know, is tested—yet one has to remember that a single flaw, a single link that failed to do its duty, and crash to the ground comes the whole business. All men are not so callous as you, Warren Rand. That is where trouble might come. You have no conscience and no regrets, because when you started out you counted the cost. There are many men in the world more human than you. That is why I sometimes feel nervous when you take a weakling and give him a high place among your forces. Tellesom, for instance, is no weakling—I admit that—but he is a sentimentalist."

"I take account of the temperaments and dispositions of the men I make use of," Warren Rand declared. "Tellesom is of the type who might refuse to obey my orders, but he would leave me with tight lips. You have spoken your word now, Glynde. Let the subject pass. What of the weather?"

The little man with the gold-rimmed spectacles peered out of the window.

"Clearing," he announced.

"Good!" his chief grunted. "Tell them to get London again. I want to finish there if possible, and start back for Geneva at midnight tomorrow."

The plane, hovering over Paris in the gray morning, made, as usual, a faultless landing, and Warren Rand was whisked away in a waiting limousine, to the small residence which was kept always in readiness for him in one of the retired streets leading off the Champs Élysées—an abode which was frequently the subject of curious comment from passers-by. It was surrounded by a high, spiked railing. The lock on the gate was the latest triumph of an American mechanician. The concierge was one of Warren Rand's own men, as were his two assistants, one of whom sat in the courtyard on duty night and day. In an hour's time Warren Rand had bathed, changed his clothes, drunk his coffee, and was studying the various reports which had arrived for his inspection from all quarters of the world.

Afterward he read the morning papers, smoked a cigar, and at nine o'clock he was ushered into the presence of the man whom he had flown from Geneva to see. The latter, gray-bearded, suave, sturdy, yet dignified of appearance, shook hands with his visitor and waved him to a chair. No interpreter was necessary. Warren Rand could scarcely have answered a single question concerning the arts or the classics, but there were very few foreign languages which he did not speak with ease.

(Continued on Page 141)

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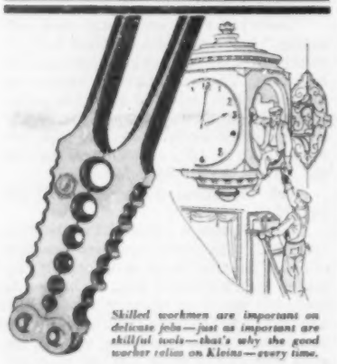

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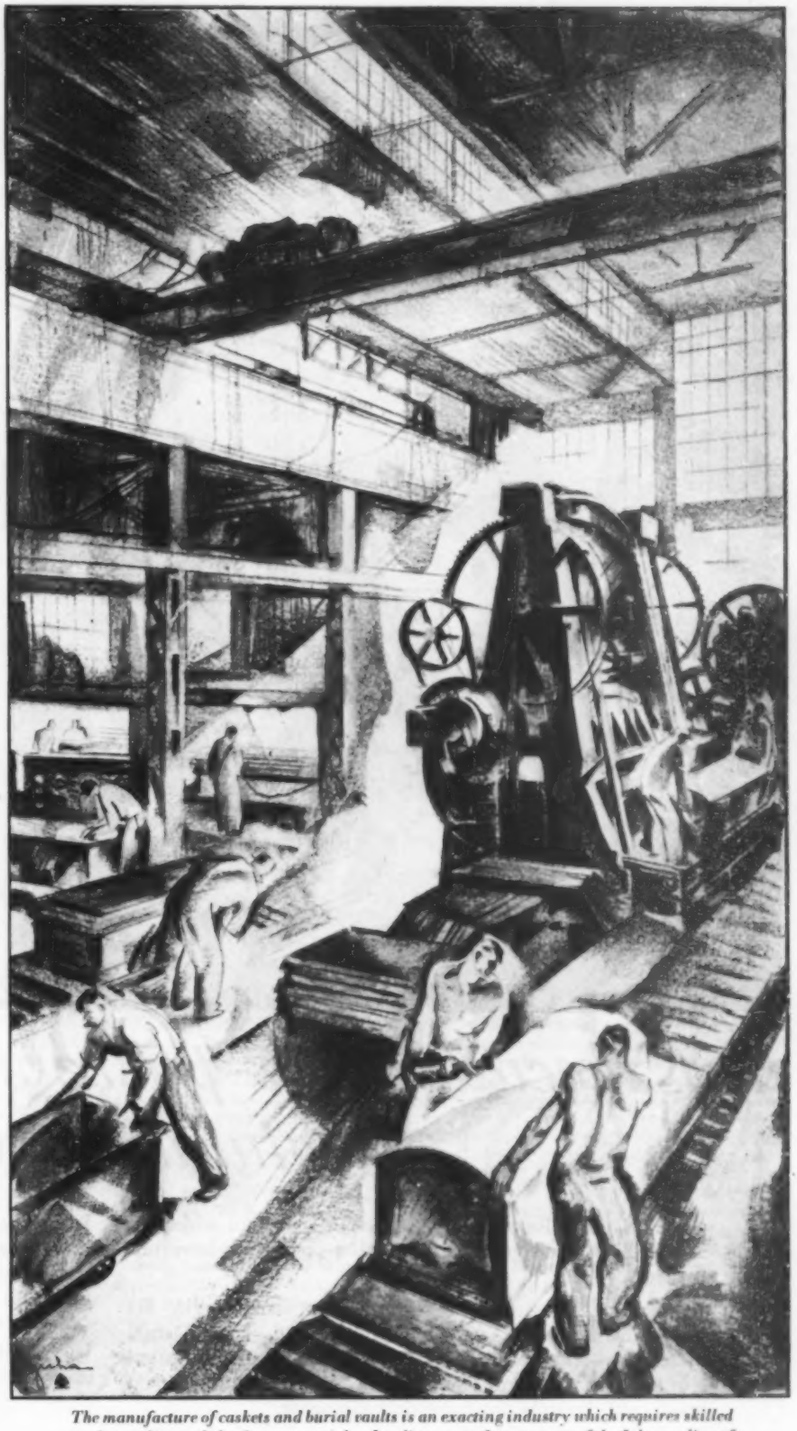

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IODENT *NO.* 2

FOR TEETH HARD TO WHITEN

(Continued from Page 138)

"You have great enterprise, my friend," his host declared. "Yesterday in Geneva; this morning with us. A poor day in Geneva, I fear. One advanced little."

"Thanks chiefly to the lukewarmness of your representative," was Warren Rand's blunt comment.

Monsieur Foucquailles coughed.

"Scarcely that," he protested. "It is simply that my cabinet—and Downing Street, too, if it comes to that—feel that we are safest in these volcanic times if we carry through this great peace scheme with discretion. Disarmament is purely a question of detail. That will arrive."

"Perhaps."

"Your interest in this business is a strange one," Foucquailles continued curiously. "You are, they tell me, the largest newspaper owner in the world. It is a great power, that. You are also one of the richest men living. That is, at least, of equal significance."

"I wonder," Warren Rand reflected. "Do you assert that as your deliberate opinion? The views of great men are always interesting. Which, should you say, in plain words, wielded the greater power—the man with the press of the world behind him, or the man who controls the money markets?"

"The man with the press behind him, I think," Monsieur Foucquailles decided. "We are all so easily impressed by what we read. Money? Well, no man could collect sufficient of the world's wealth, for instance, to unsettle the bourses for more than a day or so."

Not even one of his occasional mirthless smiles disturbed the passivity of Warren Rand's expression. His air had become speculative. This man must have other gifts than those he displayed in conversation. France, too, must possess some sort of secret service. Was it likely that he knew as little as he pretended to know?

"Let us return to the subject concerning which I wish to confer with you," Warren Rand suggested—"the subject concerning which a certain impasse was reached at Geneva yesterday. I and many others believe, now that an agreement concerning disarmament is so nearly arrived at that the question should be finally settled before passing on to the signing of the Peace Pact. Your representative at Geneva yesterday was dubious. So was the representative of Great Britain. What are your own views, sir?"

Monsieur Foucquailles toyed for a moment with an elegant box of cigarettes which stood upon his table, and lit one. His visitor shook his head.

"How about your own country?" the minister queried. "You are not, I suppose, entitled to speak for her?"

"Perhaps not. Personally, however, I do not consider—I have never considered—my country a great factor in the situation. Such wars as she might become involved in would be petty affairs, scarcely worthy of serious consideration. Europe and Asia are the continents chiefly to be dealt with, and, with due regard to her own necessities, I have not the least doubt that Washington would fall in with any disarmament scheme adopted on this side. Her point of view is the common-sense point of view of the world—that the signing of the Peace Pact before the agreement was reached upon the disarmament clauses would be a farce."

"My trouble with you, Mr. Warren Rand," Foucquailles remarked, with a certain bluntness, "is that I do not know who or what you represent."

Warren Rand sat and brooded. To disclose himself further at this stage of the proceedings was too dangerous.

"The disarmament committee is at its work," Monsieur Foucquailles continued. "Japan, Germany, Italy have all announced themselves satisfied. There is simply the question of our own naval tonnage to be considered. It is unfortunate, of course, that we have just concluded the building of two first-class battle cruisers—the Fréjus and the Toulon. They have cost us an enormous amount of money, and to scrap them would be out of the question. We might consider the sacrifice of some of our small craft, if we can agree upon a minimum. At present, your own country stands a little in the way."

"My own country has been perfectly logical," Warren Rand contended. "We need no navy for the Mediterranean, and our cruising there during the last few years has been merely swank. As a nation, we have no desire to cross the Atlantic. As a highway to enterprise on our part, in fact, the Atlantic may be wiped out. On the other hand, we have the greatest seaboard in the world. We are willing to adapt our craft to vessels considered capable of guarding it. As regards the Asiatic seas, even there we need only to protect our commercial interests against the awakening forces of Orientalism. We wish to do that entirely on parity with other nations."

"Perfectly plausible, Mr. Rand," his host conceded. "America, however, has hesitated to put her figures on paper."

"The United States has made known its proposals to your government and to Downing Street at different times," was the cold reply. "Italy is acquiescent, and Japan is satisfied. The smaller nations are all content. Belgium, Holland and the Scandinavians are in the same position; so is Germany. Very well, then, Monsieur Foucquailles, I'm going to put it to you plainly. I, representing a great portion of the press of the world, tell you that it is you, and, associated with you, Great Britain, who stand in the way of a complete disarmament agreement, which is the natural prelude to the signing of the Peace Pact. The plain A B C of my visit to you, sir, is this: I come to ask you to wire or telephone to Geneva, after you have consulted the members of your cabinet and your naval board, and to give your representatives there power to sign the disarmament agreement on the basis which omits altogether the two new cruisers which have been sprung upon us—the Toulon and the Fréjus."

"You are a little hasty, Mr. Rand," the minister complained.

"How can I be called hasty when the conference is even at this moment sitting?" was Warren Rand's curt rejoinder. "Your men went there knowing very well that your two new cruisers would upset the whole balance unless a compensating amount of inferior tonnage were proffered in exchange. Were they instructed from the first not to sign the Disarmament Treaty, or has your government since changed its decisions?"

Monsieur Foucquailles, with his back to the wall, became more reserved.

"Mr. Warren Rand," he said, "this is my first meeting with you, but I have always heard you spoken of as a great underground force in international history. I must remind you, however, that you represent nobody. The press are not, and have no right to be, represented at the conference, except as journalists. Individual multimillionaires are in the same position. Only the nations have their places at the table. I have dealt with you as an interested person of great influence, but when it comes to accepting conditions laid down by you, to treating with you, as I might do with a representative of a friendly nation, why, the thing is impossible."

"In plain words," Warren Rand persisted, "you can give me no assurance that your representatives will now or presently receive instructions from you to sign the disarmament agreement upon the basis I have quoted."

"I can give you no such assurance, Mr. Rand," the minister acknowledged. "Of my own free will, however, I will tell you that they are at liberty, whenever the time comes, to sign the Peace Pact."

Warren Rand rose deliberately to his feet. His host accepted the hint and rang the bell for his secretary.

"I thank you, nevertheless, for your visit," he said, holding out his hand with a courteous gesture.

"You are welcome to my visit," were Warren Rand's parting words. "I regret its failure. So may you before many days have passed."

XVII

FROM Le Bourget to Croydon the wireless on the airship flashed and snapped out its messages without ceasing. Cipher books had been dragged from the steel-lined safe, the saloon cleared of steward and assistant pilot. Strange words and sentences confused a listening continent. At five o'clock Warren Rand descended at Croydon, to find, awaiting him, a familiar but most unexpected figure. Trim, comely, and deliberate in her speech and manner, Miss Stanley Erdish, without any sign of embarrassment, stepped forward to greet him.

"I thought it best to come down myself," she explained, producing a dispatch case. "There have been several cables today which probably need attention, and no one at the Kingsway building has keys to the cipher books. Furthermore, there have been other slight happenings which you ought to know about."

"Where the devil is Hammond?" Warren Rand demanded. "He should be here to meet me. I gave him two days' holiday, but he was to be back this morning."

"Hammond was drowned, bathing at Cromer yesterday," was the calm reply. "The message reached us only half an hour ago. It is probably on your latest wireless."

"Drowned?" Warren Rand repeated. "Do you know what you're talking about, young woman?"

"He was drowned in shallow water and a calm sea," she continued. "It seems that he had hired a bathing machine, in which he had left his clothes locked up. Afterward it was found that all his pockets were empty and his keys gone. Under the circumstances, I thought it better to bring you these dispatches myself."

"But how the mischief did you come into all this?" Warren Rand asked.

"I left Miss Erdish in charge of the confidential department," John Glynde intervened. "In fact, at the present moment she is occupying my room. There was no one else likely to have the least success in conducting your negative propaganda, and she can do the work better from headquarters than anywhere else."

"I might add to that," the young lady observed, "that since your departure your name has not once appeared in the papers, and there is not a soul—except they have their own secret agents—who could have traced you to Geneva."

"Step into the car," Warren Rand growled. "Come in, too, Glynde. You have your portfolio there, I see. You brought the Z cipher, of course?"

"I should say so."

They drove off, and one by one John Glynde opened and deciphered the dispatches, passing them on to his chief, who made penciled notes upon each. Afterward the latter leaned back in his place, and, during the remainder of the journey, spoke not another word. For different reasons, both the girl and Glynde glanced at him more than once with a certain covert curiosity, but whatever the schemes forming in his brain might have been, his lips never moved.

Half-past six sounded from Big Ben as they crossed Waterloo Bridge. Warren Rand awoke from his reverie.

"At what hour is my appointment with the Prime Minister?" he asked.

"At 7:30," John Glynde replied. "You will just have time to get back to the Kingsway building and change."

They rolled on into the heart of London, until at last they drew up outside the world-famous headquarters of the United Newspapers. It was apparently a busy night. Every window on every story, from the corner of one street to the corner of another, was flaming with light. People were crowding in and out of the broad entrance the whole of the time. Warren Rand turned to his two companions.

"Go and rest, John Glynde," he enjoined. "You need it; I don't. If you've taken that young woman into your confidence so far, I suppose you'd better give her a room. See that she keeps out of my way as much as possible, though."

He strode across the pavement and, with a key which he drew from his pocket, opened the door of his private entrance and disappeared. Miss Stanley Erdish laughed softly to herself.

"Isn't he sweet!" she murmured. "Such an affectionate and encouraging chief to work for!"

"Warren Rand's all right," John Glynde assured her. "Any more work tonight?" he added as they crossed the threshold of the great entrance hall. "Are you coming upstairs?"

"I shall just see whether there are any messages," she decided.

"And afterward?"

"Dine at my club, unless you're polite enough to ask me to dine with you."

John Glynde coughed a little nervously.

"It will give me great pleasure," he acknowledged.

They entered the great central lift together.

"At eight o'clock at Lugano's," he suggested.

"I'm afraid I'm spoiling you," she sighed, "but I'll be there."

The English Premier himself—the Right Honorable Oliver Trowse—received his visitor in the private study of his official residence. He showed every disposition to be amiable, for there was a feeling in his cabinet that, notwithstanding the little that was known of him publicly, Warren Rand was a force to be reckoned with.

"So you've come straight from Geneva," the Premier observed after they had settled themselves down in their chairs. "Very interesting you must have found it. I should very much have liked to hear today's debate."

"I was not present myself," Warren Rand admitted. "I happen to know, however, the general tenor of the discussion."

Mr. Trowse raised his eyebrows.

"Dear me!" he exclaimed. "When I heard that you were in Geneva, I naturally took your presence at the palace for granted. If any special card of admission would be of service to you, my people there would, I am sure, be glad to procure it."

Warren Rand, who had a private microphone, telephone and an instrument which was not yet patented installed in his apartments in the Geneva hotel, from where he had been in communication with the palace, London, Paris and New York, smiled slightly.

"Thank you, Mr. Trowse," he said. "I have heard about as much of the debates as I wanted to. The usual difficulties are always cropping up. There is always someone making trouble to prevent progress. Today it was your man and the Frenchman."

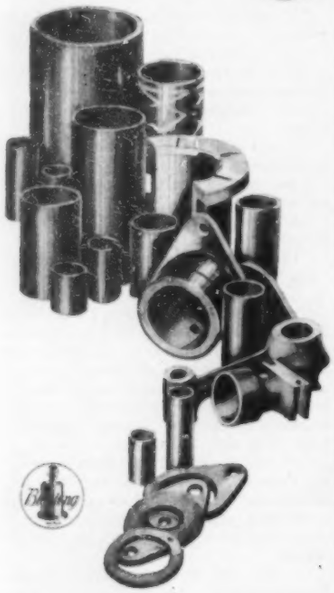
Mr. Trowse shook his head deprecatingly.

"My dear sir," he begged, "do not get that idea into your head. There is no one who is more anxious to clear the way toward the signing of the Peace Pact than we are. France, too, is naturally of the same mind. What have we to gain by war? Nothing. What has France to gain? Less."

"I do not agree with you in the least," was the brusque response. "I should say that, having gained experience, you might, after a new war, be able to put statesmen in power who would be able to make such terms that you would not be crippled for half a century. I should say, too, that France, when she had got over her sentimental period, found the last war so much to her benefit that before very long, if the Geneva Conference breaks up without coming to an arrangement, she will be looking for any excuse for another. I have interested myself in this matter, Mr. Trowse, and I have come to the conclusion that there is more real humbug talked about war than any other subject."

"Are you speaking seriously?" the Premier inquired, a little taken aback.

quality based on knowledge



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"What time have I ever found in life to talk in any other way?" was the almost harsh rejoinder. "I don't deal with idle words. I have at least fifty million intelligent readers waiting for my news of what happens at Geneva, and not only waiting for the news itself but for my translation of it. Do you wish them to be told that the conference itself is drifting toward failure because of the secret opposition of England and France?"

The Premier was thoroughly angry now. His hand wandered toward the bell. In the face of the other's imperturbability, however, he withdrew it.

"Any other person, Mr. Rand, who dared to make such a statement in my presence," he said with an ominous chill in his tone, "would have left this room at once, and have been refused admittance to my house forever after. Our representative in Geneva has full powers to do everything possible to expedite the signing of the Peace Pact. The French representative, as I happen to know, is there with the same instructions."

"That's the bluff of it," Warren Rand insisted curtly. "You are ready to sign the Peace Pact. You are ready in words to abjure war as a means of settling disputes, yet all the time you fence and hedge over the disarmament question."

Mr. Trowse's anger was unabated.

"Your language, Mr. Rand," he said, "is not the language which I am accustomed to hear from visitors who obtain admission here."

"You shall have plainer words if you like," Warren Rand declared. "I have come here for the purpose of arriving at an understanding, and we may as well get there at all costs. I accuse you, sir, and your ally on the Quai d'Orsay, of having a secret understanding with regard to the disarmament question. You are willing to sign the Peace Pact, and you are not willing to sign the disarmament agreement. You want to have the cart before the horse. What's the use of promising you won't make war when you won't promise to destroy the apparatus with which war is made?"

The Premier controlled himself with an admirable effort. There must be no quarrel between him and this man.

"You are entirely in error, Mr. Rand," he assured him. "The disarmament agreement will be signed very shortly. It is only waiting over because of certain technical details upon which we have not been able to agree, and which, you must forgive my saying, are outside the comprehension of people not directly concerned."

"Precisely," Warren Rand acquiesced. "These technical details, if you have your own way, will be worked out so as to give you and France a naval supremacy over any other two powers."

"You are entirely misled," Trowse insisted. "France, as well as ourselves, must keep pace with your very progressive country and with the others. In doing so, we have had no ulterior ideas. The moment parity is reached I will sign, and so, I am sure, will France."

"Naval parity is an elusive term," Warren Rand observed dryly. "I am not altogether an ignoramus in the matter. I have a staff of highly trained naval experts, who have served in your own, in the Italian and in the French Navy, who have supplied me with every possible detail, especially as regards your newer ships."

"That means that you have a body of spies," the Premier asserted with temper. "What right have you, a newspaperman, a private person, to embark upon a course of espionage?"

"Whether I have the right or not," Warren Rand rejoined, "I shall continue to make use of my spies, and continue to make use of the information they bring me. I provide the truth for my fifty million readers, and I intend them to have the truth, whatever we pay, whatever means we employ. I will make you an offer. I will bring a representative of my own to discuss this matter with your naval board. You can have a representative from France here if you like, and I will prove to you that both you and France are seeking to keep an advantage over other nations beyond that to which the conditions entitle you."

Mr. Trowse leaned back in his chair. This man, he was convinced, was mounting too far into the clouds. He was not to be taken seriously.

"I think you ought to see for yourself," he pointed out, "that your suggestion is ridiculous. The press has always been greatly considered. We have treated you with every confidence, and we should naturally prefer to have your good opinion, but there are limitations."

"Fixed by yourself."

The Prime Minister waved his hand.

"The proposal which you make is absurd," he persisted. "If you would like to have a conversation with one or two of our head men at the Admiralty, no doubt it can be arranged, and it will probably help you to see where you have fallen into error, but a formal discussion such as you have suggested is ridiculous."

"You refuse it?"

"Absolutely."

"I am not sure," Warren Rand went on thoughtfully, "that you are wise. I venture to make the assumption," he added after a moment's pause, "that the proceedings at Geneva will now come to an end unless all the powers concerned consent to set aside the Peace Pact and conclude the Disarmament Treaty first."

The Premier frowned.

"I hope," he said, "that they will be better advised."

"They will not," his visitor assured him. "If your representative and the Frenchman continue to talk as they have done today, and argue that the Peace Pact may be signed before the Disarmament Treaty is insisted upon, the proceedings will not only come to an end but the blame will rest with you and your allies across the Channel."

"How do you know what turn the discussions took today if you were not present?" the Premier demanded.

"It is my business to know. You're in telephonic communication with Geneva, I suppose. Let your secretary bring you the latest news."

The Premier touched a bell. Richard Carstairs, his private secretary, appeared from an inner room and nodded to his chief's caller in friendly fashion.

"How have things gone at the conference this afternoon?" the Premier asked. "You can speak out. Mr. Warren Rand has just come from there."

"Very badly, I am afraid, sir," the young man admitted. "Italy remains doubtful, but America and Germany are both arguing that the disarmament question had better be finally settled before the Peace Pact is signed. The German was the last to speak, and one gathered that he had the sympathy of the meeting."

The young man, in obedience to a gesture from his chief, prepared to depart. Warren Rand checked him.

"One moment, Mr. Trowse," he begged. "Would you ask your secretary here to do something, the reason for which I will explain later? Tell him to ring up your Treasury representative, or the representative of the Bank of England upon the Stock Exchange, and ask the trend of affairs today. I presume he will be able to procure their private addresses."

"What on earth has that got to do with the matter?" the Prime Minister demanded.

"I will explain later."

"I can answer the question without going to the telephone if you wish, sir," the young man intervened. "The Stock Exchange has had a terrible day. All the home gilt-edged are falling, also industrials. The withdrawals of gold have been larger even than at any time this week and are causing something of a panic. I was only waiting for this gentleman to leave to give you a message from Mr. Cranston."

"I can even tell you what that is if you want to know," Warren Rand observed. "The bank rate will be raised."

Carstairs looked across at him in surprise. Then he turned to his chief and nodded.

"I'm afraid that's the gist of the message, sir," he admitted. "Heaven knows what it will go to unless the drain of gold stops."

"The result will be," Warren Rand pronounced, "a fair number of failures, a loss of a hundred millions in values of your industrial undertakings, a depression of the pound all over the world, and a very awkward financial position generally in your country."

There was a brief and embarrassed silence. The secretary took his leave. Trowse turned at once toward his visitor.

"How does it happen that you are so well posted in these matters, Mr. Rand?" he inquired. "These withdrawals of gold are causing us a great deal of anxiety, and we frankly don't understand them, but they surely don't come within the scope of your activities?"

The muscles of Warren Rand's hard face twisted into something which resembled a mirthless smile.

"The withdrawals of gold which several times during the last few weeks have affected business upon your Stock Exchange and which account for the fall in your pound sterling," he declared, "are entirely owing to my activities and influence."

The Prime Minister rose slowly to his feet. For the first few moments he had the air of a man upon whom an unexpected blow has fallen but who still fails to realize the nature of it. He looked across the few feet of space between him and his visitor, his hands resting upon the desk. Involuntarily he had fallen into the attitude which he generally favored in public speaking, but his hands were moist and there was a curious feeling of uneasiness in his mind. It was as though he had come into contact with a new and only partially understood force.

"Are you trying to make me believe," he asked incredulously, "that you, even though you have formed the most powerful syndicate in the world, even though you have half the press of America at your back, are in a position to tamper with the national credit of this country?"

Warren Rand shook his head.

"I am afraid that you are a very ignorant man in some ways, sir," he pronounced. "You know me as a phenomenally large newspaper proprietor. You still do not realize the other power I wield. I need no syndicate at my back. I can myself control any money market you oppose to me."

The Premier laughed scornfully. "If I were asked my opinion about you," he confided, "I should say that you were mad."

"That is because, as I remarked a few moments ago," Warren Rand pointed out patiently, "you are a very ignorant person. I have withdrawn gold to such an extent from France that they are obliged to fall back upon you. Now it is your turn, and I am withdrawing gold from you every time it comes into the hands of the bullion brokers here. My methods you wouldn't understand if I tried to explain them to you, because they were evolved by a financial genius who is in my employ, and your country doesn't possess such a person; but I can assure you of this—that if, in six months' time, either you or France attempted to go to war, you would find yourselves in a curious position."

"Who wants to go to war?" the Right Honorable Oliver Trowse demanded furiously. "You dare to suggest such a thing as that to a minister representing an independent party, to a man who stands for the people, not for imperialism."

"I don't care what you stand for, or what your politics are," was Warren Rand's blunt assertion. "I say you are one of the powers who are blocking the way at Geneva."

"That in itself is an absurd statement," the Premier protested. "How are we blocking the way? We have already expressed our willingness to sign the Peace Pact the moment it is drawn up."

(Continued on Page 145)

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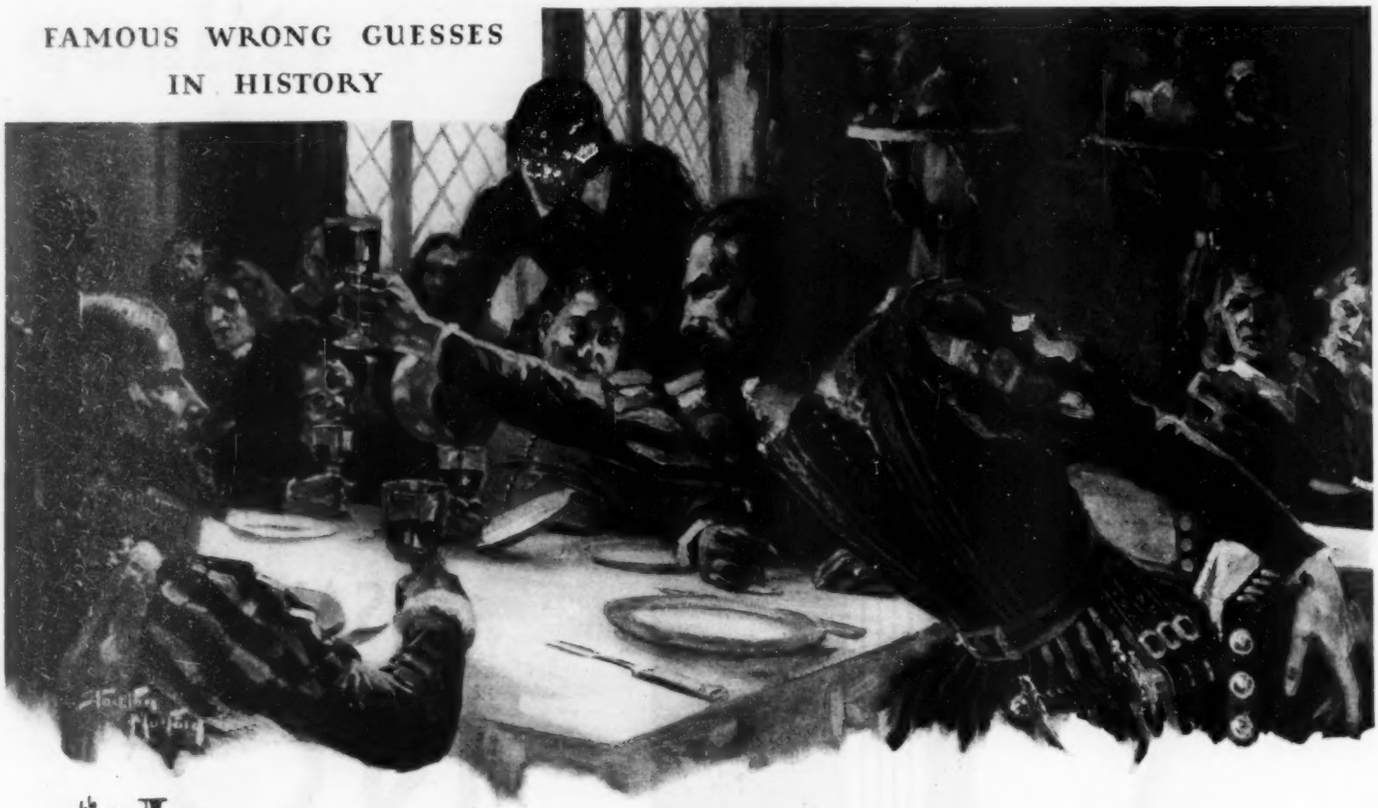
FAMOUS WRONG GUESSES IN HISTORY



"Long live the King!" they cried

—to the monarch who had ruined their nation's trade—

"LONG live the King!" From a hundred throats the great shout rose through the banquet hall. James I, England's King, beamed upon the gay and boisterous company assembled to celebrate the "success" of His Majesty's scheme to increase the Royal revenue.

Up until 1614, England's principal industrial revenue had been derived from exporting undyed cloths to Holland. The Dutch were famous for their dyes, but had no looms of their own. If, reasoned James, English cloth makers were compelled to have their materials dyed in *England*—the Crown could not only tax the dyers, but could collect additional revenues from import duties on dyes.

At the end of a year, a great banquet was given James to celebrate the success of his venture. But it was only a mask to hide the tragic truth. The Dutch had stopped importing cloth from England and had set up their own looms. England's chief industry dwindled and died. Her greedy, short-sighted monarch had "guessed wrong."

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THE LARGEST STATISTICAL ORGANIZATION IN THE WORLD

(Continued from Page 142)

"What about the Disarmament Treaty?"

There was the slightest possible hesitation, a certain lack of decision in the answer when it came.

"The Disarmament Treaty is more a matter to be dealt with by the technical advisers of each country," he explained. "We are all agreed upon the principle of disarmament. The fact that it is not completed need not interfere with the signing of the Peace Pact."

"I differ from you entirely," Warren Rand declared. "All the more so because I suspect the reason for your attitude. For that reason you are having your fangs drawn. You know what your fangs are? Money, the right-hand one; credit, the left-hand one. Try to make war without these two things. You would be the laughingstock of history."

"It appears to me," the Premier said slowly, "that the nearest lunatic asylum should be your destination. Never in my life have I heard a man with any pretense to an important position in the world talk such drivel."

Warren Rand rose to his feet and left without looking backward in his progress toward the door.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

STRAIGHT-SHOOTING DODGE

(Continued from Page 25)

A century and one-quarter after Baptiste La Lande of Kaskaskia, Zebulon Pike, James Pursley and Ezekiel Williams, we stood in the original ruts of the ancient Santa Fé Trail, in the tracks cut deep by the thousands of pack trains, wains and Concord coaches which had carried overland commerce between a very young United States and what was then Old Mexico. Barring the encroachment of the creeping buffalo grass, the ruts and ridges of the historic frontier trace were exactly as they had been left by the last bull train which traversed them.

The Ancient Trail

"You can follow the route of the old trace pretty closely today by automobile," the driver volunteered, "but this is the only stretch I know that hasn't been built over or plowed under. There's a grave down by The Caches that Doc Simpson marked with a cross a few years back, after road graders ran into a bunch of them. Doc's got a white man's skull that came out of one grave. There's a big hole in the forehead, and right in line with that hole, stuck in the bone at the back of the skull, there's a flint arrowhead that must have gone right through the man's brain. The barb is on the inside of the skull and you have to look through an eyehole to see it, but the point sticks out through the back wall a quarter of an inch. Bill Clark, out at the fort, says the arrowhead's Cheyenne, and he ought to know; he was fighting them out here in the 50's."

"Indians were one reason for the width of the trail," Bob Vandenberg observed. "It was from one to two hundred feet wide for the whole eight hundred miles, and bull teams would be driven four, six and eight wagons abreast, with a line of outriders on either side as a precaution against attack. I've heard army engineers call the trail the best natural road of its length in the world, and there wasn't a bridge in the whole stretch of it. There was half a million dollars in goods hauled over it every year when I first saw it."

Upon leaving the Cimarron Crossing, the Old Cowman expressed a wish to visit the old Chalk Beeson ranch, if it was possible to locate the property.

"It's right where it's been for fifty years," the driver assured him, and upon reaching town turned south into Second Avenue, the Bridge Street of an earlier day.

"Whoa-up," the Old Cowman called. "This is far enough." He left the car to survey the road we had traveled from the river, and then the long upward swing of the prairie to the southernly line of ridges.

"Do you know where we're standing?" the Old Cowman asked his friends, and, as none of them appeared to be certain, answered the question for them.

"This is the north end of the Jones and Plummer Trail. Officially, the Texas cattle drives to Dodge ended right here. We weren't supposed to camp north of this crossroad or drive cattle beyond it until they went to the shipping pens southeast of town. Chalk Beeson gave the trail drivers all the right of way they needed through his property, and his holding ran from this road clear to The Indian Nations, more than fifty miles south."

"His boys still own a lot of this land," the driver said.

"Chalk knew that the only way to hold the cattle trade was to keep hoemen off the range," the Old Cowman continued. "In the shipping season this flat was pretty near solid with chuck wagons and cow ponies, and at night the fires looked like a swarm of lightning bugs. I'm climbing that fence to stand just once more on ground that's known more working cowmen per square foot than any other land in the West."

"Come around through the gate," called a man approaching from a near-by house. Whereupon, the old-timers were busy for several minutes recalling themselves to Chalk Beeson's son, Merritt, whom they remembered as a boy, and pinning him again and again to the declaration that the ground on which they stood was the northern terminus of the old cattle trail, unaltered save by the natural growth of grasses since abandonment in '86.

"There must have been four or five million longhorns came into Dodge over this route," one visitor suggested.

"Closer to ten million," another corrected. "Why, there were four hundred thousand the first year the drive was switched from Wichita. . . . Did you ever hear"—he was addressing Merritt Beeson—"the way your father got the big Texas outfits to come to Dodge? Well, sir, I'll tell you. Every town on the railroad was after the cattle business; there was ten or twelve million dollars a season in it for the camp that got the cream. They sent fellows all over Texas to bribe trail bosses and foremen into recommending certain shipping points to the owners. Dodge was liberal enough, always willing to call any play or go any man's raise one better, but what she was after was a hand to cinch the pot. Chalk Beeson dealt her an ace in the hole that had every other camp in Kansas studded."

The Pied Pipers of Dodge

"Chalk was a born musician, and he'd roamed the cattle country long enough to know that the certain system for getting under a cowpuncher's ornery hide is to play him some music. So, Chalk got ten other fellows from different outfits, nine who could play instruments and George Potter for drum major, and organized The Dodge City Cowboy Band. There was Ed Hall, George Horder, Frank Warren, Billy Lybrand, and the rest I've forgotten, but Chalk rigged 'em out in the doggiest outfits money could buy, got 'em the best string of ponies to be had in the country, sewed the brand that each man rode for on that fellow's sombrero, had the biggest pair of steer horns I ever saw mounted on a pole ——"

"Only one pair of longhorns in the country that outspread them," Merritt Beeson commented, "and they're in a museum."

"Well, with George Potter carrying that pair of horns and a banner telling where the outfit came from, Chalk took his cowboy band to Texas and visited every round-up he could locate. With the band playing tunes, Dodge didn't need any bribe money, and when Chalk headed for home he had every cow outfit in Texas hustling for the Jones and Plummer Trail to catch up with him and his music.

"It was the slickest deal ever pulled off in this country. It cinched the cattle trade for Dodge."

"Come over to the house," Merritt Beeson offered, "and I'll show you the trombone father played in the cowboy band and the steer horns that George Potter carried."

Someone picked up a hand-tooled, Russian-leather case, rich in gold intaglio work and an inlaid monogram, from which he took a pack of playing cards of entirely different pattern from a whist or poker deck.

"That," Merritt Beeson said, "was Frank Loving's monte outfit."

The Old Cowman pounced on the relic.

"Cockeyed Frank!" he exclaimed. "There was another game one. I saw him kill Levi Richardson. That was a time when fancy gunplay didn't hold up against plain, straight shooting."

"It never did," one of his auditors assured him.

"Levi Richardson," the Old Cowman went on, "was as good a pistol shot as there was in the West. He could have cut a dozen notches on his gun butts if he'd been given to brag. Then he took up this trick stuff and you'd see him out on the flat practicing gun fanning and the other grandstand plays by the hour. That's what ruined him. Levi was freighting to Camp Supply and came into Dodge after a trip with the idea that Cockeyed Frank was making up to his girl. Frank denied it, but one night after he'd made a lot of talk, Levi came into the Long Branch to call the turn.

"Adam Jackson was tending bar; Bill Harris, Dog Kelley and Bat Masterson were at a table near the stove, and I was next to them, with Frank dealing at a layout just beyond us. Levi was cursing a blue streak at Frank as he came in the door, but his guns were in their holsters. Frank got up and stood waiting. He was only a youngster, but he had nerve; he needed it

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dealing monte in Dodge. Levi told Frank he was going to kill him, but was giving him an even break; and to get going, Frank joshed Levi—told him he hadn't the nerve to shoot.

"Levi jerked a gun so quick that no one but Frank Loving saw him, fanned all five shots so fast it sounded like one explosion, and was dead before anyone knew what happened. Cockeyed Frank stood there with a gun in his hand and a mere scratch on his wrist to show for all the trick stuff. He must have been as fast as Levi on the draw, and he'd stuck to plain, straight shooting. He had fired three shots, and any one of them would have done the business. After Richardson was carried out, Cockeyed Frank went back to dealing."

Reform North of the Tracks

On the way to town from the Beeson ranch the sites of one after another of the establishments which made old Dodge notorious were pointed out—the steel bridge across the Arkansas recalled the early wooden structure, with a keeper who established his proficiency as a toll collector through repeated demonstrations with a sawed-off shotgun, and in the district known as the South Side, just before reaching the railroad, every foot was catalogued as the erstwhile location of a dance hall or a saloon.

"The schoolbooks may say that Dodge was started as a buffalo hunters' trading post," one of the sight-seers remarked, "but the truth is she was organized to sell whisky to the soldiers. The first building in the camp was a tent that George Hoover and Jack McDonald set up exactly five miles from the fort, because it was against regulations for anyone but a sutler to sell liquor within five miles of an army post. Harry Lovett built another tent saloon and Henry Sitler built a sod house, and they named the camp Buffalo City. When the Santa Fé decided to build through here, Col. Richard Dodge, in command at Fort Dodge, and some civilians who'd drifted in, formed a townsite company, surveyed a plat and renamed the place Dodge City. The next boom came with the saloons and dance halls put up for the railroad construction gangs. Steel was laid into Dodge in September of '72, and that fall the buffalo trade began.

"Over by the railroad station, there, was Wright and Rath's store yard for buffalo hides. I've seen forty or fifty thousand hides piled up there at one time, awaiting shipment. Wright and Rath didn't do all the business, but they'd ship four hundred thousand hides and two million pounds of buffalo meat in a season. The Santa Fé hauled more than three million hides out of this camp in four winters. Hides meant two or three dollars each to the hunters, not to mention five or ten million pounds of buffalo meat at five cents a pound and, later, about two million dollars in buffalo bones, which were legal tender in Dodge at six dollars a ton.

"Tom Nixon made the most money of any hunter working out of Dodge, I guess. Once, he killed twenty-six hundred in twenty-four days. Bill Tilghman brought in thirty-three hundred hides in one season. But, the eight or ten thousand buffalo hunters there were on the range wouldn't average better than twenty hides each for a day's work.

"With the hide business booming, two or three million dollars to the year, along came the Texas cattle trade with millions more in spot cash changing hands in the camp.

"Dodge was the only place that drivers and cowboys saw from one year's end to another where they could get a run for their money. Outside of a little clothing, they blew it on whisky, gambling and women. Dodge provided all three in what I've heard called, free and untrammeled fashion. It was untrammeled, all right, but as I remember, was expensive."

"Up to '76," an old-timer said, "there was no attempt to regulate gunplay, but after the first few hundred Texas men hit camp, saloon keepers and merchants on the Plaza—which was Front Street—got tired of trying to do business while dodging lead. Also, they had imported some fancy fixings—lamps, mirrors, and so on—and every time one of 'em was shot up, the damages ran into money. No one cared what happened in the South Side joints, but the council passed an ordinance against gunplay on the north side, and that's when the tracks became known as the Dead Line. Under the new law, the marshal could shoot on sight any man who wore guns north of the railroad, although they seldom were that strict about it."

For an hour the running fire of first-hand recollections dealt familiarly with names and events immortalized in the folklore of the once wild West, and the Plaza was peopled with the shades of the frontier's fighting men.

Doc Holliday, Clay Allison, Mysterious Dave Mather, Texas Jack, the Stuttering Kid, Shotgun Collins, Wild Bill Hickok, Conch Jones, Smoky Hill Thompson, Ben and Billy Thompson, Cal Polk, Bat, Ed, Jim and Tom Masterson, Pat and Mike Sughrue, Rowdy Joe Lowe, John Wesley Hardin, Mannen, Gyp, Joe and Jim Clements, Ed Morrison, Neal Brown, the Catfish Kid, Lem Woodruff, Ed King, Ned McLean and a host of others walked Front Street in the spirit. The five-and-ten-cent store on the corner was replaced by the crude building in which Bob Wright and Charlie Rath sold fifty thousand dollars' worth of supplies to cowmen each month during the cattle-shipping season. Even the schoolgirl back of a sandwich counter was metamorphosed into that biscuit shooter recalled as Cyclone Sadie. Nor was it difficult to picture Ab Webster, the cow-camp mayor, casting aside the cares of his City Drug Store and Alamo Saloon, and sallying out to the Plaza, sawed-off shotgun in hand, to back the play of his marshal against a gang of cowboys who had acquired their liquid belligerency at the Alamo bar a few minutes earlier.

"It's taken me fifty years to discover that these old newspapers give the best line on the camp," the Old Cowman observed. "Here's Dodge complete in a single column."

A Day in Court

The item, in a Dodge City Times of 1876, probably was written by Lloyd Shinn, early cow-camp editor and postmaster, the journalistic and political rival of Judge D. M. Frost, who edited the Globe. It ran as follows:

Yesterday's Court

"The marshal will preserve strict order," said Judge Frost. "Any person caught throwing turnips, cigar stumps, beets, or old quids of tobacco at this court will be immediately arraigned before this bar of justice." Deputy Marshal Joe Mason looked savagely at the mob in attendance, hitched his ivory handle a little to the left and adjusted his mustache. "Trot out the wicked and unfortunate," said His Honor, "and let the cotillion commence."

"City vs. James Martin ——" But just then a complaint not on file had to be attended to, and Reverent John Walsh, of Las Animas, took the throne of justice, while the judge stepped over to Hoover's for a drink of old rye.

"You are here for horse stealing," says Walsh.

"I can clean out the damned court," says Martin.

City Attorney Sutton was banged into a pigeonhole in the desk, the table upset, a window knocked out and the railing broke down. When order was restored, Joe's thumb was some chawed, Assistant Marshal Masterson's nose was sliced a trifle, and the rantankerous originator of all this trouble—James Martin, Esquire—was bleeding from a half-dozen cuts on the head, inflicted by Masterson's pistol. Then Walsh was deposed and Judge Frost took his seat, chewing burnt coffee for his complexion.

The evidence was brief and to the point. The city attorney dwelt upon the heinousness of crime. Mr. Morphy, for the defendant, told two or three good stories, bragged on the court, winked at the witnesses and thought he had a good case, but the marble jaws of justice snapped with firmness.

"Again," said the judge, as he rested his alabaster brow on his left paw, "do you appear, within this sacred realm of which I, and I only, am high muck-a-muck. You have disturbed the quiet of our lovely village. Why, instead of letting the demon of passion fever your brain into this fray, did you not shake hands and call it all a mistake? Then the lion and the lamb would have laid down together, white-robed Peace would have fanned you with her silvery wings and elevated your thoughts to the good and pure by her smiles of approbation. But, no! You went to chawing and clawing and pulling hair. Ten dollars and costs, Mr. Martin. Court's adjourned."

A score of chuckles and as many additional anecdotes led to the tale of Dodge's first experience with expert medical testimony in a court proceeding.

One of the hated hoemen had sued a mule skinner for damages as the result of a collision with a freight wagon on the Camp Supply trail and, despite his lack of visible signs of injury to his person, based his claim on the testimony of a young but smart physician, imported from Wichita to contradict the opinions of Dr. T. L. McCarty, Dodge's only man of medicine. The mule skinner hired Mike Sutton as counsel. In declaring that the homesteader would suffer for life from a mysterious mental malady due to a blow at the base of his spine, received in the collision, the imported expert delivered a discourse so lengthy, so learned and so replete with technology that the court-room crowd was pop-eyed and the cow-town jury buffaloed. Court adjourned for the day with Dodge allowing that the homesteader's case was cinched.

Too Expert for Dodge

That evening the cow camp's potent hospitality led the Wichita expert into bragging of the manner in which he had misled Dodge's most astute minds in a maze of professional patter. The boast was relayed to Mike Sutton. Next morning court was jammed by the crowd which always attended the flow of Sutton wit and wisdom.

"If it please the court," Mike began in his best oratorical manner as he arose for his closing argument, "it is evident that the verdict in this case must depend solely upon the credence given to the opinions of the brilliant young medical man imported for this occasion from the menticultural metropolis of Wichita." He turned to face the expert.

"There," Mike declaimed, pointing his abnormally long arm and bony finger—"there he sits, like a hoot owl upon the limb of his scientific knowledge, and tries to make you intelligent gentlemen of Dodge City believe that if you kick a man in the seat of the pants, you'll give him brain fever."

Mike sat down abruptly. A verdict was found for the mule skinner on the first ballot.

In the 1870's Dodge City's stock welcome to visitors of high and low degree was an Indian attack, with ferocity in ratio to the visitor's self-esteem, and reaction to the attack fixing his further status in the frolicsome frontier settlement. An invitation to hunt buffalo—usually from Bob Wright, with Bob providing a handsome saddle mule as a mount for the visitor—invariably foretold such an Indian outbreak. As Bob and his guest rode westward for their shooting, Bob would explain that he had furnished a mule as transport because the animal was a trained buffalo hunter. As they passed a butte about five miles from Dodge, Bob would remember to warn his guest that in hunting around Dodge the possibility of an Indian attack must always be considered.

Santanta, Old Crow, Rain-in-the-face, Crazy Horse and other bloodthirsty chieftains figured in the public prints with such frequency that the warning might readily be accepted as portentous.

"If the Reds do jump us," Bob would counsel, "turn and streak it for Dodge. They may run us clean into camp, but that mule can go like a bat out of hell, and you'll make it, even if I don't. We keep a pair of Gatling guns at the government warehouse, and it's up to the fellow who gets there first to turn the boys out with 'em, so they can keep the Indians out of the village. The

(Continued on Page 148)

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(Continued from Page 146)

minute you're in earshot, holler for the Gatlings. If I make it first, I'll do the same, but with that mule, you'll be a mile ahead of me."

As the pair rounded the butte, Bob would remark that there were no Indians out that morning, and start boldly across the river bottom. But, with the pair well out on the flat, a whooping, screeching band of thirty or forty painted and feathered horsemen charged, full-tilt, from a hidden gully.

"Here come the red devils!" Bob Wright would shout. "Run for it, and if you get there first, get out the Gatling guns!"

In the first mile of the mad ride for camp it would become alarmingly evident that the mule was no mount for a man who was saving his scalp from painted savages, and Bob Wright has spun many a revealing yarn of what Senator So-and-so, Governor This-and-that, or Lord What's-his-name called out as Bob's fleet pony drew ahead in the race for town. His favorite tale, however, was of John Bender—the same who achieved immortality in Western legend as a Santa Fe conductor when he collected one dollar from a drunken passenger who expressed a desire to go to hell and told him to get off at Dodge. Bob had taken John Bender buffalo hunting soon after the railroad man's arrival in the cow town.

A Paleface in a Panic

"Come on, Mr. Bender! Come on!" Bob urged as the yelling savages pressed them and an incessant rain of lead tore up a dust cloud all around them.

Under emotional strain, John Bender stuttered.

"I-I-I-I ain't th-th-th-throwin' this race!" he shouted, riding the mule for more than was in him.

Near the outskirts of Dodge, Bob Wright's pony faltered.

"Yell for the Gatling's!" Bob reminded the tenderfoot as the mule took the lead.

Five minutes later Bender was appealing frantically to all Front Street for Gatling guns, and though he maintained his yelling clear through the Plaza, no one responded.

Back to the wall, John Bender saw the painted warriors cavorting about the Plaza, led by Bob Wright, whose scalp was still where Nature put it, and to the left, the male population of Dodge, packed on flat cars in tow of the Santa Fe switch engine, whooping to tie the racket made by the cavalcade of raiders. Most of the commotion and much of the gunfire which had spurred him to the wildest ride of his existence, he discovered, had emanated from the flat cars, on which the whole camp had ridden as spectators. The traveling grand stand had been concealed on a Y which ran behind a convenient shoulder of land. With pursuit fairly started, it had followed the chase down the valley sufficiently in the rear to preclude discovery.

The painted horsemen had doffed their feathered headdresses and now were easily identified as Bat Masterson, Wyatt Earp, Prairie Dog Dave, Bill Tilghman and other irrepressibles.

"The—the—the Long Branch is as good as any," John Bender suggested. When Bob Wright took United States Senator John J. Ingalls on a buffalo hunt a few weeks later, John Bender led the attacking Indians.

With all her horseplay and iniquity, it appeared Dodge took particular pride in a church which she acquired after three or four earlier attempts to start one had ended disastrously for preachers who took themselves too seriously.

However, when the Rev. O. W. Wright reached Dodge with a faith which paid small heed to creeds and dogmas, the Front Street gamblers, with lumber at fifty dollars a thousand, kittied out enough in two days of play to build him a church, in which Wyatt Earp and Bat Masterson served as deacons, to solve all problems of congregational deportment.

Eleven years after the camp started, the Reverend Wright brought about the first observance of Sunday by Dodge as a community. Saloons, dance halls and gambling houses were not expected to close but such nonessentials as groceries and clothing became six-day commodities. Kansas adopted state-wide prohibition in 1881, with legislation against liquor, gambling and dance halls, but Dodge continued her Babylonic existence until the end of the cattle drives and the subsequent collapse of her first prosperity. It is related that in the days of her desuetude she turned good on the chance that the novelty might provide comic relief. But in so doing she lost none of her civic spirit.

"I was chairman of the committee that finally closed the saloons to comply with the law," Henry Carey said. "After all these years I guess it's safe to tell that when Dodge had been tamed for a certainty a Kansas City liquor house wrote to Bob Wright for a list of those in Dodge who might care to purchase whisky by mail. Bob and Dodge ran true to form. Bob sent in the names of the reform committee, and on the first of the month got back a check for $28.50 as his 5 per cent commission on sales made to those he had suggested as customers."

On the morning of the day set for the corner-stone ceremonies on Boot Hill there were more hair pants and ten-gallon hats on the streets of Dodge than any resident had seen in forty years. Twenty thousand spectators watched the parade, and Ham Bell's Place seethed with old-timers. An old stagecoach of the Reynolds line, which once made the four-hundred-mile run to Camp Supply in forty hours, covered wagons which had carried cow-country pioneers across the plains, a "soddie" in faithful reproduction of the first residential architecture which the cow camp boasted, and numerous other relics were in the review. But the most colorful, most picturesque feature was the cavalcade of old-timers, Ham Bell at their head, which led the procession. One hundred and ninety-six by actual count, ranging in years from seventy to eighty-five, swung into their saddles at the call, and not one took a leg-up to fork his leather.

"One thing I wouldn't tell the boys," Charlie Kinkaid remarked as the old-timers settled in their saddles, "is that I've been paying wages to a lot of young fellows down on Bluff Creek that have put in three weeks riding the vinegar out of those cayuses. On top of that, I brought the string in here on the dead run, with my wranglers riding relay to keep 'em flattened out every foot of it. It wouldn't do to have any sunfishing under men as old as we are. I'm not saying anything to the boys, because it'll be more fun if they think they're as good as ever, but I'm telling you, in case you're worried about bucking broncos, that there isn't one good jump in the whole remuda."

The Only Woman on Boot Hill

Thanks possibly to Charlie Kinkaid's forethought, the parade moved without untoward event to Boot Hill, where the corner stone was laid with fitting ceremony and where the old-timers witnessed the unveiling of Doc Simpson's gift to Dodge City—a statue of a cowboy off the Jones and Plummer Trail, modeled by the donor, Dr. O. H. Simpson, in early years the cow camp's pioneer dentist. Joe Sughrue, son of Pat, posed for the work, which is authentic down to the tobacco tag which dangles from an upper vest pocket. At the base a bronze plaque carries the inscription: "On the ashes of my camp fire this city is built."

The occasion appeared to offer a last opportunity to remind the Old Cowman of his promise to tell the true story of the only woman buried with the gun fighters on Boot Hill.

"Doc Simpson knows the yarn as well as I do," he replied, "but if he'll stand by to catch any slips, I'll give it.

"Dora Hand was queen of the dance-hall girls, the Fairy Belles, as slang had them, but I wonder how many of you who cheered or cried when she sung in front of some bar knew that she had studied in Europe for grand opera, that she once had a contract with a big New York impresario and, what's more, that she came from an old and well-to-do Boston family. I know all this because Dog Kelley told me.

"Well, Dora made a lot of money here in Dodge, and spent most of it on charity. Let another girl get sick and it was Dora she turned to. Let any man in camp get down with anything from delirium tremens to smallpox and nobody to watch him, send for Dora Hand and she'd play nurse until he got better or got buried. Many a man from this old camp has answered a hurry call from home and mother with a ticket that Dora Hand provided, and I can name you a hundred cowhands who got drunk in Dodge, gambled away the only saddles and ponies they owned to get 'em back to Texas, and then had Dora get 'em out of hock and trust 'em to repay her without even knowing their addresses or asking if they had any. The camp got so it depended on Dora to come through in any emergency.

"Well, along comes that halfbreed, Jim Kennedy, up the Jones and Plummer Trail, and goes gunning for Dog Kelley. Kelley, who worshiped the ground Dora walked on, had rented her the shack where he had lived, so that Dora and her running mate, Fannie, could have a home of their own.

"Not knowing that Jim Kelley had moved, Kennedy made his gunplay through the window, shooting at the bed where he figured Dog to be sleeping. He killed Dora Hand so quick she never knew what hit her.

"'Bring him in alive,' Kelley told Wyatt Earp when the posse took out after Kennedy. 'Dodge'll want to deal with him as a community.' He knew Wyatt would get Kennedy if he had to take him away from all the gunmen in Texas.

"When we set out to fix a funeral for Dora, the Reverend Wright was out of town. There was another preacher here, but among other things, he told us was that we couldn't bury Dora in the Prairie Avenue cemetery, because she'd contaminate ground that was consecrated.

"Every store, saloon and gambling house in Dodge closed during the funeral, and four hundred men with their sombreros on their saddle horns rode behind the spring wagon that carried Dora Hand up Boot Hill. That's all there was to the service.

"You remember the item in my old paper telling of the first thirty-three bodies moved from Boot Hill to Prairie Avenue. Well, they were replanted in four rows of eight graves each, jammed close together, then one grave a little to one side, with extra space around it. That right, doc?"

Doctor Simpson confirmed the description.

"Well, that thirty-third grave, off by itself, is Dora Hand's last resting place."

The Old Cowman went up to shuck his chaps, his fancy vest, his ten-gallon sombrero, and to pack his guns; within the hour he would be speeding back to his avocation as a retired banker. There was a feeling that, like all of his kind who had also bidden a last farewell to Dodge, he had left his truer calling behind him—fifty years behind, to be accurate.

BRAZIL

(Continued from Page 65)

"The fog had lifted, and I ran all the way to the village—a matter of a mile and a half—caught the old doctor just as he was going on a round of visits, and drove back with him in his buggy, and at the gallop. He said that she was the finest girl in the world. He said it many times, and every time he said it, he whipped the horse. Later in the day he sent his wife to stay until after the funeral, and I stayed. I begged to be allowed to stay. 'I can be useful,' I said, 'and run errands. And this Brazil is Brazil enough for me.'

"Through the whole tragic business she went very calmly about the things that had to be done, but at night—for the old house was resonant like a violin—I could hear her sobbing. That old uncle had been father and mother to her, and she had loved him very dearly, and she felt no bitterness because he had left her with nothing but a debt. When that was paid, she would owe nothing and she would have nothing. She and the doctor's wife did all the cooking that had to be done, and I washed all the dishes, and pared apples and potatoes, and fetched firewood, and did odds and ends.

"The morning of the funeral, which was to be at eleven o'clock, I waked early and was starting a fire in the range when she came into the kitchen and patted my shoulder, and said:

"'You've been a dear—a perfect dear.'

"And it made me so happy to hear that word of praise that I began to tremble.

"'If I had you to work for,' I said, 'I'd always be a perfect dear. I'll just bet I would. I'd try so hard.'

"She laughed that soft little laugh of hers, and, right on top of it, sighed. The kindlings were in flames now. I put the lid over them, dusted my hands against each other and straightened up.

"'If I had my way,' I said, 'I'd never leave you. Never.'

"'Do you know,' she said, 'I could just about stand that; because you're such a dear.'

"At that, tears welled up in her eyes and ran down over the lids, and she looked like a beautiful, forlorn child.

"The next thing I knew, I had her tight in my arms and was whispering things into the hair on top of her head.

"'With the mortgage paid,' I said, 'we'll still have Brazil. And somehow or other, so help us, we'll manage to live off it, and hang on to it until it makes us rich.'

"When the hearse came, and the undertaker and his men and the clergyman, we went into the little parlor off the hall, with the clergyman, and the doctor and his wife for witnesses, and were married. Then we went back into the hall and had the funeral.

"That first winter we did all the work of the house and farm ourselves. There were eight cows to be milked night and morning, and that is why I am so strong in the hands; there were trees to be felled and turned into stove wood and firewood. We couldn't afford coal for the furnace; we couldn't afford much of anything. But we were full of high hopes and blissfully happy.

"In the spring the real estate in that old forgotten part of the world began to move, and it kept on moving. Prices rose and rose. The old country roads, impassable in the spring break-up, became streets. Old landmarks vanished. It was tragic in a way, but we became well-to-do and then rich. We had the old house carefully taken to pieces and set up on a new farm that we had bought thirty miles away. We called it New Brazil. And I think that's about all of the story."

"When did all that happen, father?"

"Just before the Spanish War—in the late 90's."

"Where," asked Mary, "was the old Brazil?"

"We still own some of it, thank the Lord," said father. "It's in the heart of New York City, and I had word the other day that one little corner of it is going to be forty stories high."

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DOUBLE PLAY

(Continued from Page 15)

behaving like a rotten cad, and this, intermittently, made him more kind to her. Conversely, however, it made him no fonder of her. He heard that Laura Dearth would soon be home—an unsettling bit of news. He could not help wondering if Laura was not coming back because of regret for her decision to part from him forever.

Soon Harrie noticed that when she wanted to talk to him about the wedding party, or the house they were looking for—Mr. Caruthers was giving that—he not only wasn't interested but he tried to avoid and shirk such conferences. "You do as you like. It doesn't matter to me," he said, and repeated it again and again. He repeated it once too often.

And Harrie did what all humanity hates mightily to do. She faced the facts.

"Nothing matters to you," she said, "about our wedding and our home. So I can't matter to you very much either."

Her tone gave Rob Caruthers the oddest thrill of excitement. He knew he was getting out of it! He was to be free again! He didn't look at Harrie's eyes; he simply turned away and was silent.

"I don't matter very much, do I, Rob?" asked Harrie, and her voice sounded perfectly calm. Certainly her face was calm. She even smiled.

He had to answer. "I don't want to be cruel or caddish, but I can't give you anything less than the truth," he said. "I'm afraid that I—and you, too—have mistaken our feelings. It's better to know now than later."

It was Harrie's turn to be silent. "You feel that, I am sure," went on Rob. "It's simple and easy enough now, but if we were married and felt like this, it would be a real smash."

"Why, yes," assented Harrie, almost brightly. "We'd have to get a divorce."

"So you see how much better and more dignified it is to break off when there's still time."

"It's much better, as you say."

His spirits began to soar. He became kind. "What a dear sensible child you are," he began. "Harrie, we'll always be friends. I'd make a wretched bad husband, but as a friend ——"

He stopped, because she wasn't there. Harrie had taken off her big sapphire, laid it on the table by his side and walked out of the room. She had done this because she knew if she didn't get away instantly she was going to scream and tear her hair and drown herself in an ocean of hysterical tears. She knew this because she had felt her heart shatter to fragments in her body.

She went upstairs into her own bedroom and sat down beside the window. It was not only the bitterness of being rejected but of having loved a man who plainly wasn't worth her affection. Yet she could be fair to him. "He was trapped into it by the music and the moonlight and me being so crazy about him," she thought. "He couldn't resist the combination. He didn't really love me. But he knows the mechanics of love-making so well he went through them as an actor goes through his lines. Oh, what am I going to do?" Her heart hurt her; she rocked her body back and forward in agony.

For an hour or so she wouldn't have to do anything or speak to anyone, because she and Rob had been going to ride and wouldn't be expected back until dinnertime. She looked out of the window, and there on the gravel Winks was waiting with the stableboy. So Harrie went downstairs and out into the warm late sunshine.

"Mr. Caruthers, miss, rode off," said the boy. "Said he'd been called away unexpected. I didn't know if I ought to take Winks back; you hadn't left no orders."

"It was all right to wait," said Harrie. "I don't want to miss my ride." She was surprised that she could still speak aloud, for she felt as though she had been stricken mute.

There is a curious mental and physical adjustment in riding a horse you know and trust, and who knows and trusts you. In the concerted rhythm of movement there are soothing and release. Harrie found herself watching the way Winks put one delicately pointed ear back, then forward, to gather all the sounds roundabout, and the way she shook her head and rippled her sleek bay hide to get free of the swarming wood flies, and the exact sure step of her neat hoofs, her care of her rider on slippery Clay Hill, her exultant carefree dash across the safe flat Meadows, as Winks had never been watched before. Here was a being—inferior if you wish, though Harrie scarcely believed it—who solved her problems and remained happy and accomplished within her distinct limitations. Harrie wondered why she had not been as sensible as Winks. Gradually, as the shadows grew longer and longer across the bridle path and the light under the trees cooled from amber into gray, Winks fell into a steady light rack, her prettiest easiest pace, and by the beat and tempo of this gait Harrie was involuntarily brought out of chaos into order. She saw with brutal clarity how Balderville would receive the news of her broken engagement. Everyone would surmise that Rob and not she had been the unwilling party. Well, let them. It was the truth. He needn't try any chivalrous stunt. He had jilted her, and there was no use glossing it. Yet, feeling in advance the sting of sympathy which was half curiosity, or perhaps half satisfaction, imagining the smiles, the wit, the false pity, she wondered how she would ever face it all.

And yet, as she thought of it, this too dissolved away into the greater blow. "I loved him," she said aloud to Winks. "I loved him so much. Now I must do without him. All the mean little tongues in the world might wag if only he'd loved me. That's the hard thing."

She thought of how, before she fell in love with Rob Caruthers, she had built up her defenses and resources with music and Italian and gardening. What price that nonsense now! Intellect, culture—blah, that's what it was. Her mind—that part of it concerned about learning things—was, Harrie realized, helpless, subordinate to her heart, which had learned too much and too well. "I've only got one thing left," thought Harrie, "and that's my nerve. I daren't lose that or I'm gone for good. And I'm not going to bawl around or let anybody know what I'm up against—no, not a soul, and specially mother."

It was easier to stick to this determination when she discovered, as she got home, that Cousin Eleanor Hastings had arrived, unexpectedly, for the week-end. Cousin Eleanor was Harrie's ancient enemy. She was sweet and gentle and unbearably, persistently nosey under the poor camouflage of wanting to be Confided In, because the experience and counsel of an older woman Always Helps. To Harrie this attitude was infuriating. She dressed for dinner with her lips tight and her eyes hard, and she put just enough rouge on her cheeks to make her color natural.

Her greeting to Cousin Eleanor was gay and smiling. "Nice you're here," she said. "You're looking terribly well. And what a spiffy frock! My word, but you're grand!"

Naturally, Cousin Eleanor was pleased, but that didn't keep her noseyness down.

"Where's your young man, dear?" she asked. "I'm so anxious to meet him."

Now for it. Harrie began to laugh, heartily and naturally. "What d'you think?" she replied. "It's all off—my engagement, I mean. My young man threw me over this afternoon and broke my heart. So he won't be here to dinner or for anything ever again."

"Now, Harrie, don't be flippant," cautioned Mrs. Hastings. "Why do you think it's funny to say things like that?"

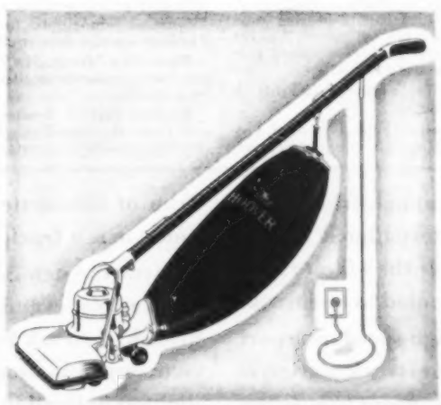
(Continued on Page 153)

Is "ALMOST CLEAN" clean enough for the baby's bottles?

WHEN you wash the baby's things, clean the vegetables, scour the bathtub or wash the dishes, you don't give them just a careless surface cleaning. Then why should you with your rugs and carpets?

Floor coverings can be clean from top to bottom—will be, if you clean them with a Hoover. It removes more *dirt per minute* than any other cleaner—gives faster, deeper cleaning with less expenditure of human energy—because it gets out dirt that other cleaning methods never reach!

Deep in your rug is embedded grease-caked grit which suction alone simply cannot remove. It takes the deep-beating action of Positive Agitation to shake loose this packed-in dirt and dance it to the surface to be suctioned away. Only when it is removed, *can you call your rugs wholly clean.*



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ON A CUSHION OF AIR

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Ask your Hoover dealer for a free trial or home demonstration of The Hoover and its efficient dusting tools. Two Hoover models, only $6.25 down, balance monthly; liberal allowance for your old cleaner.

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INTERNATIONAL

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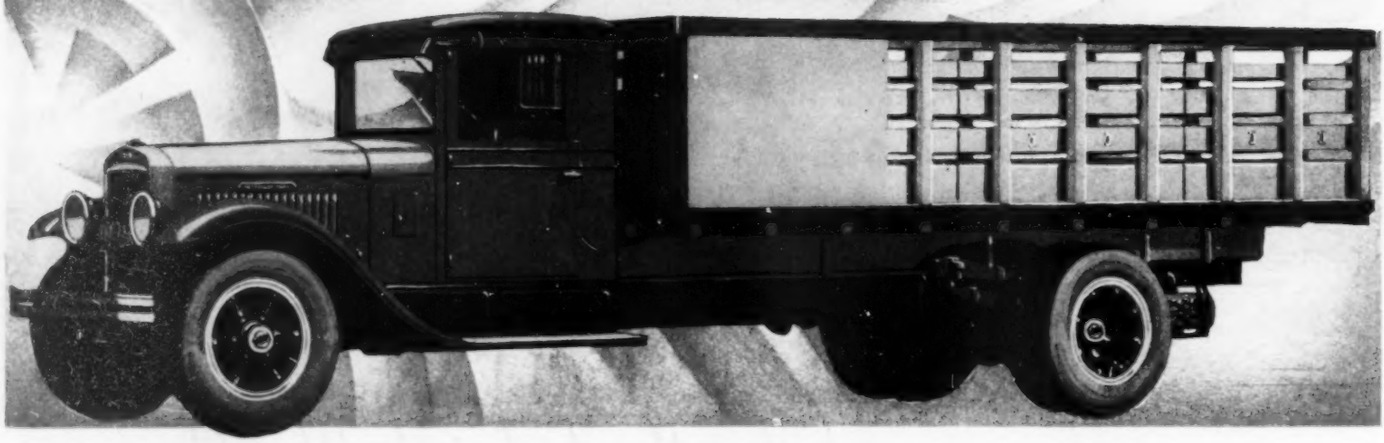
A 3-TON 6-CYLINDER SPEED TRUCK



Here is the new 3-ton 6-cylinder International Speed Truck—Model A-5—now on view at all of the 159 Company-owned International Branches in the United States.

Brief Specifications of Model A-5

Wheelbase: 156, 190 or 210 inches.

Engine: International design and manufacture; 6-cylinder, valve-in-head, 7-bearing crankshaft, 7-bearing camshaft, removable cylinders; 3-point mounting with rubber-cushioned rear supports; pressure lubrication.

Clutch: Single plate, with built-in vibration damper.

Transmission: 5 speeds forward, 1 reverse, direct in high; one control lever.

Final Drive: Spiral bevel gear type.

Frame: Pressed-steel channel type, with deep middle section.

Springs: Semi-elliptic, front and rear. Auxiliary springs, quarter-elliptic.

Tires: 34 x 7 front, 34 x 7 dual rear, pneumatic, mounted on all-steel spoke-type wheels.

Brakes: Service, 4-wheel mechanical, internal expanding. Emergency, internal expanding on rear.

Sponsored by twenty-six years of automotive achievement, this latest member of the International line of trucks is definitely designed to provide the widest range of modern hauling service ever embodied in one truck.

The chassis itself, ready alike for high-speed transport and for the severe punishment of dump truck service, is being hailed as an outstanding advancement in automotive engineering. Be sure to read the specifications given at the left.

And Model A-5, as shown in the illustration, is as attractive in appearance as it is powerful in performance. Trim of silhouette and so obviously in tune with the times, it is a truck of which any owner may be proud.

Favor the new 3-ton International Speed Truck with an exacting examination at the nearest International Branch, then ask for a demonstration of its prowess on your own job. Doing so will not place you under the slightest obligation.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
OF AMERICA (INCORPORATED)
606 So. Michigan Ave. Chicago, Illinois

INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

(Continued from Page 150)

"But it is funny! Here we were, all set for getting married in a couple of months, and looking for a house, and you buying all the tablecloths in the world, and now—blooie!" Harrie made a little gesture with her hand, and her mother saw that the sapphire was not there.

"Harrie," she said sharply, "where's your ring?"

"Gave it back to Rob, of course. He might need it again sometime."

"Probably just a lovers' quarrel, dear," said Cousin Eleanor soothingly to Mrs. Hastings. "Everyone has them." Her delicate little features quivered like a rabbit's with curiosity. "It's absurd to think it's anything else. Look at Harrie, so calm, and eating her dinner ——"

"I want to know," said Mrs. Hastings, who was better acquainted with Harrie than was Cousin Eleanor, "whether this is true or not."

"Mother," said Harrie, looking straight at her, "it is perfectly true. Rob decided that he couldn't be bothered with matrimony. He jilted me, and my heart is broken." She wondered why she kept on repeating that, but it was so true it helped her to say it.

"Don't be fantastic with me," warned Mrs. Hastings, becoming fussed under the strain. "You young people think it's so clever to do these wild things, without any idea of what it involves ——"

"It doesn't involve very much," said Harrie, taking a second piece of chicken. "You ought to be thankful that you don't have to pull off that wedding and all the parties beforehand. You can go along now and take your cure at Vichy as per usual. I dare say the shops will take back most of the stuff you've bought, and the linen we can use here at home. My lingerie, too—I can wear that. I don't intend to stop wearing lingerie because I'm jilted and my heart is broken. Don't look so disturbed. It'll work out all right. Good heavens, wasn't anybody's engagement ever busted up before?" She pulled her face into a smile.

"Well, if you look at it that way," said Mrs. Hastings at last, who was no more minded than Harrie that Cousin Eleanor should have any innings on this catastrophe. "I dare say you're right. Naturally, I'm surprised."

"I was a bit surprised myself," admitted Harrie. "'Struck all of a heap,' as that English parlor maid used to say. But here we are. Cheerio, and all that, old dears."

"But, Harrie," protested Cousin Eleanor—"Harrie, dee-ar, you couldn't have been much in love with him when you take it so calmly. You're only pretending that he was the one who broke it off!" Her face became a living, eager question mark.

"I tell you," said Harrie firmly, "that he jilted me, and my heart is broken. Take it or leave it, there it is."

Cousin Eleanor became justly indignant. She was certain that Harrie was making fun of her, and she did not like it at all. She went into her shell and offered no more consolation, asked nothing more. Harrie took courage. If the exact truth produced such an admirable effect on Cousin Eleanor, it might very well have some power with Balderville in general.

"All I must do," thought Harrie, "is to take the same line everywhere until I drop dead from overexertion. Oh, Lord, this is hard! This is hard! But I've put her off, the snoopy little rat. I'm that much ahead anyway."

Aloud she said: "I wish to goodness Rob had waited till tomorrow to throw me over. I wanted to go to the Balder Club dance tonight. They're going to have Sam Sari's Serenaders for music. I don't want to go by myself—too stupid."

Mrs. Hastings played up. If Harrie's engagement really was broken—and she had a queer certainty that it was—and the girl wanted to show a brave front to Cousin Eleanor and her kind, Mrs. Hastings would stand by her as well as she knew how.

"Why don't you phone over to the Martins'? There's a crowd going from there. Jane Martin told me so yesterday. They'd pick you up."

"There's an idea. I'll just do that little thing." She might better do that than stay at home with her thoughts. Besides, here was Cousin Eleanor all ready to probe farther, given an inch of opportunity. If she didn't want to go to the electric chair for murdering Cousin Eleanor, Harrie knew she'd better get away. She spoke to one of the maids: "Mary, telephone to Miss Rose Martin and ask her if she can stop and take me with her when she goes to the club dance this evening. Ask her to say what time she'll be along too."

It was thus arranged easily, and to fill in the time after dinner Harrie went back upstairs and changed into her newest, smartest evening dress, a softly brilliant, provocative rose garment, designed by color and shape to draw men's eyes into approval and pursuit.

Thus accoutered, she was more confident. She fought off the devils of hurt pride and bitter loss who clamored about her and tried to eat her up. Time enough to give herself to their ravages later. Carefully she went over her make-up until she knew that she looked right—not too pale and not too red. She was still touching up her art work when the Martin car sounded a summoning horn at the front door.

With her silver cape slung over one shoulder, she went down. Besides Rose Martin, there were Betsy Dennison and her brother Fritz, Justine Payne, Bill Dove, Kip Jeffers, and a wild visiting fireman who was introduced as Kemo Sidney. He was staying with the Dennisons and his real name, Harrie found out later, was James.

"Squeeze in," commanded Rose. "Sit on Kemo's lap if you like; he's a large hulk."

So Harrie squeezed in, and they were no sooner started than Justine asked, "What's the matter with Roberto tonight? Has he ducked out on you?"

"And how!" said Harrie. "Let me announce to you all that Roberto has ducked out on me permanently. He has thrown me over flat, and my heart is broken."

They all shouted. It was the funniest thing they'd heard in years. "Harrie, you're a sketch," Betsy assured her. "This is really very, very choice."

"But it's true, you poor nitwit. Roberto dumped me; there ain't a-going to be no wedding, and you are hereby notified that your engagements as bridesmaids are canceled."

"Stop kidding," urged Rose. "If this is by way of getting a new lot of bridesmaids, you may as well save your trouble. I'm going to walk up the aisle with you unless I'm prevented by force."

"I'm not kidding. I tell you it's all off between Rob and me, and my heart is broken."

"Well, for Pete's sake!" said Fritz Dennison. "You don't show it. Honest Injun, folks, I believe the little woman is on the level! She has busted up with Roberto the Great Lover."

"And her heart is broken!" chanted Kemo. At which they all shouted again.

By the time they had reached the club they were all sold on the idea that the engagement was definitely off, and they were immensely tickled with the idea of Harrie's broken heart; she looked so pretty and so peaceful and laughed so much whenever she said it that they all fell for it as a whale of a joke.

They didn't, they couldn't believe that Rob Caruthers had jilted Harrie, and the more she insisted that he had, the less they swallowed. She didn't act the least bit as a jilted girl acts. But as the news spread around through the dancers it created a sensation, and Harrie's stock went up like a skyrocket. The girls were amazed that anyone would willingly throw over a fascinator like Rob Caruthers, and the men were pleased to find one girl who had had the sense not to be blinded by Rob's well-known charm. Harrie had never been so popular. She was cut in on every two minutes, and Kemo, the visiting fireman, lost his head over her completely and gave her a large intensive rush.

Harrie, on the way home, repelling Kemo's ardent advances somewhat absent-mindedly, found that the activities of the evening had brought her no consolation, but had certainly been a distraction. And she was so dead tired that she couldn't lie awake and cry, as she had feared she might do. Instead, she went to sleep at once, and slept until half-past ten in the morning, to be wakened by the ringing of the telephone at the side of her bed. It was Betsy Dennison. She said that Kemo was clamoring for Harrie's society, and would Harrie come over for lunch and they'd frame up some sort of doings for the afternoon; maybe go off for a swim in the Jeffers pool, or for a sail if it wasn't too hot. At this point there was a confused dispute at the other end as Kemo, who was standing by, seized the telephone.

"How's the poor old broken heart this morning?" he asked. "Any better?"

"Lots worse, if anything. I'm almost too sleepy to know. Why wake me up in the middle of the night to ask foolish questions?"

After more badinage it appeared that Kemo didn't want any party framed up; he wanted to take Harrie somewhere all by themselves, where they could be alone and really talk. But Harrie declined. "I'm not a strong enough woman," she said. In the end she accepted the luncheon invitation and postponed decision on the best form of after entertainment.

"I might just as well," she thought, putting down the receiver. "Keeps me from moaning low, anyway."

She lay back on her pillows and thought about Rob, somberly, miserably. What was he doing this morning, and—the phone rang again.

This time it was Bill Dove, calling up from his office in town. If Harrie hadn't anything better to do in the evening, he'd breeze round and take her to the movies. It might, he added jocularly, help the broken heart a bit. Harrie agreed that it might. Good kind old Bill! She had always liked Bill Dove; he was the sort you could say anything to. Bill had been awfully nice last night at the dance, but then Bill was always nice. It would be peaceful and restful to go to the movies with Bill after a rough afternoon with the Kemo lad.

"And, Bill," she said, "your folks are away, aren't they? Then why don't you come over to the house and have dinner with us? I ought to warn you that we've got a poisonous cousin staying with us, and mother'll be here, of course. If you can stand three females ——"

"You bet I can," said Bill Dove, "when one of 'em's you, Harrie." Which, for old Bill, was going some, and made Harrie laugh quite naturally.

"Righto, then. Eight o'clock."

Before Harrie was able to get up and get dressed, she had three more phone calls from young gentlemen who desired to date her up for time in the near future. Every one of them inquired, more or less facetiously, about the state of her heart. Harrie answered in kind, and arranged her dates to the best advantage. Then there was a slight lull, during which she rang for her breakfast tray and got her bath. She was just taking a first sip of coffee when Mrs. Hastings appeared.

"I've been wanting to talk to you, Harrie, about Rob. You behaved so strangely last night, though I can quite understand—with Cousin Eleanor here ——"

"What d'you want to know, mother?" broke in Harrie. "I've told you what happened. The engagement's off, and Rob broke it, not I." She felt a lump beginning to form in her throat, and drank some coffee hastily.

"But you don't seem —— Of course I'm awfully sorry—and yet, you take it so lightly, I can't quite grasp it, I suppose."

"There's nothing to grasp. That's all there is, there isn't any more!" Harrie imitated the glorious Barrymore contralto. "Why don't you run along to the other side and get away from all this bother? I'll handle it. I can countermand orders and send back stuff and ——"

"But, dear, wouldn't you rather come with me? Then you won't be bothered either."

Harrie imagined the agony of a trip to Vichy, with her mother being affectionately solicitous for her every minute. "No, I'd rather stick around. Besides, I'm going to be pretty busy." She waved her engagement book toward her mother's astonished eyes.

"I don't understand you," said Mrs. Hastings at last, "nor Rob Caruthers. I was fond of Rob."

"So was I. Too fond. And he wasn't fond enough of me."

"I really don't think you need to shield him or to keep on pretending that it was he who broke the engagement. It's very plain to be seen that it's not the truth."

Harrie shrugged her shoulders. "Well, you might ask him, if you don't believe me. I tell you, he jilted me and my heart is broken. That's my story and I shall stick to it."

Mrs. Hastings rose in offended dignity. "You're very hard, you modern young people. I shall call up the steamship offices and see what sailings I can get, as soon as possible. You might, at least to your own mother ——" The complaint trailed off outside the door.

"Oh, mother," Harrie called after her, "Bill Dove'll be here to dinner tonight. We're going to the movies. And I'll be lunching at the Dennisons'. Fritz has a house guest whom I rather fancy as a little playmate."

There was only one more phone call for Harrie before she started for the Dennisons'. It was from Mr. Caruthers, Senior. "What's this Rob tells me?" he said. "Your engagement broken? My dear child, my dear child, what did this disgraceful son of mine do to have you treat him like this? I want to know. I think it's my right."

"Climb down, old dear," returned Harrie. "Rob didn't do anything but throw me over. Yes, I said he threw me over, jilted me, chucked me—and a jolly good thing he thought of it in time. Don't be harsh with him. You wouldn't want him to marry a girl he didn't love, would you? Of course not. Lucky we found out in time."

She finally choked off his passionate protests of incredulity and regret. And now, for a few moments, her courage failed her and she sat in blank despair, wondering how long she could keep this sort of thing going before she went to pieces under the strain. "Oh, Rob, Rob! Why couldn't you have cared a little more when I cared so much?" she whispered. "I could have spared you some of my caring and still had a worldful left. It hurts me so. It hurts me so."

She caught a glimpse of her distorted face in the mirror and was shocked. "This won't do," she went on. "This won't do at all. I'll go raving mad. If I could get through last night all right, I can get through today. Thank heaven I don't have to live more than one day at a time." Resolutely she pulled her features into balance again, put on her most becoming hat and started off for the Dennisons'.

The story of Harrie's broken heart did not reach Rob Caruthers for some days. He rather kept away from people, and the men in the club car saw this and said nothing to him about it, because there seemed so little to say. He was not the type to have easy and free friendships with other men; a true lady-killer never has many men friends. No one felt equal to slapping him on the back and saying, "What's this I hear about you and Harrie Hastings?" in a comfortable pal-ish sort of way. They left him alone and he stayed in town a good bit, which gave him further isolation.

But Laura Dearth, just returned from Paris, heard it the first thing, and it seemed very amusing to her. When Rob called her up, as he did when he thought Bard Dearth was not in the house, she began to tease

(Continued on Page 156)

"Now, I always keep a reserve supply in my linen closet," one woman said. "These gay wrappers in jade and brilliant cerise are quite charming enough to be stored with my loveliest linens."
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Homes that appreciate the niceties of living will welcome these NEW *Fluffed* BATHROOM TISSUES

ZEE is a new ivory tissue . . . so soft and absorbent that we hesitate to compare it with any roll you've ever bought at this low price! It gives you 100 more sheets than most ten cent rolls, yet it is amazingly fine . . . gently "fluffed" to make it softer . . . firm and absorbent. Zee is compactly rolled, too, so it won't unfurl wastefully. Then, a dustproof wrapper is carefully tucked in this roll to protect the delicate tissues until they reach your bathroom.

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ZALO is as fine and white a tissue as you ever bought at any price. Let a tissue sheet or two glide through your fingers . . . feel their suede-like softness . . . see how petal thin they are . . . petal clear, too! Would you have thought that so fine a tissue could be made so firm, so quickly absorbent? It is never glazed or flimsy! "No wonder," you'll say, "fastidious women always accept Zalo as the final evidence of quality in bathroom appointments."

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Single Roll 10¢
Soft ivory tissue
750 sheets on a roll
(100 extra sheets)

Zalo
Two Rolls for 25¢
Pure white tissue
1000 sheets on a roll
Single roll, 15¢

CRUMPLE *a tissue or two against your cheek. They are pliant as cotton puffs . . . soft enough to use as cold cream tissue . . . always smooth, never harsh or crackling!*

BOTH ZALO AND ZEE *are absolutely safe. You may be sure of that! Over-all, dustproof wrappers are carefully tucked in the core of the roll to keep the tissues clean and pure until they reach you.*

EVEN *after the wrappers are off, you can always recognize these two rolls in any bathroom, for the names are lightly pressed on the sheets.*

YOUR GROCER, *druggist, all good department stores, sell Zalo and Zee, because they are finer . . . more economical, too!*

Both Zalo and Zee fit all standard projecting and recessed fixtures.

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(Continued from Page 153)

him. "Oh, scandal! What I know about you!" giggled Laura. "Getting engaged, and to such a nice girl, and having her give you the go-by and pin it back on you!"

"What are you talking about?" He spoke stiffly. He had not intended that his first talk with Laura should open like this.

"You and Harrie Hastings, of course. I understand she says that you've broken her heart. And everybody's simply in stitches about it! She always was such a funny girl, with such a keen sense of humor. It's a little rough on you, though, isn't it?"

"I don't quite understand. Harrie Hastings and I were engaged, certainly. We found we had made a mistake and it was dissolved by mutual consent."

"Now I'll tell one," caroled Laura. "Mutual consent me eye, Robbie. Your well-known manner must have lost its cunning is all I've got to say. Come over to dinner Thursday and give Bard and me your own version, won't you? I know it'll be good."

He had been having a rather thin time, had Rob, ever since the engagement was broken. He knew he had not behaved well, and he had counted on Laura's return for a quick assuaging of his annoyance with himself. It was to be her rôle to tell him sympathetically that a man like him could never be happy with a girl like Harrie, that he had been wise and kind and generous. Now it appeared that Laura not only refused to take the part assigned her but went out of her way to say things well calculated to annoy. This was what her stay in Paris with Bard Dearth had done for Laura! There was such a ring of sincerity in her light taunts that he could not flatter himself she was merely covering her pique with his quick defection. And asking him to come over and tell her and Bard all about it! That was the final blow. He had been, he decided, greatly deceived in the depths of Laura's nature. She was but a shallow cup.

But this stuff she told him—Harrie going about saying he had broken her heart—he simply couldn't swallow that. He made, however, cautious inquiries and soon discovered that it was only too true. Harrie not only was saying this but it had been received everywhere with ribald acclaim. Harrie had made their break irresistibly comic. And, it was obvious, she had not spared making him comic also. He became extremely angry.

He did not want to call her up and ask to see her; to do that would seem as if he considered her behavior of importance. Better, he thought, to make an opportunity to talk to her as if by chance. He remembered how they used to meet in the late afternoon on the bridle path, and had his horse saddled for the same hour. For two days he didn't see her at all. Then he met her, but she was not alone. She was accompanied by a man whom Rob did not recognize—a large obtrusive young fellow who appeared to be very devoted and very familiar. Rob nodded coolly and passed on. In the woods sounds carry far sometimes, and he was certain that he heard Harrie's companion say hilariously, "So that's the guy who broke your heart!" His anger was not lessened thereby. But he did not ride again.

Though many Balderville people had gone abroad or to Canada or to the West, there were enough left to keep up a certain amount of midsummer social activity. These were the families who liked to enjoy their fine big houses, their gorgeous gardens and the excellent sailing on the Sound when all of these were at their best. It occurred to Rob that Harrie might go to the big dance the Jeffers were giving at the yacht club. It was ostensibly for the sub-deb and prep-school contingent, but practically every age was invited, and in the isolation of such a crowd Rob might easily have an unnoticed little talk with Harrie. He had reached the gritting-of-teeth point now. One or two tactless acquaintances had snickeringly razzed him about being the world's best-known heart-breaker.

Harrie did go to the Jeffers dance with Kemo Sidney, who had extended his visit week by week to hang around after her. She might have gone with Bill Dove or Reddy Marshall or Jay Kilver or Douglas Stone, but she chose Kemo because she knew the time was soon coming when he would have to leave and that would be the end of that. If she went with one of the local men he would still be here when winter came, and in Harrie's present frame of mind it seemed easier to deal with transitory emotions than permanent ones. She was having the rush of her life this summer. It did not make her the least bit happier, but it surely filled up the time.

When Rob came up to her at the dance she gave no sign of her inward agitation, except that the hand she held out to him was quite suddenly cold. "How nice to see you," she said cordially and a little high, that everyone around might hear. "No, I'm sorry; this next dance is taken. And the next. And the next. Of course you can always—cut in." The last came to him from a distance as she one-stepped away in Kemo's arms.

He might—cut in! Very well. He would. When she came around again, he pushed through and tapped her partner smartly on the shoulder. It was not Kemo but Jay Kilver, who had cut in at the other side of the ballroom.

"Please come outside," begged Rob. "I want very much to talk to you."

She followed him to the shadowy veranda overhanging the water, and its two most secluded chairs.

"Now, what can you want to talk to me about?" asked Harrie sweetly.

"D'you mind? I thought we were to be friends. You promised me we were to be friends."

Harrie leaned back and giggled. "Fine approach shot. Go ahead, friend."

He began to get hot. He forgot all about finesse. "I understand you're going about saying that I broke your heart. It makes me ridiculous. I don't know why you want to be nasty and revengeful to me; it seems to me very small-minded ——"

Harrie was serious enough now. "But it's true that you broke my heart, Rob. I felt it smash. I can't help it if other people think it's funny. It isn't funny to me."

He gave an inarticulate snort of fury. But she went on, quite simply: "I was really in love with you, you see. I'd never been in love before. I've never played about with that sort of thing as you have. I haven't meant to be revengeful—there's nothing to revenge. I loved you and you didn't love me back again, though at first I thought you did. What did you expect me to tell people—that I'd jilted you? Would you have liked that?"

"You might at least have said, as I did, that it was by mutual consent. You might have thought of my feelings."

"I had enough feelings of my own to think about. Besides, your feelings were so agreeable to you, you wanted so much to be shut of me."

"That is not true."

"And that is still more not true."

He rose. "I am very much disappointed in you."

"Well, I suppose I can bear that," said Harrie. "I am exceedingly disappointed in you. You wanted to throw me over and have everybody know it and feel it's to your credit, somehow. Everybody does know it and thinks it's a joke, and you get sore. I must confess I didn't imagine just how stupendous a joke people would think it; but cheer up, something else sensational will come along soon and my broken heart will be forgotten."

He bowed and went away. Harrie sat still in the cool sea wind. "It's been a month since he's spoken to me," she thought, "and all he can say now is that I'm small-minded and revengeful. Not one word that he's sorry, not one glimmer of understanding, or gentleness, or anything kind. He might just have said that he missed my music, for he did like my playing for him. But—nothing!"

She went on in to the dancing and was pounced on by accusing partners. For the rest of the evening there was no time to think about Rob. He moped for a while, but presently reappeared for the purpose of being very attentive to Anne Trask. This, however, didn't come off. Anne listened to his preliminary line and smiled impishly.

"Run along," she bade him airily. "D'you want to break my heart as you did Harrie's?"

This drove him back to the secluded place on the veranda, and he sat there alone, except for some new and, for him, extraordinary thoughts. He saw himself for the first time, more or less as he appeared to Harrie—selfish, vain, conceited. Certainly he had prided himself on his success with women, but now it occurred to him that the only women with whom he had been successful were as vain and selfish as himself—women who had wanted thrills and didn't care how they got them, women who wanted flattery and didn't care how thick it was spread on, women who wanted attention and attendance from a personable young man, and didn't care who he might be. But this, he knew, wasn't true of Harrie. Harrie had given him something quite different. Slowly the value of Harrie grew in his mind. She was sincere, she was understanding, she was generous. He saw her as she had sat beside him half an hour before, and she seemed to him to have improved in looks and bearing. Even her nose appeared more aquiline.

Besides all this, Rob Caruthers saw that his day of romantic philandering was at an end, killed by the comic element Harrie had put into it with her alleged broken heart. Laura Dearth would never have been so offhand with him if she hadn't come back to find all Balderville laughing at him. And as for that insufferable young snip, Anne Trask! Yet it was borne in on Rob Caruthers that a decent man, a good sport, is never let in for the sort of rasp Anne Trask had just administered, even though he is comic. For the first time in his life he did not spare himself. Instead he felt an honest self-despising, small to be sure, but he was not practiced along that line. Still, he did realize that a professional lady-killer is not, exactly, the noblest work of God.

Presently he went home, but not without one more glimpse of Harrie dancing with young Sidney. "Oh, well," he thought bitterly, "she didn't really care about me. She just imagined it. She got over it quick enough." But he remembered how Harrie had looked up at him with desolation in her eyes when he told her that he had mistaken his feelings for her. That look was not pleasant to remember. He remembered, too, her dear and touching surrender when he had first said he loved her. And for a young man who had ardently desired his freedom and received it, Rob Caruthers was amazingly discontented in the possession of it.

He was going soon on his vacation, and he was anxious to get away. When he came back there might be, as Harrie had suggested, some new excitement in the neighborhood to send him more into the background. He would go there willingly. If people would only forget him and leave him alone he would be grateful, and three weeks of absence would surely help this desirable state of oblivion.

In this mood he trekked off for Canada and a camp where there were no women within many miles. But there was good fishing, and at first he fished and paddled all day long zestfully. In the evening he was too tired to do anything but smoke and yawn for an hour before the camp fire and listen to the little gramophone that one of the men in the party had brought. The music was a disturbing element; it made him think of Harrie. There were records of some of the things she had played for him, and when these were set going he had the picture before him of the Hastings living room, the garden scent drifting in through the open windows to meet Harrie's music and heighten its harmony. And

(Continued on Page 158)

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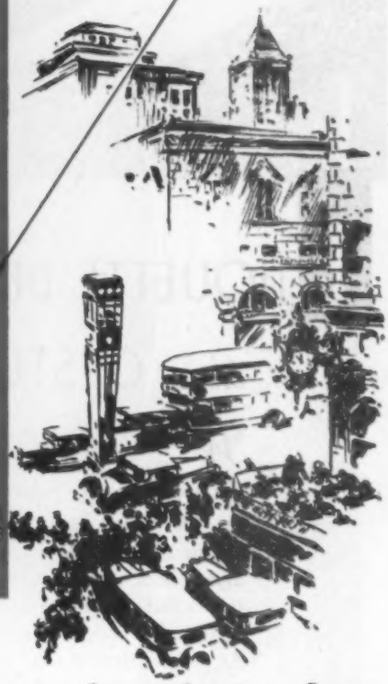

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(Continued from Page 156)

Harrie herself, with her light, colorful frocks, her slenderness, her smile, her instant response to him. "Say, can't you play some jazz?" he asked the owner of the gramophone after listening to Jeux d'Eau until he could bear it no longer. "I can't stand any more good music," he added, but did not say why.

The man obediently put on another record, but the pert rhythms of Funny Face were no more soothing to Rob Caruthers. He had danced to that tune with Harrie. He wished he didn't recall how little and young and pliant her body had been against his arm as they danced. He wished he had no memory at all, of anything, anybody.

By the time the three weeks had passed Rob Caruthers was desperate. If it had been possible without breaking up the party, he would have left the camp long before the agreed-on day, but he could not spoil his companions' stay by asking for guides and canoes simply to take him back to the nearest railway station, when there was no vital reason for his leaving—no vital reason that he could tell, that is. It was vital enough for him. He meant to go post-haste to Balderville. At this point he became confused, for he didn't know exactly what he would do beyond seeing Harrie Hastings and begging her to listen to him.

When at last the party was ready to return, he urged them on, gave them no rest on the trail. He had a horrible apprehension that Harrie might have got engaged to that Sidney youngster or to some of the other lads who had been so keen to console her for his loss. Console her! It was to laugh! He was the one who needed consolation and hadn't got it.

If Harrie hadn't engaged herself to someone else, she might have decided to go away, join her mother in Europe, take a silly, unnecessary trip somewhere sufficiently far from Balderville to make it hard for him to follow her. Or she might have fallen sick or had an accident of some sort—anything, everything could happen in three weeks. He couldn't imagine why he had been such an idiot as to go into the wilds where there were no telephones or telegrams or morning papers or letters!

Nevertheless, when he reached Balderville and discovered that nothing at all had happened to Harrie, he hesitated to put himself in direct communication with her. He was afraid, distrustful of himself. Finally he telephoned the Hastings stable and found out that Miss Harrie was going to ride that afternoon, and so far as the stableman knew, she intended to ride alone. So, in the hope that this was true, Rob had his own horse saddled, and at four o'clock was out along the bridle path.

He had gone over Clay Hill and was entering the Green Woods when he saw her coming toward him. She looked her surprise, and drew up to speak it: "Why, I thought you were in Canada. Did you have a good time?"

He turned his horse and rode beside her, without asking permission. "No, I had a rotten time."

"That's too bad. Fishing no good?"

"It wasn't that. Look here, Harrie; do listen a minute. When a fellow makes an awful ass of himself he doesn't always realize it at first. And then he doesn't always know how to get things straightened out without seeming a bigger ass than ever." He paused in hopeless chaos.

"What are you talking about?" asked Harrie, turning to look at him.

He plunged. "I'm trying to tell you, to ask you, I mean, if you won't give me another chance. All the time I've been away I've thought of nobody but you, and wished to be back with you, and hoped that perhaps, somehow, you mightn't be too disgusted with me."

"Oh, don't," said Harrie wearily. "It's no use, you know."

"No use at all? Harrie, you're engaged to that Sidney boy!"

"No. I'm not engaged to anyone."

"Then why won't you—are you still angry with me? Or didn't you love me at all when you said you did?"

She tried to explain: "Yes, I loved you. But when I found that you didn't love me it did something queer to me. It's this way: I loved you, and I kept on loving you; only not your real self. I kept on loving the man who had pretended to love me, and who didn't exist any more. But you, the real Rob Caruthers—why, to tell you the truth, I hardly feel as if I knew you at all. It sounds crazy, doesn't it?" Her eyes were far away, wistful. She herself seemed far from him. After a minute or two she went on: "If you'd have come back very soon, in the first few days or weeks, I could have put the real you and the you I loved together again into one person, I suppose. But now it's too late. And, Rob, here's something I ought to tell you: I didn't intend to be funny about it and make people laugh and joke the way they did. I was just so hurt and stunned—and I tried so awfully hard to seem not to be, because I didn't want everybody pooring and pitying me—I suppose I overdid it. I'm sorry if it annoyed you. I truly am."

He was ashamed and abased. "Harrie, dear and darling, all that's nothing—nothing at all. Don't give it another thought. The only thing that matters is that you must come back to me and let me make it up to you for the way I hurt you. Believe me, there's only one of me, and that's the one who loves you and loves you, and wants your love again, terribly."

But she shook her head. "No, I'm done," she said. It was not unkind, but it was final. He knew that it was final, and he stopped his horse so that she could go on without him.

As he watched her ride away, leaving him alone under the trees, there was a sharp, tragic throb in his left side, and he put his hand quickly over his heart, because it was breaking.

JOHN LODWICK NEWS SERVICE, ST. PETERSBURG, FLORIDA

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WHERE THE HEART IS

(Continued from Page 21)

come into his head, day before yesterday, on Fifth Avenue, with that windowful of round boxes gleaming at him. Besides, Mrs. Westlund never ate candy, and his little sister Corinne shouldn't. Ailanthus strolled up on his toes and planted the box on the limestone doorstep's unmitigated chill. Then he turned the car through Gallup Street and headed for home.

The conduct of Mr. Smith would have to be discussed with dad. A man who must be getting on toward forty should not shed tears, even at half-past five in the morning, on seeing an elderly Chinaman. Not that Tam Ling wasn't amiable. He had been known to launder a fellow's other dress shirt at Christmastime in an hour, without charging extra, and men lounged into his shop to gossip with Tam, who had the oddest fashion of knowing where a good colt was for sale, or a cook to be hired. And he had a mania for babies. Households just blessed were likely to get a pot of hyacinths from Tam Ling, or a Chinese ring. He moved around the Square on Saturday mornings and poked a yellow finger at small creatures tucked in the seats of cars waiting for mothers to stop shopping, and made amicable noises to them. Perhaps Mr. Smith had been fond of Tam Ling when he was a child.

But a man as old as that shouldn't cry. And would he have to cry on seeing Mrs. Corvo Smith?

Bolting along Gallup Street brought him suddenly into the country. Blandyburg stopped short with the Cotter house on one side of Gallup Street and the Smith place, which was a sure enough farm, on the other. The Cotter house was just a white frame house, but the Smith farm was meant to look like an English manor. Old Corvo Smith had spent a lot of money on it, back in those days before Ailanthus James Westlund was born, and his widow maintained the sumptuous hedges of privet and had the trees of the dooryard smartly clipped and the weather vanes on the stables and barns freshly gilded every year. A little joke always bubbled when the Westlunds and Ransomes and Edges and Baxters talked of Mrs. Corvo Smith. Old Corvo's second wife had been his cook. She was an English girl from some little place in Sussex, and she was younger than his own son. The nice people of Blandyburg never quite knew what to do about Mrs. Corvo, and Ailanthus knew that his mother and his powerful aunts couldn't stand her, with the bangles on her wrists and her perpetual smell of heavy perfumes. She existed, smiling, on the margin of affairs. But men seemed to like her a lot. She was certainly handsome, if you liked very pink cheeks and tawny hair. Some fellow had once gurgled to Ailanthus about the large woman's starry eyes. How did Michael Smith feel about her?

All at once Ailanthus slowed the car. It was funny that he had just remembered Michael Smith by that accident of the man's stare and his curly eyebrows. You never heard anybody speak of Corvo Smith's son. He pursed his lips and thought. Yes, dad had said, a couple of years back, that Mick Smith wasn't afraid of snakes and had brought home a rattler out of the hills, one time. And he had been captain of baseball on the high-school team. And he was clever about balancing things on his nose—cues and bats and poles. But he hadn't left much legend around the county. Maybe he was lost in the talk about his father, who went to South Africa and made money. Old Corvo had been quite a dog in his times, and Blandyburg was still proud of its adventurer who knew Cecil Rhodes. Strangers were shown the red house with its carven white stone doorways and slate roof, all copied from a photograph Corvo Smith fetched home with him from England. Ailanthus knew a quantity of things about old Smith, dead in 1916, but so little about Michael Smith that it rather shocked him. And where had the fellow been?

But a crow squawked on a fence, and a bit of wind shook water down from a black cherry in a corner of Uncle Sam Edge's place, at the road, and the valley brightened with every foot. Winter was surely over! Ailanthus saw the hills sticking up cedars and evergreen into the sunlight and turned into the lane with his heart doing something peculiar. The youngest hired man waved a hand from the middle of the high barnyard, and slung open the doors of the garage. Ailanthus steered the machine slowly between a smooth new car and the farm's truck.

"Whose is 'at, Dan?"

"Well, I dunno, 'Lanthus. It wasn't here last night. Your dad had me drive down to the station round ten, and that wasn't here then. Dunno what that'd be. New, ain't she?"

Ailanthus did not care about this strange vehicle. He was in a hurry. He went with some dignity through the arched gateway in the hedge which concealed the vulgarity of cows from his mother, scooped Percy B. Shelley, the cat, from the walk and brought him into the warm kitchen where several of Percy's children were breakfasting with their mother, Mary G., in a flat box under the table. Ailanthus noted that they had grown a quarter inch fatter since he left them last week. Mrs. Shelley purred when he touched her nose with his thumb. And then came a hiss of batter spilled on a hot griddle. Ailanthus spun, kneeling, and saw his father contemplating the yellow blob of a maturing cake.

"Wh-what you up so early for, dad?"

"Your good mother had an attack of snoring. And I'm hungry," Hosea Westlund explained.

"Oh? Did you get all my letters, dad?"

"If you only wrote one a day, I did," said Westlund, and now smiled at Ailanthus. "This griddle ain't awful hot yet. I expect you're pretty hungry."

Ailanthus did not answer. Something affected his eyes. A halo appeared all around his father's rumpled red curls; the long figure's blue pajamas misted and spread. Probably nobody else in town had a father who would get up at half-past five to see that there was hot breakfast. And dad was smiling at him.

"So they couldn't decide what your mnemonic processes were, huh?"

"N-no, sir."

"Well, get some coffee out of the pantry," said Westlund, "an' some butter."

He found the pantry door with his left shoulder and stopped inside to wipe his eyes. He was being solemn, and foolish, and a kid. He put his fingers into a floe of icy butter balls in a glass crock and got down the biscuit box instead of the coffee. But every smell of the pantry and the glow from the east on the white ice box and the beginning sputter of a second griddlecake welled into him and shook him. He was back where he belonged. And perhaps that was why Michael Smith had cried, down at the station. But the man could see nothing of his father now, except a photograph and a grave.

"I bought a calf, yesterday," said Westlund. "I was sorry right afterward, like I always am when I buy somethin' for the place. You can look at him when you've had a bath, an' see how much I got cheated. Think I did. Also there was a yell from Philadelphia about a black horsehair in the last butter we sent down. Told 'em that Bob and Bullard are white. But you might bawl out the boys a little. . . . Eat those while they're hot, son. And prepare yourself for a great shock."

"How?"

"Eat your cakes, sonny."

"Dad, has some editor gone an' bought one of mamma's poems?"

"No. It's not as desperate as that. And I haven't sold the Argus, and your little sister hasn't eloped or taken smallpox. . . . Eat your cakes. . . . No," said Mr. Westlund, tucking his empty left sleeve into the pocket of the faded blue jacket, "it's somethin' outlandish. Last night, mamma an' I were playin' checkers, 'bout eleven, when the front door broke open and who d'you guess came in, out of the rain?"

"Shelley?"

"Kid, your sense of humor's improvin'. It was Mrs. Corvo Smith, all done up in a raincoat and wet as sin. She kind of pitched herself on Sadie's bosom, as woman to woman, and they went into private conference. She"—Westlund remarked—"is still here."

"Oh, that's the car down at the garage!"

"The same. Exactly what this is all about I don't know. I'm forty-two and your mamma's been Mrs. Hosea Westlund for twenty-one years and a couple of odd months. Howsoever, I wasn't told why we had to take Mrs. Corvo Smith in. Somethin' overhangs the lady. . . . She ain't a lady, but what the hell of it? I guess I was kind of rude to your mamma. All I was told was that this husky widow woman had appealed to us as civilized folks to keep her out of some harm."

Mr. Westlund turned a griddlecake. He was amused. Wrinkles appeared at the corners of his blue eyes and his eyes themselves seemed green.

"She's smart, 'Lanthus. She knew enough not to go to anybody who can see a joke. She picked your mother because she knows Sadie's literary and hasn't any idea what a joke is. The low-grade English are grand when it comes to pickin' a person's weak side. It's why they make such fine servants, I guess. She lugged Sadie into the parlor and wept on her, and now Sadie's sure we owe this cow a lot of protection and support. It's all very secret and solemn. There's ten policemen an' two judges and a fire brigade in town, but they won't do. Mrs. Corvo Smith—formerly Matilda Gubb—is in the spare bedroom. She brought a bag along. She knew where she was comin'."

Ailanthus resolved to be mature and unexcited. He had dreaded to hear that Mrs. Smith had been put to bed in his room, which was nicer than the spare room because it got morning light. He ate a griddlecake and looked earnestly at the blue coffeepot.

"Michael Smith came down on my train last night, dad."

Dad dropped the cake turner on the stove and the stump of his left arm jerked.

"Get out!"

"Honest. I remembered him by his eyebrows, I guess. Tam Ling met him at the station. He busted out cryin'. He really cried. Sobbed, y'know?"

"Did he speak to you?"

"Sure. Recognized me. Said you had better shoulders'n me. . . . No, you eat that one, dad."

Mr. Westlund sat down and ate some of a griddlecake. Ailanthus rose and put two new cakes on the griddle. Behind him Westlund's voice was muffled by food and speculation.

"We're gettin' warm, son. If Mick Smith's come home, it's that. So he's come home. By golly!"

"Where's he been, dad?"

Mr. Westlund's slippers shuffled across the oilcloth. He went into the living room and came back just as Ailanthus was filling two cups with coffee.

The bit of paper in his hand was a creased photograph from a Sunday edition. But that was surely Michael Smith, against a mass of leaves with a snake rolled around one bare arm and a tropic helmet on his head.

"American Expedition Returns From South America. The Spring Shopping for the Snake House at the Zoo Has Been Done," said the clipping.

"But you don't know that's him, father?"

"No. I just surmised it. Mick ain't been home since 1915—no, 1914. Which was it?"

"March, 1914, dad," said Ailanthus. "Said 'at this mornin'."

"All right. He's not been home since then. His father left him ten thousand dollars in his will. Judge Ransome let fall that he had to advertise in the New York papers in 1916 for Mick's address. He was executor. I don't know just what happened. Your Uncle Nolan says he thinks Mick hated the notion of his father marryin' that woman. That's probable. He was proud and he was quiet. Bob Shearman knew somethin' about it, but Bob was killed at the Cantigny business. He was Mick's pal around here. Anyhow, his dad didn't do much for him. Ten thousand wasn't much. Of course, Mick's smart—or was. If he's been huntin' snakes for a livin', he's made it pay. He got along fine with snakes. So Tam Ling met him?"

"Yes."

"Well," said Westlund, sugaring his coffee, "we're mixed up in some sort of nice, domestic dirt, bub. Tam Ling adored Mick. But ——"

Ailanthus put his hand on his mouth and watched dad's eyes get round, then narrow down. A clangor of pails had commenced down at the barns and a cow—presumably Emma, the Alderney—was lowing. But a tinkle of metal near at home had begun. And Ailanthus had a rasping in his throat, a little flare of wrath. This woman's bracelets might be tinkling from either the living room or the dining room. Both doors were ajar. But she was standing and listening unfairly, cheaply, behind the shelter of walls.

"O' course," Westlund said, "we've got to do what we can for her. But it'd be better if we knew what this is all about. If Mick's going to be nasty, it don't help her to be—be secretive about it."

"That's so," said Ailanthus.

But the hot tickle in his throat went on. This common person had come running to mamma in her trouble. That was all right. People in trouble often came to Mrs. Westlund, maybe because she was always serious about everything, which struck Ailanthus as unobjectionable. But Mrs. Corvo Smith had no right to listen behind doors. And apparently Mrs. Smith got tired of it, or was ashamed. It was the door of the living room that creaked. All the sun through the pantry caught in her dangling bracelets with their little hangers of coral and mosaic, and the rings shimmered on her heavy fingers.

"Excuse my clothes," dad said.

"Oh, I'm sure I don't mind. Good morning, Mr.—— So awkward when there's the two of you together! Mr. Ailanthus," she said, nodding to him.

"Mornin'. Saw you Monday in New York."

"Me? Good gracious! How odd! I never noticed you. I got 'ome yesterday meself. Where did you see me?"

"In the elevator. At the Marengo. I was goin' up to get washed before supper. You were talkin' to Ralph Bathsley though."

It was as if something cold poured down from the ceiling on him. An icy air swept circularly around the kitchen and he wondered if a boa constrictor felt so, hugging its next meal into quiescence. She could strangle him and eat him.

"To be sure," said Mrs. Smith. "Bathsley was stopping there. We 'ad a chat in the lift. He was on the floor below me."

Her bangles stirred. Mrs. Smith moved to the stove and felt the water kettle with a white finger. Her face was coloring again. He wondered—tried to remember—just when she had gone pale.

"I'll make myself some tea, if that's all right. No, not coffee for me. I've been eighteen years in this country but, you

(Continued on Page 165)

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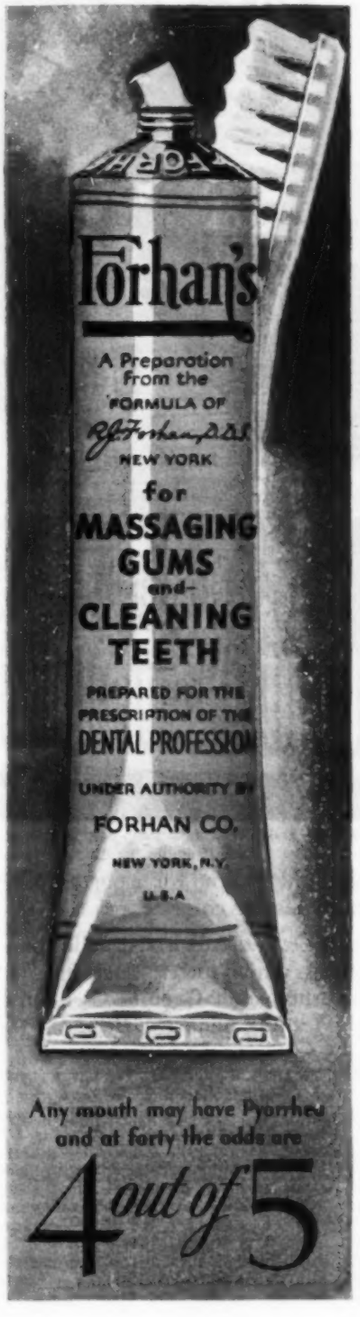
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(Continued from Page 160)

know, I can't like coffee still. Tea's my tipple, as the curate said to the bishop's wife. I dare say the caddy's in the pantry. No, don't trouble, Mr. Ailanthus."

She turned and crossed the kitchen. Ailanthus thought, "Servile." That was the word for her voice. It smoothed and gurgled in its flood, musical and, somehow, ugly. There was something nasty and not frank in it. It was too sweet. And a smell of violets had sprouted among the odors of the kitchen, among the smells of ginger and coffee and sirup, and that ancient base of a kitchen's odors—soap.

"Mrs. Smith," said dad.

"Yes?"

"Mick got in on the same train with 'Lanthus just now. Tam Ling met him at the station."

The sun poured through the pantry, and her hair was orange in the light. Her bracelets tangled and glittered while she twisted hands on her breast of black silk. Ailanthus found himself watching her left hand and wondered why that set of plump fingers interested him. But there was something funny about her left hand.

"Oh, God help me!"

"I don't want to interfere," dad said in his laziest voice, "with your private affairs, but you'd better tell us what's wrong, Mrs. Smith. 'Lanthus knows all about keeping his mouth shut. He's done it before."

Ailanthus kept thinking there was something different in her left hand since Monday. He could not pay his best attention to this movement of orange hair and black gown. She bored him, convulsing her hands and biting her lower lip. She was very much like someone in a moving picture. They all did that to show they were in trouble.

"He sent me word he was coming home! Tam Ling came to tell me last night. Said he was coming and to mind myself. And that's just like him! He was always idling about with that Chink. The old man let him keep lizards in his cellar to hatch, and heaven knows what! . . . He hates me, Michael Smith does! He'll do me a hurt."

She was putting on a pretty good show, Ailanthus thought. In a minute she would be crying. And, any minute now, dad might begin to laugh. That was the worst, apparently, of having this sense of humor which had been left out of Ailanthus.

"But I shan't give him the satisfaction of making me a scene. Not I! No! . . . I tell you what I'll do. Let you or young Mr. Westlund, if he'd be so good, get me a check cashed at the bank when it's open. Everything's quite in order at the farm. I'll just phone Wilson to carry on, and drive down to Philadelphia. Shan't go back to town or back to the farm. I'll not have a nasty scene with the fellow, in the Square or somewheres. None of that for me!"

"Do I get it," dad asked, "that you're afraid of—of physical violence from Mick?"

"He hates me," she said.

Ailanthus had again this feeling of infinite cold poured down from above upon the room. But with it mingled another sense, a sense of not being impressed by this terror and that bright contortion of fingers and jewels yonder in the sunlight. He was getting older. It was what dad drawled, sometimes, that most people acted a little, even when their troubles were all real. And she was acting.

"He's cold, cruel cold! Wrote me for Corvo's watch and chain, after he'd heard of the—the death and the will. I wasn't obliged to send 'em. They wasn't mentioned in the will. But I did it. And was there a word to thank me? Not a line, if you'll believe me, sir!"

Dad's wish to laugh had narrowed his eyes to blue twinkles. But Ailanthus was thinking of the thin gold chain wrapped twice around Michael Smith's wrist. That was what had become of old Corvo's chain, perhaps.

"That's the chain he got in London, when he came up from South Africa? With links like grains of wheat? I know," said Westlund, "that Mick always admired that. He admired anything his father did, anyhow. But he was always proud of Mr. Smith for having gone to Africa. Mick's a quiet fellow, Mrs. Smith. But what makes you say he's cold? He always struck me as a good deal of a senti——"

"He hates me! . . . I may as well tell you the truth, sir. He was after me, Mr. Michael was! I had to complain of him to his father. A self-respectin' girl couldn't do no less. And the old man—Mr. Smith spoke severe to him, and he was off out of the house in a rage, sayin' he'd pay me back one day. And ——"

"And now you're his stepmother," said dad. "Isn't that funny?"

Ailanthus got up and stammered, "I—I guess I'll go look at—at 'at calf, daddy."

"I'd be obliged if you would. The boys didn't seem so enthusiastic, somehow. Be sure and tell me the bitter truth after you've inspected him, baby."

"I'll try to," said Ailanthus, picking Shelley out of the milk pitcher, and left the kitchen for the untrammeled air of the porch, where there was no smell of violet perfume and no noise of jangling bracelets. Shelley sneezed twice in his ear.

"Yeh, and if you'd been paying attention, you wouldn't believe her any more'n I do, cat. She's lying," said Ailanthus.

Then he jumped and turned. The little noise of the telephone had come out of some opened window on the second floor. Shelley put up his nose and was interested. This flicker of a sound was strange, at this hour. It might mean that Uncle Sam Edge had another heart attack, or that Jack Edge's wife's new baby had arrived, or something unpleasantly important. But Ailanthus could see through the glazed kitchen door that dad had vanished. Mrs. Smith, composedly enough, was straightening her orange hair. If it was bad news, dad would come presently and tell him. Maybe it was just a telegram for the Blandyburg Argus; possibly a king was dead, or some person like that who would be a name in a history book. Ailanthus walked down the steps and headed for the barnyard, with Shelley riding his shoulder.

As for this yarn about Michael Smith, it wasn't true. It wasn't true because dad didn't believe it, for one thing, and because it wasn't true anyhow. It was just out of an English novel—the pretty maidservant and the squire's libidinous son. He had read it all a dozen times, and so had Mrs. Smith. Or, if she thought it was true, she had improved on it. But Ailanthus did not think it was true.

Meanwhile, what had changed her left hand since Monday? Ailanthus lit a cigarette and examined the sky. He was back in the bronze cage of the elevator in the Hotel Marengo. Two ladies speaking excitedly of the stock market bulked between himself and Ralph Bathsley's blue jacket, and beyond Bathsley was Mrs. Smith, with one hand pressed upward on her black fur neckpiece. Behind her head was a sign stating that the *salon de coiffure* was on the fourth floor. The car stopped. Ailanthus tried for a last time to speak to the tall widow. She—and Bathsley—got off on the eleventh floor. The door slid open and they got out together into a green corridor where a glass luster glittered on the wall. He saw all this. He smelled sandalwood from the furs of the woman nearest him. And there had been something funny about her left hand. He had meant to speak to dad about it. . . . His head went hollow, save for that left hand in a little halo. Shelley yapped as he blundered into the hedge of the barnyard.

"Well," said old Jake, "I guess you're glad to be home, 'Lanthus."

"I certainly am!"

"Well, home is where the heart is, like it said in that song gals useda sing."

"I guess so, . . . Let's see this calf dad bought, Jake."

There was her hand. Once she had raised it to tuck some orange hair back under her black hat. Ailanthus stroked Shelley and stared at a calf led before him. Dad had liked the calf because it had a white star on its brown forehead and an appealing pair of ears, extra large. But it was a good enough calf. . . . The white plump hand appeared against one of the twitching brown ears.

"Remember Michael Smith, Jake?"

"Sure. When I was carpenterin' I worked on Corvo Smith's house. Mick worked right along with the men. He wasn't never stuck up. He was awful proud of that house. An', by gee, it cost forty thousand back in 1906. It'd cost eighty thousand today. The inner walls is a foot thick. It'll be in good shape when Mick gets it back."

"How can he get it back?"

"Why, it's only hers for life or until she gets married again. That was Corvo Smith's will. And Mick might be gettin' it back pretty quick. I ain't namin' names, but Consuelo"—this was Jake's second daughter—"says a certain feller phones Mrs. Smith a-plenty, from long distance, when his ship's in at N'York or Philadelphia. And the charges is reversed to her."

"Oh," said Ailanthus. "Consuelo's still workin' in the telephone company?"

"Sure."

Shelley here saw a mouse and leaped into a box stall. Ailanthus stroked the new calf's nose and wondered if it was homesick for the German farmer who had sold it to dad. He allowed the creature to lick his hand. Then he walked part of the way back to the kitchen porch and stared at the windows.

He was in a dumb daze, watching that set of white fingers in the blurred halo. The throbbing began in his temples. If he did not remember soon, his head would ache. . . . Here came dad, all dressed, wiping a little cut on his chin, his hair almost mere brown, fresh from water.

"Now, baby, we ——"

"Wait a minute!"

"Huh?"

"I'm—I'm remembering."

Westlund stood still and Shelley came to display a small mouse at his feet on the drying flagstones.

"Dad?"

"Yes, honey?"

"How many wedding rings has she got on this morning?"

"Just one, son."

Ailanthus sighed and rubbed his temples, saying, "Awright! She had on two weddin' rings Monday, in the elevator at the Marengo. She had on two. I noticed. . . . And she and Ralph Bathsley got off on the same floor."

"Ho!"

"Honest, dad."

"Sure. Now, boy, get in the car and drive down to Tam Ling's, and see if you can make out what's happened. Try to make some sense of this. That was Ransome on the telephone. He says I've got to fetch that woman back to her house. She's on the run. Can't you feel it?"

"Mean she's just runnin' off because Mr. Smith's here?"

"Yeh. Don't you smell somethin'? I do. She's quittin' one of the best farms in the county and she's had the income from Corvo's buildin' on the Square. And Ransome wants to see her."

"Does the judge want to arrest her?"

"I don't know, baby. You get down to Tam Ling's. If Mick's there, make him tell you what's what. He's got the hell of a temper. I knew him pretty well. . . . She came out with some of the truth this morning, when she was playin' for sympathy there. She made trouble between Mick and his dad. I've been doin' some rememberin' myself, 'Lanthus. The only thing I ever heard Mick say 'bout this brute when she was cookin' for them was that he couldn't stand the perfumery she wore. Said it choked him to go in the kitchen. . . . Get on downtown."

Ailanthus ran through the barnyard and scared the youngest hired man, who was polishing the car. He nearly slammed the door on Shelley's tail as the brown cat jumped in after him.

"You ought to be more careful, Percy B.! Dunno how you'd look with no tail, fella. On the Isle of Man cats are born with no tails. . . . Oh, come on, engine!"

The car charged downhill between the naked raspberry brush and sumac trees and into the highroad. Shelley stood up with his nose to a pane and waved his preserved tail, enjoying the speed. He would abandon the best and gamest mice to ride with Ailanthus. He fairly smirked when the car bounced on the railroad tracks and just missed a policeman in Market Street. In the Square Ailanthus observed that General Ulysses Grant on his mushroom of iron in the middle of the fountain had been polished, recently, and that a branch was gone from the biggest locust tree. In front of Tam Ling's shop his nephew Hop Sing was sweeping the sidewalk and whistling Onward, Christian Soldiers, in a profane rhythm.

"Is Tam in?"

"Oh, hell, no," said Hop Sing, who had played at second on the same high-school baseball team with Ailanthus. "The old man's goofy. He's out at the Smith place."

"Know what this is all about, Hop?"

"Mm—sorta," said Hop Sing. "It's confidential. Be sumpin for Mr. Westlund to print in the paper tomorrow."

Ailanthus backed the car and headed for Gallup Street. He passed the Smith Building, with the date 1900 cut on the doorway at the end of the Square. And he passed four or five people who had to be early at work—Pallas Athene Aletrios, who was inappropriately a male and ran the lunch counter at the station; Jack Sands, the old janitor at the bank, Miss Coralie Bunce—or was she Mrs.?—who cooked for the Baxters, and the fellow with pink ears who had a job at the second biggest soda fountain and wanted to be an orchestra leader in a swell moving-picture house. All these creatures smiled or waved to Ailanthus as he sped through his own town. And the venerable Mrs. Abazeel Cotter was down at her gateway in a green knitted shawl as he slowed before the Smith place.

"Hosea!"

It was no good reminding her he was just dad's son, not dad. Ailanthus tumbled out of the car and trotted over to the ancient woman.

"There's somethin' peculiar over to Corvo Smith's."

"Yes'm."

"It's that woman," said Mrs. Cotter, craning her gaunt neck out of the green shawl; "I allis said no good would come of him marryin' her. And no good's came. There's Judge Ransome gone in. And the Chinese man from the laundry, and Lord knows who all in a fur-collar coat. And Lord knows what they're doin' in the stoop, there. You come back and tell me, Hosea. I hear you're married."

"Yes'm," said Ailanthus gently, and backed away from her clouded age.

Under the porch of white stone that sheltered the door, Tam Ling was neatly piling women's clothes in some big paper boxes. One of Mrs. Smith's hired men stood watching this happen with his mouth rather open. Another hired man scouted among the lilacs at a distance and gazed at the old laundryman remotely. Ailanthus stepped up on the porch and Shelley paused to sniff at a bottle of perfume in the litter piled everywhere.

"Clean'm out," said Tam Ling.

"I should say you were, Tam. What's happened?"

"I find'm newspaper."

"What newspaper?"

"New Yok. Telleigrap Mick. He come. She go. Nice time. Mick," the old man stated, "fife baby. Nice time."

"Mr. Smith's got five kids?"

"Shiny," said Tam Ling. "Yella heads."

"There's some more perfume," Michael Smith growled, coming out. He nodded to Ailanthus and clicked the bottle down. Then he prowled back into the brown hall, stepping over Shelley. The cat came back in a state of high fur and paused to hiss toward the inside of this house.

"Who's abusin' you, Shell?"

"Hthhhh!" said Shelley.

(Continued on Page 167)

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DAYTON, OHIO

(Continued from Page 165)

He went down the walk rapidly and climbed into the driving seat. Ailanthus walked shyly in and saw the paneled hall for the first time.

You could glimpse this great room with its staircase of granite through the windows, driving past at night when rosy lamps were lit. But he had never been inside the red manor.

People spoke of the hall, with its panels of solid oak an inch thick, ever so respectfully. And it was nice enough. He thought, "If this was our house, I'd be proud of it, maybe. Kind of dark, though," and then he beamed at Judge Ransome, who was swinging his black-rimmed glasses from their frayed ribbon and looking cross.

"Glad you're home, 'Lanthus. Hosea's been mournful as a sick cow ever since you left. And your mother's been reading your letters to people on street corners. Has Hosea got that woman out in the car?"

"No, sir."

The Law stamped a heel on the hearth of pale stone and jarred Michael Smith's tin box and a charring log in the grate.

"He's got to bring her here to answer questions, or I'll have to arrest her, 'Lanthus. The law's the law. She's had one —— No, by George!—she's had nearly two years' income under false pretenses. Either Hosea inveigles her in, or I phone Riley to go and bring her in! This place and the offices, there, pay her twelve or thirteen thousand a year, easy money. . . . If there's any mistake about it, why did she run?"

"I dunno, judge. How'd you know where she is?"

"She told her cook. Said she'd be at your place overnight, but not to tell anybody. The girl was scared when Mick brought me here this mornin.' . . . And why can't she produce some coffee? Mick, did you make that Finn understand we wanted coffee?"

Smith had prowled down the stairs trailing a pair of purple silk stockings and holding a powder puff in the other hand. He pitched all these trifles into the porch and said in a mad, rumbling voice, "Know what she's done? She's had the bedstead in my room painted green! That's what she's done!"

"Don't be petty, Mick!"

"I'm not. That was Grandfather Armstrong's bed, the one he left to mamma. It's old as hell and pure New Hampshire maple. . . . Well, my wife's a dog at polishing furniture. And you ought to see the spare bedroom! Cheap department-store silk. Stinks of sandalwood!"

"You can lug around that nauseating smell with you," said the judge, pointing at the perforated tin box, "and then you kick about sandalwood!"

"I'll have to take him on to Philadelphia, to the zoo, tomorrow," Smith said sulkily. "May and the kids can get here tonight. He does stink, doesn't he? Nature of the beast. . . . Poor old mutt!"

He stooped and peeped into the opened end of the box, where a tin panel let down and made a drawbridge to the hearth. Something rustled inside. Then he got up and paced, quite silently, to the airy, bright door, and back to the hearth.

"Mr. Smith collects reptiles, professionally," said Judge Ransome sourly.

"Dad guessed he did. I—I suppose you travel a lot?"

"Too much. I've quit now! . . . Look at that," said Mr. Smith, heaving his black head back. "Gilded, by heck!"

Those were called Tudor roses, Ailanthus remembered. They were stamped in the plaster of the ceiling. Someone had gilded the hearts of the stiff flowers. Smith was scowling up. His face relaxed, after a time, into pleasure.

"I remember the workmen makin' 'em. Dad thought they looked too fancy when they were finished."

"He thought the whole place was too fancy when he'd finished it, Mick."

"Yes, judge. But he gave himself a grand time buildin' it. It was a lot of fun for him. Bullied all the workmen and had a swell party."

"Well," said the Law, "you can get rid of the green paint and the gilding, Mick."

But Mr. Smith was staring at the ceiling still, and the pleasure of his face was like a fire rising in an empty grate. The warming breeze entered this house through all the opened casements of the big hall and fluttered leaves of English magazines on an oaken table.

Ailanthus was suddenly embarrassed, watching this man's pleasure. It was as if he had come on a stranger in a bathtub. He picked up a weekly and glared at a photograph of the Honorable Adela Gore-Pilkington, who had very large feet, posing between Captain Ian Scrymgeour and Sir Abraham Klupp at a race meeting. Then he looked back at Mr. Smith and was glad for him.

This man had come home, having seen all the world, jungles and deserts, oceans and cities and women, and was proud of his father's house. He was not young any more and did not need to be petted and to have his scoldings for muddy shoes and disordered bathrooms. But his home was his home, and this spring wind from the hills with its smell of wetted cedar and released earth was an old, familiar thing in his nostrils. He knew the streets and could smile at General Ulysses Grant in the fountain on the Square. Here he was, and a light seemed to gather on him. In a little he lowered his chin and smiled at Ailanthus, who grinned.

A scared cook came in with two cups of coffee and edged past the tin box. She seemed to know that the lord of the manor was in possession. She ducked a kind of curtsy to Mr. Smith and backed out of his presence.

"I hope there's no mistake in this, Mick," said the judge. "If there is, you're liable to an action of some kind. Illegal entry, or something of the sort."

"If there's any mistake, why did she run last night?"

"Then why didn't she go on running? She stopped at Hosea's place."

"Got her nerve back," said Michael Smith.

"Sh-she wanted dad or I—me," Ailanthus mumbled, "to get her a check cashed this morning, when the bank opened."

"Ah?" said the Law. "There you have it!"

"Let her get it an' go," Smith growled into his coffee cup.

"Not regular, Mick. If we're right, she's had possession of your properties and your income for ——"

"To hell with that! Judge, all I want is to get her out of this place!"

Even then she was coming into the place. As she walked into the arched doorway, Ailanthus remembered that a car had stopped, minute before last. And here she was, with a black hat hiding most of the orange hair, and gloves on her hands. Her heels came heavily on the polished floor. Corvo Smith's son turned and looked at her across the coffee cup in his hands. Ailanthus felt his mouth opening as he backed against the table, but he could not stop it. A chill and silent wind blew everywhere about him, a cold discharge of hatred clogged the air.

"I don't choose to speak with you, Michael. Mr. Westlund insists on me comin' here about a legal matter with Judge Ransome. You and me needn't to talk, thank you!"

Smith said nothing. He put the cup to his mouth and deliberately swallowed coffee. He might as well have struck her white face. The black-and-orange woman flinched from the little gesture. The cup clicked back on the saucer in a hideous silence.

"Ah—Mrs. Smith," said Judge Ransome, rustling something, "this is a clipping from—don't see the name of the thing—it's a New York newspaper, dated March 28, 1927. Nearly two years old, you see. It's the announcements of marriages for March twenty-seventh. . . . It seems that Ralph C. Bathsley, U. S. N., married Mrs. Matilda Gubb Smith at City Hall. Does that interest you?"

"Why should it?"

"But," said the Law, "it should. Under the terms of Corvo Smith's will you had this farm and the property on the Square for your life, or until remarriage. You've been in illegal possession of Michael's properties since March 27, 1927. That ought to interest you."

"Me?"

"Am I not," asked Ransome, "speaking plainly enough? You married Ralph Bathsley, who used to live here and used to be telegraph operator, and used to take you to the pictures every night—your hair's conspicuous; people noticed it—and you married him nearly two years ago. Since the moment of that marriage you had no further right to this property. You've been in unlawful possession. On Michael's complaint, I can cause you to be arrested."

"I'm not complaining," said Michael Smith, into his coffee.

"I don't see how I'm concerned," the woman said, unmoving, "because a woman named Matilda Smith married a chap named Bathsley in New York, on whatever day you say in whatever year. How's that concern me, sir?"

"It concerns you," the Law stated, "because the coincidence of the names suggests that you are the Matilda Gubb Smith who married Ralph Bathsley. You can now deny that you are married or admit it."

"And what if I do deny it?"

"I shall merely," the Law said, "telephone my brother at the Navy Department in Washington and wire the authorities in New York for a statement of residence on the marriage records. We can then proceed."

"And what am I supposed to be doin' in the meantime?"

Oh, she wanted to know that! She wanted to know about getting money from the bank on the Square and starting for somewhere!

Ailanthus shut his mouth. Judge Ransome swung his glasses and put the clipping into his pocket.

"Unless Michael complains and I have a warrant prepared, you're at liberty to do as you please, Mrs. Smith."

"Then I deny it," she said, "and this rotter can go to hell. Him and his newspaper pieces! I'm not married to Bathsley."

Ailanthus James Westlund opened his mouth again and gaped. Then he said, "I bet you are! You and Bathsley got off the elevator on the same floor of the hotel, Monday, and you had two weddin' rings on!"

"'Lanthus! Are you ——"

"Yes, she had, judge! I remember. It struck me as—as funny. She had two wedding rings on and ——"

Mrs. Smith's hand caught his chin and closed his mouth, nipping his tongue between his teeth. Stars and arabesques and nameless curves of light swung before his eyes. His ears jangled. Through this clatter he heard her yelling, "Call yerself a gentleman, do you? And let a woman down like that! Tell tales, would you? I'll lesson you! You ——" She hit him again, indeterminately, on the right ear. Then her yell receded.

"Come," said dad, lightly and cheerfully, "come, come! You can't abuse my kid that way!"

"A funny fellow, ain't you, Westlund?"

"Not in the least, ma'am. I'm perfectly serious. My boy can't touch a woman. But I'm a case-hardened newspaperman, even with only one arm. So control yourself, or I'll beat tar out of you. I'm pretty strong, you see? I'm ——"

All in one second she screamed three times. The tones rang up a run into an ecstasy of dread. The last scream burned his ears and Ailanthus opened his eyes. She was a colorless mask with dad's arm clamped about her neck, below her chin, from behind. Her own arms were stiff before her and she was backing against Westlund. She was backing from a horror, orange and black on the bright floor, as it crawled on clumsy little bent legs from the tin box into the light, its purple tongue flowing up on its snout and its fat club of a tail rasping the metal drawbridge so that tin tinkled on wood under the monster's weight. She backed from this plump evil.

"Let me go!"

"Just a minute," said Michael Smith, over his cup, "and you can go. You're married to this man Bathsley?"

"I'll have him thrash you, you beast! He's bigger than you!"

"And you lied to dad about me. . . . Say it! Say it! . . . You lied to dad about me, after I turned you down!"

"No! . . . Oh, yes! Let me go! . . . I shan't touch the cash in the bank. I've enough! Let me ——"

Dad took his hand from her shoulder. Mrs. Ralph Bathsley was gone. Tam Ling squealed in the porch.

The Gila lifted its head and seemed to be staring through the door. When the motor started, its head jerked. Then it settled on the boards in the sunlight and was still.

"Poor old mutt," said Michael Smith, looking down. "Homesick for Arizona, aren't you? We grab these poor beasts out of their homes and lug 'em off to snake houses and zoos. It's really cruel, what men do, isn't it, mutt? I'll get you down to Philadelphia this afternoon. You do look like something from hell, don't you? But you can't do half the harm a human being can."

"None of that, Mick," said the judge. "You've been very lucky. Tam Ling's cousin sent him some hyacinth bulbs from New York in an old newspaper, Hosea, and his nephew noticed her name on the paper. How's that for sheer chance? . . . You've been mighty lucky, Mick."

"I know," said Michael Smith, but his mouth was shaking, and soon the empty cup smashed on the floor. He turned his face against the carved mantel shelf. The sluggish little monster gazed at him, uncomprehending, and Ailanthus thought it shivered in this cold exile.

"Babies come quick," said Tam Ling, picking together the woman's colored trash in the porch. "All come home, h'm? Just like new, h'm? Clean'm out house. Nice wife, nice babies come f'm N' Yok. She gone."

The bright car was speeding far up the valley. She was certainly gone. The warming wind puffed her flimsy stuffs about the porch.

Michael's children would play on the cleaned floor. The sun made old grass green again. She was gone, and the man had his father's house.

"I suppose," said dad, "some nice industrious snake took that finger off Mick. Let's get home. And cheer up, 'Lanthus. She just skinned your ear. Kay won't even notice it. And there's a chicken pot-pie for lunch. Cheer up. . . . No, cheer up, 'Lanthus. He helped his dad plan that house and build it. He has lots to remember. Cheer up."

"Yeh, but ——"

"Cheer up!"

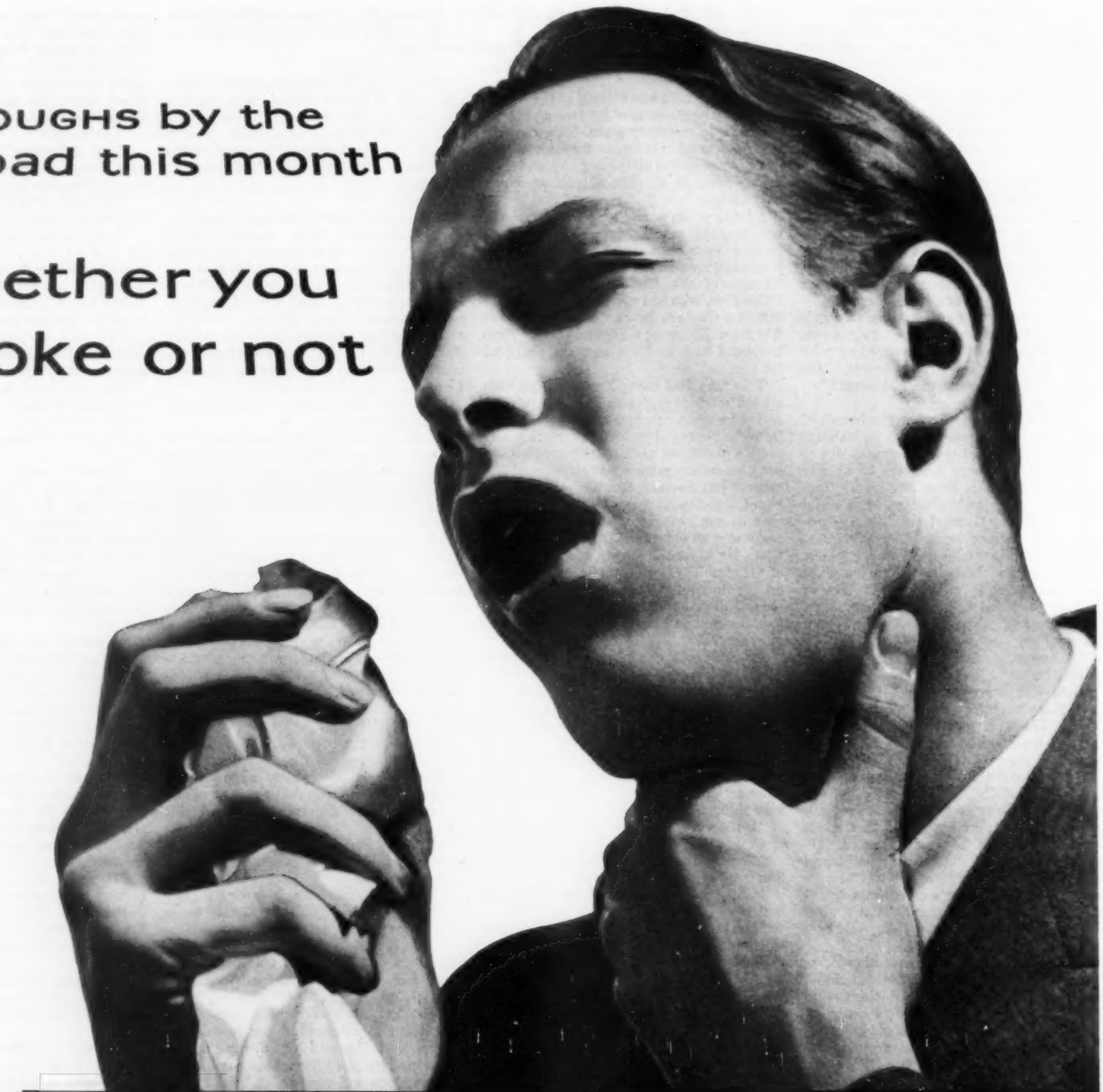
Ailanthus grinned. But something banged in his throat, all the way up the highroad, with Shelley posing on the cushion beside him as a cat that had never been scared of a thing in a tin box. The windows of the gray farmhouse were brilliant and fresh smoke piled from the kitchen's chimney. And that did cheer him. But he drove very swiftly, and his throat did not stop aching until he was in the living room, with his mother's feet busy on the floor above him and his little sister making a familiar noise in the bathroom and the nurse scolding her, and one of the kittens tottering its voyage of exploration under the table in the gay dining room. When all this house beat as a heart around him, and dad walked close behind him on the stairs, he could turn and smile.

"Excuse me for bein' silly, dad."

"I'm not so sure that you are, 'Lanthus. Here's mamma."

COUGHS by the carload this month

whether you smoke or not



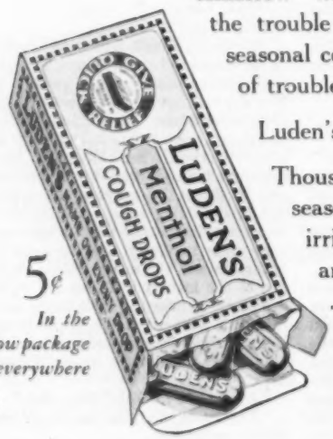
TROUBLED THROATS

Raw winds—changeable weather—rain today, snow tomorrow—wet feet—*troubled throats*. It's March—the trouble month. Sniffles and sneezes warn of seasonal coughs. Heed the warning! It's a signal of trouble ahead.

Luden's give *quick relief*.

Thousands make Luden's a regular habit—in season and out. At the first sign of throat irritation they slip a Luden's into the mouth and breathe-in freely.

There's a delightful cooling sensation that instantly refreshes and relieves. It's like laying a fine film over the delicate tissues to protect them.



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In the yellow package —everywhere

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The exclusive Menthol Action in Luden's does the trick—and you'll find it only in Luden's because it has long been our own secret.

(Aside to women:) Medical science says 7 out of every 10 women have tender throats. Guard them carefully. Immediately you sense the slightest irritation, get *quick relief* with Luden's.

No matter what the cause—cigarette smoking or the weather—keep a box of Luden's handy for troubled throats.

A nickel for Luden's *anywhere* gets you *quick relief*.

LUDEN'S

NATURAL PARKS AND GARDENS

(Continued from Page 19)

I wanted it to give the feeling of greater depth to the room. It took me six months before I got it so that it satisfied me, but there isn't a line of it that has been changed since.

But this is indoor landscaping. Going back to the out-of-doors again, I want to tell you about the prairie river in Humboldt Park. As I made my Sunday excursions to the woods for the purpose of studying the native flora, I came to love the native landscape for its contours and physical aspects as well as for its plant life. It was God's out-of-doors—His own workmanship, as yet untouched by the hands of man. It seemed to me we all needed contact with this for our own spiritual development. Yet everyone from the city couldn't go to the out-of-doors, and the thought grew stronger and stronger with me that it was my obligation as a park man to bring this out-of-doors to the city. I do not mean by this that I was to try to copy Nature. A landscape architect, like a landscape painter, can't photograph; he must idealize the thing he sees. In other words, he must try to portray its soul.

So, in the new land in Humboldt Park, I designed the prairie river. It started in a little pool that seemed to well from some hidden source in the ground, then it trickled down as a brook in singing rapids over stratified rock, and then grew wider and wider until it made the stream that winds lazily, as a natural river does in prairie country. Along the edges we planted reeds and marsh plants, and the whole gave the feeling of a prairie landscape, and yet it is a city park I put a prairie river in Columbus Park also when this was laid out in 1917. In fact, this whole park is a typical bit of native landscape idealized, as it appears near Chicago. The prairie bluff of stratified rock along the river has been symbolized with plant life. To the west extend the great lawns that symbolize the prairie meadow. These lawn areas are used for golf, but the greens are laid out in such fashion as not to destroy the horizontal aspect of the scene. Limestone rock from our native bluffs, with a backing of native forests, has been used in natural walls for the swimming pool and the wading pool for children.

Idealizing Nature

This pool, when it was built, was the largest in any public park in the country—Chicago, again, you see, doing things on a big scale. The pool, or rather the swimming hole, as we have named it, is 450 feet long and will take care of 7000 a day. The deep pool has a depth of nine feet, and there is a wall between it and the shallow pool, so that the nonswimmers can't get into too deep water. The entrance to the pool is from the street. I always have a street entrance to every public swimming pool I have designed, for various reasons. For one thing, when boys come to a park to swim, they seem to have a single-minded notion that nothing else in the park matters, and they are apt to hit at branches of trees and to behave otherwise in a destructive way that they do not do when they come to a park for a walk or to play. And for another thing, it is disturbing to nonswimmers to have all these swimmers trooping past them. So everybody is made happy and at the same time the park is saved from thoughtless vandalism by this arrangement.

Columbus Park has special interest, too, because it is situated above and below one of the ancient Chicago beaches. The prairie river lies below the beach. The natural topography suggested such a layout.

Not only in parks but in private gardens as well, it has become my creed that a garden, to be a work of art, must have the soul of the native landscape in it. You cannot put a French garden or an English garden or a German or an Italian garden in America and have it express America any more than you can put an American garden in Europe and have it express France or England or Germany or Italy. Nor can you transpose a Florida or Iowa garden to California and have it feel true, or a New England garden to Illinois, or an Illinois garden to Maine. Each type of landscape must have its individual expression.

But in trying to make a garden natural, we must not make the mistake of copying Nature, as I said before. Copying Nature is only one step removed from copying another garden. Art idealizes; it is creative, and a reproduction is only a reproduction, no matter how fine and noble the model is. The landscape garden must have a dominant thought or feeling in it, just as a great painting must have a dominant thought in it. To me, that feeling should be spiritual; it should be love for the great out-of-doors, for the world that God made. Such a garden will be a shrine to which one may come for rest from the strife and noise of the man-built city. It will have in it the mystery of the forest, the joy and peace of a sunlit meadow, the music of a laughing brook, the perfume of flowers, the songs of birds, the symphony of color in tree and shrub.

A Spot of Sunlight

And the elements one works with are the contours of the earth, the vegetation that covers it, the changing seasons, the rays of the setting sun and the afterglow, and the light of the moon.

When I plan a garden, I do not make a single pencil mark on paper until I have the complete picture of the whole composition in my mind. And the composition is never a matter of many things, but of a few things that will blend harmoniously every season of the year, and that will also suit the temperament of the client.

Sometimes I start with the setting of the house. If the home is not already built, I choose the location and, together with the house architect, decide on the material out of which the house is to be built, and on the color, so that it will blend into the surrounding landscape. Always the house should have a setting of trees. I am fond of quoting the Norwegian poet Björnstjerne Björnson's lovely poem, "Hidden by trees you find my home." The home should be a retreat away from the public eye. Sometimes I start with the road that curves away from the public highway to the house. I say "curves," for in the composition of an important road I never use a straight line—Nature's lines are curves, and I believe, with the ancient Greeks, that the curve is the line of beauty. But the road should never be serpentine; there should always be a reason for the curve, and the road should always be in shadow, emerging upon the lawn in full sunlight. Sometimes I start with the open meadow as my keynote. I always have a clearing in every garden I design—a clearing that lets in the smiling and healing rays of the sun. A sunlit clearing invites hope. George Inness, whom I consider the greatest landscape painter this country has produced, always has a ray of light in every picture he painted. No matter how storm-tossed the clouds are, there is this ray of hope promising a better day. I am never in the Art Institute of Chicago without making a visit, if only for a few minutes, to the splendid Inness collection there. And every time I come away refreshed. Inness was a great master.

Perhaps I will make this matter of design more clear if I give specific examples of what various problems have been and how they have been solved.

One of the first private estates I laid out was for a big corporation attorney who was of a very nervous temperament. He had been offered a number of places and he gave me the responsibility of making the choice. I selected the site that had a meadow over which the sun set both winter and summer; for, with his office in the city, my client could be home to enjoy his garden only during the late afternoon and evening. Toward the south was a low depression where water stood most of the year. It was in the line of the moon, so I placed an informal pool at that point, and backed it with red cedars in order to get the reflection of the moon and the dark mystery of the cedars' shadows in the water.

To the east was Lake Michigan; part of the open exposure here was planted out to keep the cool winds away from the porch during the early morning and evening. At one corner we planted sugar maples and sumac. Here the afterglow of the setting sun in autumn would illuminate their gay plumage, and against the purple background of water and dusky eastern heavens would give a note not unlike that of Wagner's Tannhäuser.

The kitchen garden was planted to the north, and, as the space was small, we built a wall to protect the cut flowers and vegetables from the north winds. Where more space is available, I use hedges for protection to the kitchen garden. This is the only spot in a garden plan where I think hedges are allowable.

Several years after the garden was finished, I was invited to dinner by the owner, and, as we sat smoking on the porch, with the full moon playing on the pool and the dark cedars making black shadows, he said to me, "When I've had a hard day downtown, there are only two things that can rest me—the sunlight on the meadow when I come home, and then, later, the pool of water." So you see this garden had suited the temperament of the client.

On another estate the house was built facing a depression that was too wet for trees, with the east front on Lake Michigan. Part of this depression ran into a forest of oaks on the west side of the estate. The whole depression was cleared of its small shrubs and made into a lawn. The thought back of this was that through this long opening during the fall the setting sun could be seen from the house enlivening the oaks in their autumn red, thereby giving the whole landscape a more brilliant color than would otherwise be possible. We named this the Path of the Setting Sun. Another interesting problem on this estate was the fact that the entrance gate was on ground that was higher than the site of the house.

Now, the house, to be commanding, should seem to be the higher. You want to go up to a house, not down to it. This is how we solved that difficulty. To the left was a bit of natural woodland, which we augmented with some planting, and a little farther on was a ravine. The road was made to go through this woodland and planting, and then to skirt the ravine, and so, when the house emerged quite suddenly to view over the lawn, you had no thought of its being lower. It seemed higher, and yet the road was not long.

Revealing the House

On the Edsel Ford place near Detroit, we had the problem of making the house seem higher than the road in an absolutely level country. Lake St. Clair, a rather shallow lake, lies to the west of the house. By making the road follow the margin of this lake and planting out the view of the house until the right point was reached, and then letting the house emerge suddenly, it was possible to give the effect of a greater rise than the few feet there actually are.

An entirely different situation was offered at Mr. Ford's summer home on the coast of Maine. Here is a mountainous country consisting largely of granite rocks. There was no difficulty in getting a commanding site for the house; the problem was to anchor earth for plants to grow in. So we had to confine ourselves to a small

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garden, and this was accomplished by building walls and filling in so as to secure a level surface. The garden was constructed out of native rocks and plants, with native evergreens for a background, and with an informal pool under a bit of cliff. In place of grass, we used carpets of dwarf mountain plants. The entrance to the garden was treated in a similar fashion, and as the home is built out of the same stone as the garden, quarried right on the grounds, the whole represents an expression of what can be done with the material at hand of that region. I have had as much pleasure in making this garden as I have had in any garden I have designed.

Down in the blue-grass region of Kentucky, where limestone is everywhere, I was asked to remodel an estate that had been landscaped some years before in the formal manner. Not far from the house was a natural sink hole, so common in Kentucky, and it was the formal garden that had been laid out in the bottom of this that was the particular eyesore of the owner. My thought was that this sink hole would make a lovely rock garden, with rocks set on the edge of the bowl and interspersed with cedars, flowering dogwood and other characteristic trees of the region. So it was developed. There was a pool with water lilies that reflected also the plants growing above it, and then there were shady nooks for ferns and sunny ledges for sun-loving rock plants. This garden was entered from a lane that connected up with a vegetable garden and orchard. I had not visited this garden for many years until a year ago last spring, and then I found it full of mystery, and the owner said it was a retreat he liked to go to. This, you see, was a bit of old Kentucky idealized.

Gardens for Small Homes

On a hillside place in Tennessee, facing the Smokies, the problem was to see both the beauty of the valley below and to bring the mountains, so to speak, to the door. In other words, to arrange the contours of the land near the house in such a way that you felt the mountains coming to you. This was done by making the slope from the porch concave, so that the eye could follow the whole slope down into the valley. Toward the right the concave line was terminated abruptly by coming forward with the slope and planting it with trees native to the hillside, thus producing the effect of rolling lands beyond, while the forest-covered hill close by seemed united with the planted trees. A little path edged with ferns led through the grove and helped give the feeling of going into a forest. The effect of this whole arrangement was that the character of the surrounding territory seemed to terminate right at the door.

At the home of Mr. Julius Rosenwald on the north shore of Chicago there were numerous difficulties on account of the narrow width of land, between Lake Michigan and a ravine running almost parallel to it, on which the house was built. A spur of a smaller ravine, however, entered the large ravine almost opposite the house to the west. This made possible a lawn that extended itself into this small ravine, revealing the high land on the opposite side in a way that made it look like a high hill. Incidentally this view was in the path of the setting sun. Hawthorns, crab apples and prairie roses planted along the edge of the ravine prevented anyone being conscious of a deep ravine directly on the edge of the lawn, and also gave color and light to the meadow in the spring. The setting sun illuminates this planting, too, in a most charming way in the fall. The ravines were utilized by putting in tanbark trails and by planting native flowers on the slopes, so that these became beautiful gardens. The main entrance drive was made to come down another spur of the ravine, and is entirely unseen from the residence or the lawn. The idea of this estate is to give the feeling of a country made beautiful by deep ravines.

At the south of the house is a pool for the reflection of the moon, with a background of native woodlands, whose floor is covered with wild flowers. I have used wild flowers on an extensive scale in other places also. For instance, on a hill slope of an estate in Freeport, Illinois, we planted thousands and thousands of black-eyed Susan and goldenrod, and you can imagine how refreshingly yellow this slope was through the summer and early fall. And on another estate we planted the purple coneflower. The flat-topped purple seed pod of this stays on during the winter, too, and when the snow is on the ground the pods reflect a lavender tint on its surface—a very lovely effect. Aside from its beauty, a field of wild flowers is practical, too, for it obviates a great deal of lawn cutting.

Just one other example—a small estate of scarcely an acre. But this was large enough to have woods so dense that they hid the street. And there are two sun openings, one at the front of the house, and the other spreads out from a sun room that connects the house and garage. In the latter we put a bird pool, because the owners are great bird lovers, and whatever shrubs and plants we brought into this place are the kind the birds like. A little lane, planted with violets, led to a council ring, with a fire in the center, in the southwest corner of the property. Around the council ring were planted Western crab apples and violets, so, you see, in the spring there is a rose bloom overhead and a blue carpet underneath. To the north was a grove of native crab apples and hawthorn that w left untouched, except for a path leading through them from the council ring to the kitchen garden. This garden contains apple trees, blackberries, gooseberries, currants and grapes, besides beds for vegetables and cut flowers nearest the house, and it has much sunlight. Economically, the garden is a success, and viewing it from the house, it has an air of domesticity that is essential.

As a minor note, I often bring into my compositions a council ring, which consists of a ring built of stone, of a diameter of nineteen to twenty feet, and with a fireplace in the center, with an elevation of eight to ten inches above ground. The idea of the ring is partly Indian and partly old Nordic, though the construction is modern. Practically the ring brings people close together, and the fire chases away the mosquitoes, so often an annoying hindrance to our enjoyment of the out-of-doors. From a spiritual standpoint, there is something within us that loves the fire, and gathering about it has a social leveling effect that puts us all on a par with one another. A council-fire gathering is the most democratic institution we have. We are, after all, children of the primitive, and we like to go back to it.

Very often I make a combination of outdoor swimming pool and stage. I always elevate the stage, and I call it "players' hill," for I believe the stage should be looked up to rather than depressed as the Greek stage was. The swimming pool usually has a background of rock—here on the plains, of lime or sandstone, for besides being native, their horizontal strata typify the prairies—and in granite country, granite. On top of the elevation is the actual stage, backed by cedars or groups of deciduous planting, depending on the environs and the composition of the rest of the landscape. The stage is lighted by natural fires from one or two depressed fire pits. This natural firelight gives a wavering, mysterious appearance to the faces of the actors that no artificial lighting can do, and the movements of the actors are reflected in the pool below in a most poetic way. The pool serves also to separate the audience from the players, and as a carrier for the voices. Where there is no pool, I make a players' hill by slightly elevating a corner of the garden. The players' hill should always face the moon, so that on moonlight nights plays can be produced with no other lighting. Perhaps it might interest you that in the latest pool we built we also incorporated a sun bath; keeping up with the times, you see.

No Fences or Hedges

The large estates, of course, are only for a few people. I am asked every once in a while, as other landscape architects are asked, what suggestions I would make for the designing of a small garden that must be laid out and tended by the owner himself. Naturally, I believe that this, like the public park or the large private estate, should be planted with the trees and shrubs and flowers that are native to the surrounding landscape, with the addition, of course, of old-fashioned garden flowers and shrubs, such as the lilac, hollyhock, oleander, geraniums—plants that the white man has carried with him wherever he has gone and that have become through the centuries household pets, just as the dog and the cat are. In a desert section, there should be desert plants, in a mountainous section, mountain plants, and in a prairie section, prairie shrubs and flowers. Then one will at least be certain that, given a little care, the garden will grow.

To my mind, the ideal location for the small house on a small lot is about forty feet back from the walk. There should be a lawn in front with a few trees, and if the ordinances of the town permit, some shrubbery should be planted in the parkway. This gives a feeling of privacy to the entrance. There should never be any shrubbery planted against the walls of the house, unless there is some uninteresting space that had best be covered. The architecture of the house should be allowed to reveal its full beauty, and this it cannot do if it seems sunk in a mass of shrubbery, as if it were in a swamp. If the house is covered with vines, then the source of the vine should show—it has its own beauty.

Fences destroy the peacefulness of the scene. If used, they are least objectionable if not more than three feet high. And no clipped hedges! Hedges are useful only when they serve as a windbreak, and a windbreak is not needed next to the street. However, I am not much concerned that the clipped hedge will become a permanent feature of the American town scene. Clipped hedges require a great deal of work, and the American home owner is too fond of golfing and motoring to put in many hours with the clipping shears.

The flower garden should be in the back, and the vegetable beds can be separated from the rest of the garden by beds of flowers that are frankly meant for cutting. Flowers for cutting should be planted in rows the same way that carrots are. The ornamental flowers can be planted along the paths or spaces against the house, but they shouldn't be crowded or packed like sardines. Compression is against the rules of art. A plant should be given all the room it needs, and then its individual beauty will stand out and we grow to love it for itself, and our enjoyment of the garden is greatly enhanced. A garden without love has no story. There should be a festival of color in the flowers that bloom in the spring, and a glory of color in the foliage of the plants that are at their best in the fall of the year. And there should be some flowers for perfume, for there should always be perfume in a garden. Trees can be associated rather closely together, but not any closer than will permit the ground floor to grow plants that like the shade. If possible, the garage should be hidden with planting.

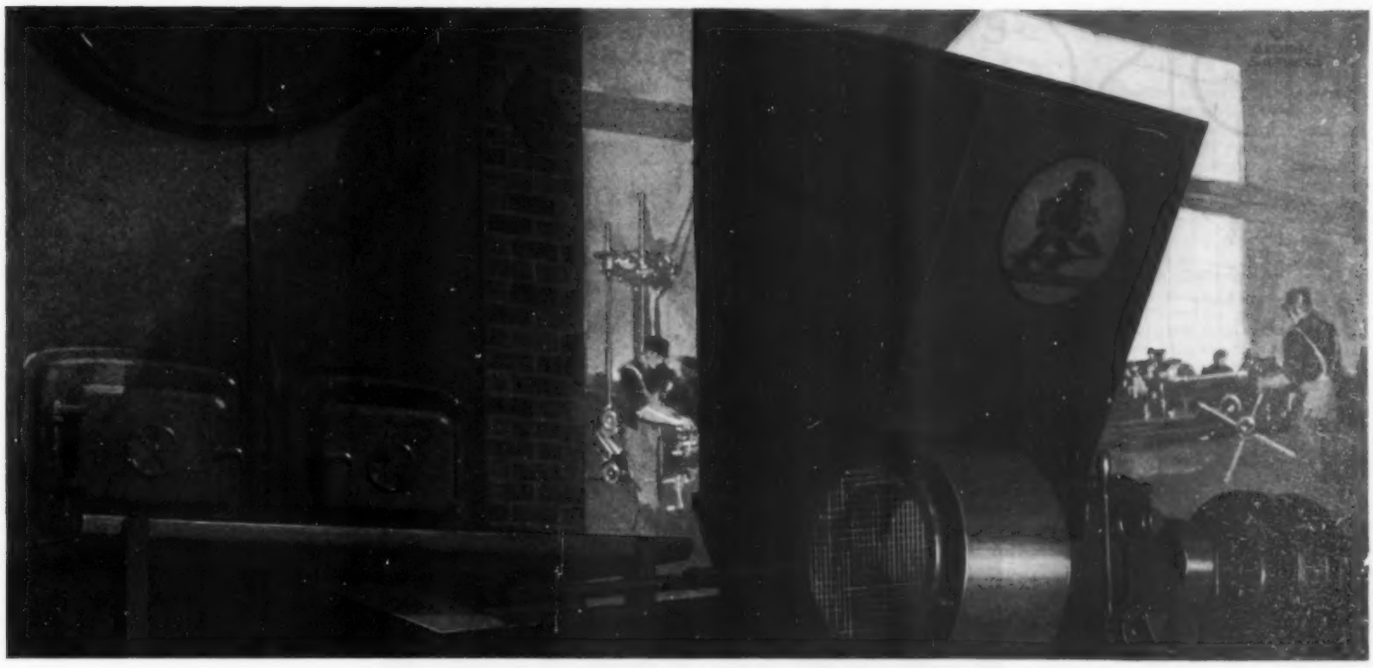
There should be few paths, and they should not be of cement or brick. For a formal path raked gravel is best. Paths of stone with grass in between are much softer to the eye. But stone in a garden must always be used with care. Too much stone is cold and makes a garden lose its friendliness.

Sometimes it is interesting to introduce a rock garden, because then one may have plants that cannot express their full beauty otherwise. Rock plants become flat in a border, but crawling over rocks for sun, their struggle is a picture worth having. Associated with the rock garden may be a pool where the birds may drink, and where fish may make one contemplate their manner of life. The pool should be in the background, so it can have a setting of shrubs, whose shadows will bring the mystery of the forest and at the same time give shade to the plants that want it.

But above all, a garden should be individual. It should not be like one's neighbor's, for then it is monotonous; it should express the personality of the owner. If one likes birds, one should plant shrubs the birds like; if one likes Shasta daisies, they should be the prominent feature. But a garden that is fitted for a hillside should not be put on a plain, or vice versa.

It is not size that makes a garden beautiful. It is the love that you give it and the spirit of the out-of-doors—of God's out-of-doors—that is in it.

A Sun Opening on an Estate in Lake Forest, Illinois



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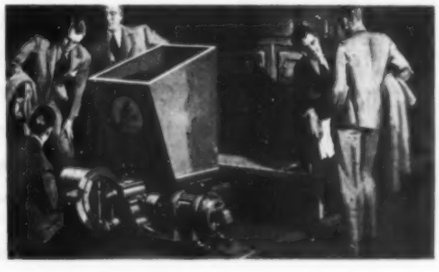

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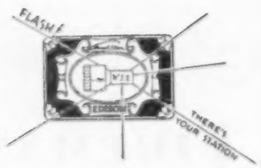

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A REFUGE FOR LAP DRAGONS

(Continued from Page 5)

They were discovered by the Bishop of Panama in the year 1535, but that ecclesiastical fact seems to have had no permanent effect upon their moral character. For a century or two the islands became the resort of pirates and buccaneers, and afterward convicts were sent to them; so that for a time their history is a dreadful story of suspicion, revenge, murder and hate, and human suffering and failure. At the same time they harbored, and they harbor still today, the most friendly, cordial, confident and fearless birds and beasts, I imagine, that the whole world has to show.

The Most Benevolent-Looking Bird That Flies—a Galápagan Albatross

Like nearly every other boy, I loved the sea, and loved to read about it, but most of all I loved to read the stories of the South Seas. So, more than forty years ago, I settled it with myself that I would some day own a schooner and sail her away to the enchanted islands of every man's desire. For I think I have never talked to a human being who did not cherish a deep and ardent longing somehow, some day, to visit these lands of dreams.

Dreams sometimes do come true. For years I had been reading and hoping and planning to go when my work would let me. Then suddenly came the chance. And that meant a chance not only to sail and fish but also to photograph and explore. More than all, it meant a chance to study and collect wild life in strange places.

So I got in touch first of all with the U. S. National Museum at Washington, which welcomed my proposal and most generously coöperated, even to the extent of furnishing collecting equipment and printing labels for the specimens we were to find, under the title, Pinchot South Sea Expedition. I got a tremendous kick out of that.

The U. S. Biological Survey came in also, and so did the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences. With these three institutions represented, our scientific standing was secure. And when the schooner was found and bought, refitted and equipped, and we were actually ready to set sail for the South Seas, it did not really seem as if it could be happening.

But it was happening, and last spring we set sail—Mrs. Pinchot, and I, and Giff, and Stiff—his roommate at school—Doctor Fisher and Doctor Pilsbury, Doctor Cleaves and Doctor Mathewson, in my very own schooner, for the truly South Seas.

We were going collecting and fishing and photographing, but we were also going to see new sights and realize old visions of the deep blue sea and among the islands of the Pacific, and far and away over the rim of the great round world.

Strange Lands

There is no space to tell you of the strange and beautiful regions we saw on our way to the Panama Canal, or of what adventures befell us there. But if by chance you are a fisherman, think of an island with some of the finest game fishing on earth, where sport-loving English-speaking people had never seen a rod or a reel, and had been forced to take their game fish with nothing more exciting than hand lines.

Or, if you live in the country or near a garden, try to imagine another place where other English-speaking people live by cultivation of the soil, and yet the sole and only farming tool they have is a machete, a long swordlike knife which we are apt to remember, when we recall it at all, as the weapon explorers use to cut their way through impenetrable tropical jungles.

But these things and many others were nothing more than curtain raisers for what lay still ahead of us. For within a distance from Panama only one-third as great as from New York to Liverpool, we found the nearest approach to the Garden of Eden that this old earth still has to show. We came to the Galápagos Islands, where the lap dragons are. Think of almost any material fact that would be unbelievable about an ordinary group of islands, and more likely than not it is true about the Galápagos. Or take this example:

When the summer comes at home and heat waves begin to spread misery and death, we pity the poor people farther south, where the blazing sun of the equator sucks human vitality away and where to go out bareheaded in the middle of the day amounts to suicide.

But in the incredible Galápagos, squarely under the equatorial sun we used to dread, at the very moment when our wireless was giving us news of terrible heat at home, we were not only running about bareheaded but were wearing flannel shirts and sweaters and pea-jackets, and often feeling uncomfortably cold unless we did.

We slept under one or two or even three blankets. And when we crawled out of them, the most exciting and vociferous moment of the day was when the cold stream from the hose was turned on some of us in the cold gray dawn of one more glorious day.

During the five weeks we spent in the Galápagos we were almost never too warm, but very often too cool. When I go back again to these beatific islands, as I hope and intend to do, I shall take summer clothes, for there are times when they are needed, but I shall also take such clothing as I would wear in October at home. This is not to say that we were never hot. We were, when we got into inland places where thick, leafless brush and black lava ridges kept away the wind but not the sun. We were hot when we walked hard and long over rough country, or when we carried heavy packs, or when we climbed steep slopes. But under similar circumstances we would have been at least as hot in October at home.

Men romance easily about the weather. Without some explanation, this Galápagos climate story, like many another, would be hard to swallow. Luckily there is a simple reason for it that makes believing easy.

At Bar Harbor and elsewhere north of Cape Cod along the New England coast, the water is so cold it keeps the air cool also. The Arctic Current, flowing southward, holds the thermometer down.

Just so the Humboldt Current, flowing northward to the Galápagos from Antarctic icy wastes, controls the temperature in the Archipielago de Colon, and in July brings to the equator the autumn climate of Pennsylvania hills. And that is why we found the weather so heavenly in this shadeless country under the vertical sun.

The Man-of-War Hawk, or Frigate Bird, Sitting on Her Nest. At Right—What She Was Sitting On

Moreover, while there are calms in the Galápagos, there are no storms. We saw no evidences of any in broken trees, smashed houses, or débris on the beach, although we landed on ten of the fifteen principal islands, and on some of them many times. We rode more than halfway across the largest island of all, and far into the interior of others, and nowhere found indications of rough weather. But we did see and went aboard the little schooner Manuel J. Cobos, which runs every now and then between Guayaquil and the islands, and has been doing so for fifty years without suffering a single accident or passing through a single storm.

I have said nothing about scenery because, marvelous as it is, there are so many other things so much better worth discussing. Just a word, however, about a single minor item.

If there is any character that predominates in the infinite variety of form and outline among the smaller islands, it is perpendicularity. They seem to specialize in it. On some of them the rock walls, rising directly out of deep water, are so nearly vertical that a landing could be made upon them only with great difficulty, if at all. On some I imagine no human foot has ever trod.

In many cases the waves have cut the shore line inward in a deep groove, so that at ten or twenty feet above low water the rock actually overhangs, and one walks or crawls, if he can keep his feet at all, under a sort of stone portico whose roof is carved into innumerable coigns and arches and inverted pinnacles of the most fantastic form.

Not seldom the unceasing erosion of the waves has worn the rock away into huge caverns and flying buttresses and natural bridges, and here and there a great promontory or a whole island, like Watson Island or Kicker Rock, has been pierced clear through from side to side in a passage high and wide enough to take a boat.

Desert Islands

There is scenery in plenty in the Galápagos for those of us who love it.

You will begin to think I am trying to describe an earthly paradise, where every prospect pleases and only man is vile. What, then, about the Galápagans?

There are less than 700 of them all told, and they occupy only minute fractions of the four islands where there are any humans at all. Eleven out of the fifteen larger islands are uninhabited.

It must be admitted that the people of the Galápagos have not, to put it mildly, been well and favorably known around the world. Two of the islands have at different times been used as penal colonies, and one of them was for many years the scene of violence and oppression enough to make it doubly infamous.

At one time or another nearly every man in authority on this island was either murdered or driven out, and probably in most cases they deserved it. But when, years ago, the bad times disappeared, their evil

reputation lived on after them. Which is by no means unusual with islands, or men either.

Before the Mary Pinchot sailed from home I was warned by the few men I knew who had been down here, to beware of the people. The descriptions they gave me fairly sizzled. The Galápagans were said to vary from diseased and miserable wretches through petty thieves to wreckers, pirates and murderers at large.

A scientist of international reputation who had visited the islands cautioned me against one place in particular, while an officer of a great yacht assured me that, only the summer before, its owner had so distrusted the inhabitants that he refused to let his boat come nearer than ten sea miles to any settlement.

But I remembered something about travelers' tales, and I took the precaution to carry with me a letter to the governor of the Galápagos from the Ecuadorian Minister at Washington. And so we decided to put the matter to the proof, and this is what we found.

Only Five Oranges for Two Cents

At Wreck Bay on Chatham Island—Porto Chico on the chart, but now Puerto Baquerizo Moreno—there came aboard the Mary Pinchot the captain of the port, the governor of the islands, the commandant of the garrison of seventeen men, the judge, the postmaster, and the other civil and military officials—all in a single pair of smartly cut breeches. He promptly gave us pratique, and we used it to set out over the five-mile road to Progreso, where more than half the people of the islands have their homes. They are nearly all Ecuadorian peasants, who for the most part can neither read nor write.

Their habits are as simple and frugal as you would expect on a standard wage of thirty cents for a legalized eight-hour day. They regard gunny sacks as garments, their clothing is patched beyond anything we ever see at home, their chief tool and weapon is the machete, and a donkey is their only means of transportation except their own feet.

They are small, strong, nimble and brown, and I do not doubt that when displeased they may turn to direct action with the machete as suddenly as others of their race on the mainland of South America, from which they come. But they showed no sign of it to us.

At Progreso—a village of thatched houses walled with split sticks of bamboo—which we reached through a mile-long avenue of planted trees, we found a sugar mill and an auto truck, both temporarily out of commission. Here also was Señor Rogerio Alvarado, representative of the owners of the island, and his assistant, Señor Cobos, both of whom spoke little English, but excellent and idiomatic French. Alvarado is manager of the sugar mill and of numerous plantations of coffee, cane and fruit.

The old stone house in which Señor Alvarado welcomed us and gave us lunch, with delicious native coffee, was a striking reminder of old times. Its highly ornamental, but also highly effective iron grilles on doors and windows evidently dated from a period when it was not only a dwelling but also a fort.

Before we left Wreck Bay Señor Alvarado sent us down fruit enough to load our launch, and here is what we paid for it:

4000 Oranges at 40 cents a hundred	$16.00
1000 Lemons at 50 cents a hundred	5.00
500 Alligator pears at 1 cent apiece	5.00
25 Pineapples at 3 cents apiece	.75
20 Stems of bananas at 10 cents per stem of about 100 bananas	2.00
4 Gunny sacks of guavas at 20 cents a sack	.80
	$29.55

About the Galápagos oranges it is hard to speak in moderation. At Chatham Island they are entirely delicious, and even though you get only five for two cents, they are certainly worth it. They grow on trees that reach a height of fifty feet, and are so common that the Chatham Island people eat oranges instead of drinking water while at work in the drier parts of the island.

At Floreana the oranges are even better—the best I have ever eaten anywhere—but you must walk three hours into the interior of the island before you find them.

One day Mrs. Pinchot and I took a long ride with Señor Cobos among orange, banana and coffee plantations, through rich grazing uplands, and under forests of guava trees, whose delicious golden fruit literally littered the trail.

Ten miles back from Wreck Bay we stopped and had coffee with two delightful Norwegian girls who run their father's plantation. They had been expecting us for months, for they had read all about the Mary Pinchot in the New York Times. Indeed, they had waited so long for our arrival that when a long-anticipated little donkey was finally delivered by whatever stork brings baby donkeys, they promptly named it for Giff.

At two other places we found handfuls of Norwegians, three or four together, kindly and simple people, eager to help us in every way.

Again at Villamiel, on Albemarle Island, against whose inhabitants we had been gravely set on guard, we found a courteous Ecuadorian gentleman, Señor Carlos Gil, his wife, and his nephew, with whom Mrs. Pinchot and I and four others of our party rode twenty miles into the interior and spent the night. They, too, knew of our expedition from pictures in a Guayaquil newspaper.

Here, as at Progreso, we met nothing but the most hospitable kindness. When we came away Señor Gil filled our launch with fruit, sweet potatoes, coffee and coconuts, for which we were not allowed to pay, to say nothing of a suckling pig presented to Mrs. Pinchot in the interior of the island, and the six living Galápagos tortoises which had already been sent on board.

One of these tortoises, weighing 154 pounds, came from Cape Santa Rosa. Naturally, it was named Rosie, but as these lines are written, the news has just been broken that Rosie is no lady. The shape of her lower shell proves that she is a he. But I think the name will stick anyhow.

To a smaller specimen Señor Gil gave with his own hand a magnificent polish with shoe blacking before offering it to Mrs. Pinchot. Within a week it was sitting on her lap eating bananas out of her fingers. Of course we called it Shoe Shine. He or she, that name will fit.

At Villamiel even the Ecuadorian peons, whom rumor classified with Chicago racketeers, went out of the way to be polite. They made us little presents of fruit, they heaped food and native tobacco on the members of our crew who came ashore, they respected scrupulously every article we left lying about, and if they had homicidal intentions, repressed them sternly and smiled at us instead.

A Day Nursery for Sea Lions

In a word, we have met the Galápagans so little esteemed by other voyagers; we have visited every one of their settlements; we have dined at their tables, as they have dined at ours; we have slept in their houses; we have gone back with them far into the interior of their islands by ones and twos and larger parties; and for their treatment of us first, last, and all the time, we have nothing but praise. We like them, and we hope they like us.

So much for the humans. Are the lesser breeds equally satisfactory to travel with? When you get to the point of associating with animals you sometimes find them strangely like really nice people. They do sensible nice things. The sea lions in these islands, for instance, and doubtless elsewhere, seem to have a sort of day-nursery arrangement by which one mother seal will look after half a dozen or more babies while the other mothers are fishing or sleeping, or occupied with whatever corresponds to washing and shopping and cleaning with the mothers of day-nursery babies back home. Whether the mothers run the nursery in rotation and what they get for it, I never heard.

More than once we ran across these nurseries. At Duncan Island I went in swimming with the matron and eight or ten of her charges in a tiny cove behind an islet where the mangroves stood knee deep in the sea, and the little seals looked out at me between the stems or swam around and about me within arm's reach, and seemed to enjoy it as much as I did, which was very much indeed.

When the launch passed sea lions lying on the rocks in the sun, we often called to them. Sometimes they were too sleepy to do more than lift their heads and put them down again. But often they would slip into the water and swim out and have a look at us close by, and sometimes they followed us for half a mile before their curiosity was satisfied.

With many pups and half-grown individuals we carried on one-sided but cordial conversations, sitting so close beside them that the seal would turn his head from time to time and nuzzle the nearest human shoulder. Repeatedly we watched the baby get his dinner, and over and over again we patted mother and child. But this familiarity usually brought a more or less perfunctory protest.

Sickness Among Animals

When you begin to think of the wild creatures as individuals, and then as friends, as in the Galápagos you inevitably must, you begin, of course, to be interested in their personal welfare. And then you discover that they have their troubles just as we do.

We have heard so much about the great, free, open spaces, where men are men, and so on, where birds and beasts and men live only heroic lives and die nothing but heroic deaths, that we very seldom stop to think of wild creatures as sufferers from disease—indeed, from some of the very same diseases we suffer from ourselves.

On beach after beach in these islands, or hidden away in rocky crevices above high-water mark, we found sick sea lions. Most of them, according to our doctor, appeared to have that plague of modern newspaper readers, conjunctivitis. One seemed to be actually blind, but in fair condition, nevertheless. We wondered if the others brought him food.

Another had some ailment of the teeth. Others were sick with diseases we could not diagnose, and one had been badly bitten by a shark. These sick ones naturally hated to move, and often would scarcely raise their heads as we sat down beside them.

The birds, too, have no immunity from sickness. At Tower Island, for example, we found an epidemic of some sort among the man-of-war hawks. The boobies nesting alongside showed no sign of disease, but of the men-of-war there were almost as many dead birds among the bushes of the rookery as live ones on the nests. This is not always so, for in a large man-of-war rookery on Kicker Rock two dead birds were all we could discover.

Even the porpoises had their parasites and the swordfish we harpooned off Narborough carried about with him nine long black wormlike creatures whose roots—if that is a proper word—ran down into his flesh a good two inches.

But the strangest trouble of all happened to a mockingbird. The upper and lower halves of his bill had grown past each other, so that he could feed only with the greatest difficulty. We first noticed him trying to eat a piece of orange, and making bad weather of it. Someone suggested that here was a case for what the surgeons call operative interference. So I caught him with a little noose on a short fragment of stick and held him while Doctor Mathewson got the scalpel out of his emergency kit and cut the two ends even.

The last we saw of this reconstructed bird he was sitting, undismayed, on a

(Continued on Page 177)

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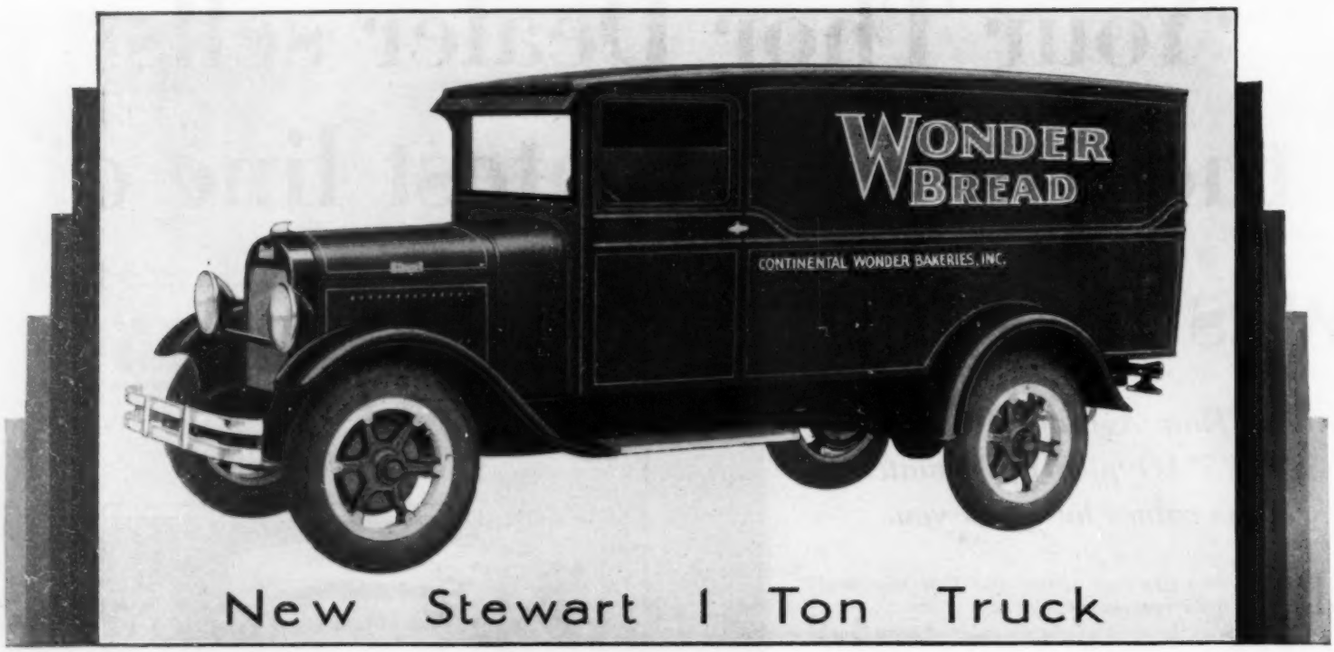

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(Continued from Page 174)

branch eight or ten feet away, busily sharpening his shortened bill against a twig, his peace of mind apparently quite unruffled by what was doubtless the first and only surgical operation on a bird that has ever been performed in the Archipielago de Colon.

The mockingbirds gave us the most amazing exhibitions of fearless curiosity. There is a different species of them on almost every island, and we became so well acquainted with them that we regularly called them Jake, and felt the lack of them if they failed to be around for even a few minutes.

In most places we only had to sit down for a moment to have from two to a dozen of these confident and inquisitive birds come hurrying on foot or on the wing to inquire into the unusual phenomenon. They perched on our feet, they lit on our knees, they took food from our fingers, and any part of our equipment that we laid down was immediately investigated by a committee which sat on it and pecked at it and employed all the resources of mockingbird technic to discover its nature and properties.

I have a photograph of Mrs. Pinchot sitting on the ground feeding two mockingbirds with an orange held in one hand, and five more with another orange in the other hand. A few minutes later, when I got back from hunting turtles, one of these birds and I lunched on the same jam sandwich. He sat on the ground right in front of me. I offered him the sandwich, of which he promptly took a good big peck. Then I took a bite, then he another peck and I another bite, and so on till there was no more sandwich to be shared between us.

A Tough Diet

In these islands the old saying "wild as a hawk" means nothing, for the Galápagos species will fly up to you when it sees you, and once one actually lit on Mrs. Pinchot's hair—an experience to be recommended, according to her, only to the owners of wooden heads.

But for me the climax of strangeness came when one of the great land iguanas actually crawled into my lap. That was on Seymour, where Mrs. Pinchot and I together had been catching such of these modern dragons as were needed for the collections.

When we came in sight of the individual in question, he was busily occupied in preparing to dine on a pad or leaf of the very spiny opuntia cactus with which Seymour Island is thickly studded. How any living thing can actually swallow the steel-hard, needle-sharp, inch-long spines of these opuntia cactus pads and live to eat again another day is beyond my understanding. But they do.

This particular dragon was, however, preparing to eat as few as possible by busily pawing off the spines from a fallen pad with the soles of his front feet. First three strokes with the right foot, then three strokes with the left, and repeat.

Just as we caught sight of him, Doctor Cleaves came up from another direction, and together the three of us watched, spellbound, a process which must be as vitally interesting to the cactus-eating iguana as a Minneapolis flour mill to a bread-eating American.

It was while these details of lacertian food preparation were being demonstrated that Mrs. Pinchot was badly bitten on the thumb by another iguana whose head, as she held him by the tail, was allowed by mistake to get within reach of her hand. These beasts have formidable teeth, and the bite was so severe that blood dripped from it to the ground. The lizard actually swung from her right hand, but his tail was in her left, and most pluckily she held on and would not let him go.

The day before, Doctor Fisher had watched one of these iguanas charge a mockingbird which had just caught a grasshopper, make the bird drop it, and then eat it himself. So we decided to see whether grasshoppers would appeal to this one instead of cactus.

Cleaves and I each killed half a dozen of the plentiful huge locusts with a stick, and Mrs. Pinchot joined in the hunt in spite of her bleeding thumb. Then I held one of them in front of the iguana on a sharpened stick. And at once the miracle began to happen.

We could almost see the idea of food ooze into the iguana's slow reptilian mind. The head turned and came up. The whole body grew alert. Then he moved forward, at first imperceptibly, then with a rush which carried him to the grasshopper, held three feet away from me. There was a quick snap, and that particular insect had fulfilled its destiny.

We kept this up until we ran out of grasshoppers, and the iguana nearly out of appetite. Then Doctor Cleaves, who had been taking moving pictures of the whole affair, raised the very delicate question whether I wouldn't like to feed the iguana with my fingers as a step toward the improvement of man's relations with the animal kingdom. I remembered Mrs. Pinchot's thumb, and grasping my largest grasshopper by the extreme end of a wing cover, with many misgivings held it out in the direction of the iguana, which all the time was patiently waiting for the next course.

Trustful Animals

It worked like a charm. Again the head turned and came up, the slow movement turned into the swift rush, the jaws snapped, the throat swallowed, and the only injury was to the grasshopper, which was already too dead to mind it. On the second grasshopper the iguana's nose butted hard against my fingers, but again the grasshopper took the only hurt.

"Get him into your lap," called Cleaves.

"I'll try anything once," said I, and advanced and withdrew the bait, advanced and withdrew it until the iguana put one scaly paw on my knee. But that exhausted his confidence for the time, and he turned and retreated. At the next attempt, however, the result was perfect. He—or perhaps I ought to say she, considering the intimacy of the episode—crawled squarely into my lap, and stayed there long enough to take the last grasshopper I had to offer. There was my lap dragon in very fact sitting where the name implied. The thing was done. And not only done but photographed. Otherwise I might hesitate to tell the story.

Doubtless there was a time when wild creatures in many places had not yet learned to fear man the killer. Outside the Arctic circles, what others than the Galápagos are left? Gone with the snows of yesteryear, and this last remnant will probably follow the rest unless we do something about it, and do it promptly.

Wild creatures as trustful and as attractive as these deserve some better fate than senseless extermination.

As the Galápagos become better known; as what may be found there and felt there brings more and more visitors to the islands; as methods of communication improve—and they surely will—as more and more boats touch at the islands and more and more settlers come to live upon them—one thing will surely happen if we let it happen, and that quickly—the last natural stronghold of the fearless wild will be destroyed.

The fishing in the Galápagos is probably the best in all the Seven Seas. That of itself is a reason why the islands cannot long be protected by mere isolation, as they are today. And it is also a reason why steadily increasing numbers of people will visit them, just as the fishing in our own national parks brings countless visitors.

Communities of men learn slowly enough; communities of animals far more slowly. Long before these birds and beasts, not protected by the fear of man as others are, can learn to dread him and avoid him, there will be none of the larger ones and few of the smaller ones left alive to profit by the lesson of experience.

On many of the islands the great Galápagos tortoises, of which I have said little, have already been exterminated. Only a pitiful and vanishing remnant still survives. So with the iguanas. So with the penguins and flightless cormorants.

There is just one thing to do, and that is to secure the setting aside of several of the islands as wild-life refuges, just as we have done so successfully in the Yellowstone National Park and elsewhere at home. Whether the United States should approach the authorities of Ecuador, whether the League of Nations offers the proper channel through which this project may best be undertaken, I need not here discuss. But somehow it ought to be done.

Not a single one of the islands best adapted to be wild-life refuges is now inhabited, nor is any use whatever being made of any one of them. The way is open to act, if we act soon.

Here is a region unmatched on earth in the ease and intimacy with which strange and fascinating wild animals and birds and reptiles can be seen and studied and got acquainted with. And that on a basis of mutual interest, for here people are as interesting to the birds and beasts as the birds and beasts are to the people. It seems worth saving.

POST SCRIPTS

(Continued from Page 30)

HE: Really?

SHE: Absolutely, my dear! It's simply obnoxious, because, you see, you have to do so many hours' work a year to belong to the League, my dear, and it honestly takes practically all your time!

HE: What sort of things do you do?

SHE: Oh, all kinds of repellent social-service effects. I mean, you can either sort of go wand'ring vaguely down to the baby clinic and weigh babies, or distribute food and things to the deserving poor or something.

HE: What are you doing?

SHE: My dear, I've been working my fingers to the bone all winter sort of tobogganing hither and yon trying to get subscriptions for the community-chest effect. Can you cope with it? Won't you contribute a mustard plaster at this point?

HE: Is it difficult to get your subscriptions?

SHE: My dear, I haven't the slightest idea! I mean I haven't got any, because at the last minute something's always come up; do you know what I mean?

HE: Oh!

SHE: I mean that just as I get all set to rush frantically from house to house with my little list effect, I have to arrange a dinner party or go to a brawl at the country club or barge off to New York to buy clothes or something. Can you bear it, my dear?

HE: Gee, that's certainly tough!

SHE: My dear, it's perfectly foul! I mean, I never have time to really accomplish a thing, and I'm on the verge of collapse from sheer exhaustion because you've no idea how being a debutante sort of takes it out of you, my dear!

—LLOYD MAYER.

The Misunderstood

THERE is much good in every living thing;
Some light and sweetness in each spirit lies;
Speak kindly to the Wasp about his sting,
And more than likely he'll apologize.

A million men have wished the Fly in hell;
And yet he has a sense of humor. See
The little rascal rub his hands and tell
Some rare old joke and buzz with elfish glee!

I do not wonder that the Angleworm
Conceals himself in some forgotten place;
His voice is weak, his walk is but a squirm—
Yet you'll concede he has an honest face.

Men curse the Snake for his ill temper, though
Sometimes I think I, too, would yearn for strife
If Providence had sentenced me to go
And crawl upon my stomach all my life.

Had I the reputation of the Skunk,
I know 'twould be a sad blow to my pride;
Still, I myself, when feeling low and sunk,
Have thought perhaps the Skunk was justified.

I know the humbler creatures make you smile
And want to sneer. And yet, before you do,
Just gaze into your mirror for a while
And wonder what the old Cow thinks of you.

[There's room in this thing for a thought or two.] —*Lowell Otus Reese.*

DRAWN BY DONALD MCKEE

The Hold-Out

PLEASURES AND PITFALLS OF DIPLOMACY

(Continued from Page 46)

standpoint, I felt that this time I had seen him in his best and most likable phase.

When at last we rose to go Lloyd George suggested that we walk the three miles or so back to town. Closely followed by his secret-service man, he and I made our way down the narrow, winding roads, only to find again that every few steps his eager questioning as to American politics—and, more especially, American politicians—had to be interrupted so that he could acknowledge the enthusiastic ovation of crowds who sprang up, as if by magic, along the usually unfrequented way.

At the farewell dinner to which they asked us last night, he was an entertaining and, as always, a genial host, but plainly his thoughts were elsewhere; no doubt dwelling on the futility of the six weeks here, where, at great expense, hundreds of people from all over the world have congregated, to accomplish little more than the decision to meet again next month at The Hague! Certainly he is not a simple personality, but seems compounded of so many subtleties that one cannot say he is really this or really that; he is, or is not, almost everything, at one time or another.

His speech today at the formal closing session was not up to the standard of the first. He tried to seem optimistic, but was not convincing.

The one memorable address was made by Rathenau, of the German delegation. Everyone, regardless of nationality, was stirred by his heartfelt sincerity and great simplicity. When he ended, there was a storm of applause.

Now we are about to leave by motor for Rome. The trains are crowded with departing visitors; the vast army of police Italy mustered to protect the Russian delegation from possible violence will be withdrawn, and the innumerable journalists will be off to fresh fields for publicity.

PALAZZO ORSINI, ROME, June 20th.

Upon our return we found that many of the diplomatic corps, as well as the court and most of the unofficial residents, had left Rome for various summer places, and in consequence formal entertaining was temporarily at an end.

However, no matter what the season of the year, there are always traveling Americans who arrive with letters of introduction, and every day we gave luncheons or dinners for them. The British Ambassador and Lady Sybil Graham, who has since left for England, dined quietly with us, and we followed the custom which these pleasant evenings rendered so delightful, of having a candlelighted table laid in the court garden, where the blossoms of the lemon and mandarin trees combined with the roses to produce a delicious fragrance.

Our most definitely official duty was to go down to Sicily, where the King journeyed in his yacht to participate in the ceremonious inauguration of the Palermo harbor construction. This work is to be done by an American firm, and as His Majesty consented to be present, Dick, on behalf of our Government, also officiated.

In addition to this occasion, we attended the festive gala opera given in honor of His Majesty, and an afternoon reception by the prefect and his wife at their large villa in the country. We were also entertained by some of the Sicilians we had known in Rome, in their splendid old palaces.

The question of where to go for the remainder of the summer had been considered from all angles. A change of altitude seemed advisable after almost a year in debilitating climates. Yet it had to be some place within the country, for an ambassador can only go outside when on official leave. Most of the places which have been recommended are popular resorts, which would mean a continuation of the social life of the winter. We have finally decided to try an out-of-the-way place on Lake Molveno, which, fortunately for our plan, is in that part of the Tyrol now belonging to Italy.

There is a simple hotel where we shall have all meals except breakfast, which will be served in our cottage near by.

We are leaving a caretaker in the Orsini, and paying the wages and board of the domestic staff during our absence, as only the chauffeur, his wife, who will act as maid, and the children's nurse, will go with us.

October 24th.

After a quiet and health-giving holiday in the mountains, during which we had various visitors and made occasional motor trips to see American friends, but had no urgent duties to interfere with fishing or tennis, we returned at the end of September. Rome, however, is not the same place we have known before. On the surface it is infinitely more leisurely. So few people are in town that despite a good many parties here, we have been able, on a few evenings when we have not gone out, to dine without guests—which has never happened before in our year in the Orsini.

The most interesting transformation, however, is in the sudden alertness to an approaching political crisis which makes everyone who is here feel the same uneasiness that heralds a violent electrical storm.

Benito Mussolini, the head of the Fascist Party and, consequently, the cause of this new atmosphere of apprehensiveness, came to see Dick yesterday afternoon. He is powerfully built, although not tall, with compelling blue eyes and dark brown hair, is still in the thirties, and although he must have been aware that he was being scrutinized with keen interest, nevertheless displayed complete self-possession.

He brought with him a confidential secretary, De Santo, whom we had met before, and who suggested, after we had all shaken hands—no one else was present except Dick, and Harlan Miller, who is second secretary of our embassy, and I—that Mussolini might be interested in seeing some of the seventeenth-century frescoes in the gallery beyond the drawing-room, where we then were.

"I should be delighted to—some other time!" he answered, and sat down near the tea table, with a decisiveness which indicated both impatience with conventional prologues, and the expectation of returning.

Our conversation concerned itself with the immediate political situation, which he discussed with apparent frankness. Since the war Italy has had many changes of government, has known, in the north, experiments in communism, and sorely needs stabilizing.

His followers—who used to be known as D'Annunzio's followers—formed themselves more or less spontaneously into a band outside the nonfunctioning political machinery, to restore order and prevent the growth of Bolshevism. They were former soldiers, who felt that, having fought to preserve their country from without, their present duty was to keep it intact from destructive forces within.

Mussolini feels that now that the Fascisti have become so numerous and so powerful throughout the country, they should be represented in the new cabinet, which is to be formed shortly, and recognized as a political force.

He said when he was leaving that he was going to Naples, where today a great congress of the Fascisti are meeting. He did not add—but the rumor is strong—that this meeting would decide what place he himself would retain in his own party, for there are several powerful rivals who covet his position.

November 15th.

And now our guest of the other afternoon is the Prime Minister of Italy!

He not only dominated the Naples convention but the vast numbers of Fascisti surrounded Rome immediately afterward, ready to march in and seize power if it was not accorded them by the usual methods.

The gates of the city were closed, proclamations issued declaring Rome to be in a state of siege, and all transportation stopped. Shops and cafés were shuttered and bolted. No one appeared in the streets, for it was rumored that open warfare might start at any moment. Or at least no one except the foreign diplomatic corps appeared. All of us went out in the afternoon, because weeks ago one of the smaller legations had issued invitations to a reception, and as the regulation about vehicles did not apply to those bearing diplomatic licenses, no one dared not appear. Our unimpeded ride through the quiet, empty piazzas, where usually swarms of chattering people and noisy trams and taxis made progress difficult, partook of the unreal quality of a dream. At the tea everyone assumed whatever nonchalance he or she could summon, but most of the guests seemed relieved when at last it was time to start for the security of their own houses.

The next night Mussolini visited the King at the royal palace, and they apparently reached an understanding; for another proclamation was pasted up in all public places, stating that the first one had never been signed by His Majesty, and Rome was not in a state of siege!

To Mussolini was given the task of forming the new cabinet.

After the *pronunciamento*, which granted, peacefully, more power than even the most optimistic of the Fascisti had hoped to attain by violence, there was an impressive parade of this sturdy young army in black shirts. They marched to the Quirinal to salute the King and Mussolini, who stood together on the balcony, then to the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, only a block or two from us, and finally they were put into trains and sent to their diverse homes in all parts of the country.

Everyone breathed again. Again we attend daily luncheons, teas and dinners. But at them all one hears the same questions, "Will the new government last?" "Shall the diplomats invite Mussolini to their official dinners, or wait until after his power has waned before giving any?" "Is he presentable, anyway—this man whose father was a blacksmith and who, as a young man, was exiled from Italy because he advocated Socialism?" and so on.

LAUSANNE, SWITZERLAND, November 20th.

Even here, where we have come because Dick has again been appointed an unofficial observer—only this time at the Near East Conference, which has been called in order that peace terms might be made by the Allies with Turkey—the center of all eyes is Mussolini.

This afternoon when Dick and I started to the formal opening of the congress, we had difficulty in reaching the elevator, for the Italian dictator has taken rooms opening onto the same corridor, and a crowd of journalists and photographers and the idly curious filled the halls outside his doors.

This is his first official appearance outside his own country, and as he insisted that Poincaré and Lord Curzon meet him late last night some distance from Lausanne, for a private talk before he would consent to come at all, he apparently is a man to be reckoned with internationally. He appeared at the conference meeting resplendent in a morning coat, silk hat, white spats and white gloves—the cynosure of all eyes, but by his air of indifference, seeming unaware, or at least undisturbed, by it.

Tonight, one hears, he dined with Lord and Lady Curzon, and in apologizing to her for not speaking English assured her that when next they met he would do so. He speaks French well, and understands English; his education, which he struggled to attain, is thorough. Before he took his present political post he was the editor of an important newspaper in Milan, where his wife and children still reside. This, however, is not an uncommon practice in Italy; many of the men who come to Rome in some political capacity are not accompanied by their families. Unless their wives happen to be women of the world who would enjoy the social life of the capital, they prefer to remain in their own settings.

February 5th.

Now that the crescendo of the last few bitterly disappointing days has passed, and the conference has definitely ended without fulfilling the purpose for which it was called and endured for three months, one can begin to get some perspective on it as a whole. As at Genoa, it has been again the chief British delegate who stands out in my mind as the most interesting personality of all the representatives of various countries who remained here, for Poincaré and Mussolini stayed only a day or two.

The first time Dick and I were invited to lunch with Curzon, I remembered the stories of his coldness, his rudeness, and his especial dislike of Americans. But when we arrived at the sitting room of his apartment in the old part of this same hotel, I discovered at once that, from the standpoint of a guest, one could not encounter a more courteous or charming host.

In appearance he is large, dignified, self-assured. People who dislike him—and there seem to be many who do—always speak of him as pompous. Certainly he conveys an awareness of his own distinguished record of public service, and seems conscious that his mind and intellectual background are greatly superior to the average. But he does not rest on these laurels; he is famous as a conversationalist, and his conversation is excellent. Moreover, he has an almost rarer gift—he listens attentively when others speak.

Lady Curzon, who is American, as was his first wife, is much younger than he. Her husband says she is beautiful; certainly she is good-looking, dresses smartly and has a pleasant, cosmopolitan manner. When we were seated at the table in their private dining room, she left to the four men—all of whom, except Dick, were English—the discussion of politics. But she skillfully contrived to convey the impression that her silence was due, not to lack of interest in what they were saying but to her keen desire to have their authoritative opinions.

Lord Curzon, unlike Lloyd George, did not use this occasion to attempt to further whatever desires he might have had to change our Government's policy toward the conference. The talk was general, and at this as well as at our later meetings he made a sharp line of demarcation between social occasions and those of a business nature. For these he saw Dick alone, and made it clear that the purpose was business.

Of course it would be absurd not to realize that a man of his astuteness must recognize the value of pleasant personal contacts in all international negotiations, but by his failure to invite to his small parties certain delegates, both American and of other countries, one sees that he does not use intimate hospitality as political propaganda *per se*.

Shortly after this first meeting he and Sir William Tyrrell lunched with us, Lady Curzon having returned to St. Moritz. As Curzon dislikes going down to the public dining room, which swarms with journalists and the official representatives of many countries, we ordered luncheon served in our sitting room. He is on a strict diet, for he is not at all well; so we learned in advance what he was permitted to eat and drink. His valet brought over, just before the hour, the footstool essential for his comfort, as he suffers constantly from phlebitis. Despite the precarious state of his health, he accomplished, in addition to the prodigious work connected with this conference, his duties as Foreign Secretary of

(Continued on Page 180)

These famed judges seek America's *Loveliest Mother* and *Most Attractive Child*

★

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Your entry involves no expense or obligation whatever. And it may mean so much! Magazines and newspapers everywhere will publish the winning photographs. Fame and public acclaim await the winners, in addition to the liberal awards.

First read the simple rules. Then call at your local photographer's for as many Entry Blanks as you wish. He will be pleased to assist you in submitting prints. But you must act promptly, for the contest closes May 10. If you are unable to secure entry blanks in your community, fill in and mail the coupon; don't lose out on this golden opportunity. Address Photographers' Association of America, 2258 Euclid Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

AWARDS

America's Loveliest Mother

FIRST INTERNATIONAL AWARD	$1,500.00
SECOND INTERNATIONAL AWARD	500.00
THIRD INTERNATIONAL AWARD	250.00
FIRST SECTIONAL AWARD, SIX SECTIONS	100.00
2ND TO 11TH SECTIONAL AWARDS, EACH SECTION	50.00
12TH TO 33RD SECTIONAL AWARDS, EACH SECTION	25.00
FIRST CANADIAN AWARD	100.00
2ND TO 11TH CANADIAN AWARDS, EACH	50.00
12TH TO 21ST CANADIAN AWARDS, EACH	25.00

America's Most Attractive Child

FIRST INTERNATIONAL AWARD	$1,500.00
SECOND INTERNATIONAL AWARD	500.00
THIRD INTERNATIONAL AWARD	250.00
FIRST SECTIONAL AWARD, SIX SECTIONS	100.00
2ND TO 11TH SECTIONAL AWARDS, EACH SECTION	50.00
12TH TO 33RD SECTIONAL AWARDS, EACH SECTION	25.00
FIRST CANADIAN AWARD	100.00
2ND TO 11TH CANADIAN AWARDS, EACH	50.00
12TH TO 21ST CANADIAN AWARDS, EACH	25.00

CONTEST RULES

Contest is open to any resident of United States or Canada, except persons or members of families of persons connected in any way with photographic industry.

2. Any photograph taken by professional photographer, after Feb. 20, 1930, shall be eligible for competition. Entrant may submit as many such photographs as desired.

3. Each entry must be accompanied by entry blank, properly filled in. If more than one print is submitted by entrant, each must be accompanied by separate entry blank. Obtain entry blanks from your local photographer, or by using coupon below.

4. Combination or group pictures of mother and children are not eligible for either contest. Each entry must be single figure, mother or child.

5. Photographs of mothers may only be entered by subject herself, or with her written consent; photographs of children only by parents or guardians, or with their written consent.

6. Each prize-winning photograph becomes property of Photographers' Association of America, whose right to use it for advertising, publicity and exhibition purposes is acknowledged by entrant. All other prints will be returned if requested.

7. Any one entrant may receive only one prize. International prize winners are not eligible for sectional competition.

8. Size, style or quality of photograph shall not be given consideration. Awards made solely on appropriateness of the subjects as "the loveliest mother" or "the most attractive child."

9. In event of a tie for any award, each tying contestant receives full amount of that prize. Decisions of judges shall be final.

10. All entries must be mailed to the address below, post marked not later than midnight, May 10, 1930.

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Contest Department, 2258 Euclid Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

Please send me entry blanks for your $20,000.00 Contest. I have been unable to secure them in my community.

Name _____

Address _____

(Continued from Page 178)

Great Britain, and sometimes sits up until four in the morning in order to finish these combined labors—either one of which would be a full day's work for most men. Yet such is his inner vitality that when he goes out or entertains people in his rooms he can throw off the entire weight of responsibility and talk brilliantly of totally detached subjects. People interest him; he keeps in touch with everything that is going on beneath the surface—foibles and personal characteristics and sentimental alliances, as well as the more obvious political trends.

One evening when Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Grew, both of whom he likes especially, and Dick and I were dining with him, we wondered if Curzon would be able to disregard his own acute worry at the impasse the conference had reached. For he had not only the responsibility as his country's chief delegate; if he failed at Lausanne it would mean a crushing personal disappointment and a sad anticlimax to his earlier successes.

Yet during the entire dinner, which he made delightfully gay, he spoke of nothing more serious than the glories of Cleopatra, about whom he was eloquent.

At one of the formal parties he explained his theory of social obligations. Glancing down the long table, he noticed that two of the guests were sitting in silence.

"Just look at that couple!" he exclaimed indignantly. "It doesn't matter whether one of them is a Turk and the other Japanese—their duty is to talk to each other, if they have to use sign language!"

At another party, when he himself received little help from the rather staid woman next him in the kind of light conversation he considers fitting for such interchange, he got her complete attentiveness by saying with apparent gravity, "Please tell me something I want very much to know. There are at least twenty men here. Not counting your husband, which one would you choose if you had to select a companion for a year on a desert island?"

To me the most interesting of all hours with him was on Christmas Day, when he telephoned over to say that he was without his family, and asked Dick and me to lunch alone with him.

The moment we came in he presented me with a package he had just that moment finished wrapping in gay tissue paper, which contained a notebook of violet leather mounted in silver. The menu, ending with a plum pudding, on which, due to our combined efforts, the brandy finally blazed, and the conversation itself, also carried out the holiday spirit.

Curzon was more mellow than I have ever seen him; he reminisced a great deal, and his stories were not only beautifully told but, in themselves, interesting.

He described vividly, and with a sense of all its human values, a Christmas during the war which he spent with the King and Queen of the Belgians in their place of exile. Their Majesties, who have long been close friends of his, had borne every discomfort and danger with gallant lack of complaint. But when he told them he would bring them a present from London they confessed that there was one thing they really missed. Curzon therefore carried an unwieldy parcel through the danger zone, and gave to them a red leather hassock!

Yet the unconscious arrogance of our host and his adherence to British standards came out most amusingly in his further discussion of the Belgian royal family, for whom he has genuine affection and admiration. "The King asked me where to send the young Crown Prince to school," he said, "and I told him, 'Send the boy to Eton, where I went, and make a gentleman of him!'"

ROME, February 13th.

Upon our return, six days ago, we found a staggering pile of invitations, for there remained only a week before the beginning of Lent, and in addition to large luncheons and dinners, there have been half a dozen teas every afternoon, some of them with dancing, and several balls every night. The mere acknowledgment of all these notes requires time, in addition to the actual attendance at the functions. My morning hours, which, except for committee meeting of the Anglo-American hospital which Lady Sybil and I head, are free from engagements, have been insufficient to catch up with all the accumulated correspondence and housekeeping details. Moreover, I had to make preparations for the dinner of twenty-four, followed by a large ball, which we gave last night. Again numerous requests for "invitations for friends" came in, but in even greater number this time, because the guest of honor was Mussolini. He has gone out so little, socially, that everyone is agog to see him.

Every one of the dinner guests arrived promptly at half-past eight, as, fortunately, it is considered a serious breach of etiquette to be late at an embassy. Mussolini, in excellently cut evening clothes, was the most composed of them all, I think, as the various people came up to be presented to him.

When we went in to the long table laid in the gallery with frescoed walls, I remembered the prophecy he had made at his first call. He was at my right, with the British Ambassador on my left, and on the Fascisti leader's other side was an Italian woman whose husband is in his new cabinet, and who was so plainly awestruck for fear the wrong word would ruin her husband's career that he and I talked most of the time to each other.

He proved a most agreeable conversationalist, with a keen sense of humor and occasional flashes of wit which revealed by no more than a word his recognition of the animosity and, in some instances, bitter antagonism with which he is regarded by many of the people who seem at the moment most desirous of pleasing him. He inquired as to the identity of the guests he had not met before, and asked me about Julia Brambilla, who was facing us, two places away from Dick. I told him she was American, that her father, George von Lengerke Meyer, had been our ambassador to Rome when she was a child, and she had always declared she would marry an Italian diplomat when she grew up, which she did.

Suddenly Mussolini caught her eye and said across the table, "And are you pleased by your husband's new appointment, madame?"

I held my breath, for Brambilla, who, under the pre-Fascisti régime, had been appointed minister to Denmark, had just been changed to a less impressive post at Tangiers. The prolific gossipmongers had insisted that his wife was greatly disappointed. Everyone else listened too. Would this be the occasion for her to persuade him to promote Brambilla?

But Julia smiled and answered promptly, "I think it will be an extremely interesting place, Your Excellency."

He made no further comment then, but after dinner, when the men returned to the drawing-room, he went up to her and said, "I am glad you feel as you do. And you will not have to remain there too long."

The people whom we had asked to come in later arrived earlier than usual, so that they might meet the new Prime Minister. He had told me at the beginning of the evening that he could not stay late, as his time is so scheduled that for at least an hour before he goes to bed he reviews all the events of the day and plans his program for the next. He gets up at six in the morning to ride horseback for an hour before breakfast, both for the needed exercise and as preparation for military reviews.

Already he shows signs of the terrific strain he is under, and he looks older than he did three months ago; but except for his brief dialogue with Julia, he made no mention of politics during the entire evening.

Editor's Note—This is the second of three articles by Maude Parker. The third and last will appear in an early issue.

PORTRAITS OF THREE WOMEN

(Continued from Page 11)

"But there's my husband ——"

"I have thought about him," I answered, "but maybe we could divorce him, or something."

We'd quit dancing and were walking out through the patio. The moon seemed stronger than the electricity. A breeze stirred Nina's hair and with one hand she tucked it behind her ear. She had the prettiest ears. We sat down on a stone bench and I wanted to put my arm around her. So I did.

It was different now. We weren't dancing and she seemed softer, more yielding. She rested her head for a minute against my shoulder. I thought I heard her sigh, but I wasn't sure.

"Nina," I began, "somewhere down on the beach, waves are breaking against the shore. They break and smash, but they've lived! They've lived! Think of it!"

"Why?" she asked.

"They're like people," I hurried on. "They've had their fling. They've lived and loved. All their pent-up fervor sweeps them along toward their ultimate end on the shore. I'm like that, Nina. I've been swept along ever since I met you. I want you to marry me."

"But my husband?"

"He'll understand, won't he?"

"Oh, but I couldn't divorce him, really!"

"Why not?" I demanded. "It's been done."

"I'm afraid it might hurt him," she answered. "Few people understand how easy it is to hurt Tom."

"But you do love me?"

"Of course I do. Only, we could never have people say that we caused Tom to kill himself over the scandal!"

"Do you think he'd do that?"

"He might."

"Gee!"

I was feeling pretty low by that time. To think that I'd very nearly caused a man to kill himself! I saw that Nina was feeling bad, too, and I just knew that if poor old Tom killed himself, it would make everyone in Hollywood talk about her. Nina stood up.

"Shall we go inside?" she asked.

"Well, I'm a little hungry," I admitted, "and they'll probably serve pretty soon, won't they?"

"Pretty soon," she answered.

Gee, she was beautiful as she walked across the patio toward the living-room door! Inside, I could hear the laughter of unthinking men and women. None of them would ever know how near they had come to witnessing tragedy that night. To them it was just another party, but I knew that to Nina and me it would always be a sacred memory.

Nina started to dance with Jason Holt and I heard him telling her about a part in the next picture that was coming up. I went on out to the kitchen.

Poor old Tom was sitting in a chair by the stove. He was kind of drunk and there was some tomato catchup on his shirt front. I remembered that it might have been a spot of blood! I found some crackers and caviar and some fresh Camembert and some pickled beets, and sat down to sort of forget my past.

II

BETTY. Say, but she was clever! I'd heard a lot about her before she came to work for me. It was after The Royal Heart knocked 'em over at a preview, and Acme got big-hearted and gave me a secretary, that Betty showed up at my office one morning and said her typewriter was on the way.

She was sort of sweet, if you know what I mean. Not so pretty, just sweet. And clever? I could see right away that it would be a big advantage just to have her go over my scripts. A woman's viewpoint and all. So I didn't kick about it and, besides, I was trying to get an idea for the opening of Arty Steps In, a new comedy drama with an English locale.

Betty wasn't one of those secretaries who insist on wearing black dresses with white collars and cuffs and low-heeled shoes. She was clever enough to know the value of dressing. She did her hair in a big knot low on her neck, and I think it was blond. Anyway, it was light enough to show on a dark coat. She had a thin, intelligent sort of nose, nothing pert and sassy like some of these modern girls go in for. And her knees were pretty too.

"You've been pounding 'em out yourself, haven't you?" she asked.

"How'd you know?"

"Oh, all the girls in the typing department wait for one of your scripts to come through. We all try to get them to copy, because they're such interesting reading."

Can you imagine that? The typists fighting over reading my scripts. And those babies are hard-boiled too. I mean, they read a lot of scripts and they're not just saps. They're clever, like Betty. It made me feel good all over, just thinking about it. So I told her to sit down in my chair while I told her the plot of Arty Steps In.

She liked it too. Saw the good points at once. Oh, Betty was plenty clever. Right away, I knew she was the kind of secretary I needed.

"I like the idea of the girls' baseball team," she commented, referring to the second sequence in the story. "It's new and nifty. Playing them in cute little shorts and gym shirts will add interest."

"That's what I thought," I told her. "Only, of course, they've got to be girls with good figures and all."

"You really ought to pick them yourself."

"I really ought to direct the picture, if you get down to that. Who knows this story any better than I do?"

"Maybe they'll let you."

"Swell chance of that! You know how Lehman is. Once a writer, it takes dynamite to blast you loose from a typewriter."

"You'll get a break," Betty persisted, "and when you do, say, let me write your scripts, will you?"

I was sort of surprised. "You trying to break in?" I asked her.

"Trying to," she told me. "But you know how it is. Tough to get a chance without some kind of a pull. There isn't a story goes through that typing department I couldn't improve on if they'd make it worth my while. You know, it comes natural to some people."

"Sure."

"One reason I wanted to work for you was because I knew you were nice and would read something of mine."

"Sure," I said again, "sometime."

"I think I should specialize in the Elinor Glyn type of thing. Love stuff. It's the easiest to do. I guess I understand it."

"Sure"—and I looked at the typewriter. "But maybe we'd better get down to work on this script, though. Holt will be rushing in pretty soon, wanting to read a sequence."

I began to dictate, but it isn't easy to write a story in front of a clever girl, and every once in a while I would stop to listen to a new angle she'd think of. A lot of her suggestions were good too. Especially about love. Betty just naturally seemed to understand about love. I reckon that was because she was a woman.

A few nights later we went to a movie. She lived in a girls' club just off the Boulevard, where studio girls could live on their

(Continued on Page 185)

"Sonny," *he said,* "you had better keep quiet"

He helps to make your trip comfortable

One of the first things that is said to a B & O engineer is this: "Try to start and stop your train without jolting or jarring the passengers." It is our hope that you will know that the train is in motion by seeing rather than by feeling.

YEARS AGO a boy started working on a railroad. The first advice which he received from an older employe was somewhat like this:

"When they want your advice they'll ask for it. In the meantime, sonny, you had better keep quiet."

On our railroad every employe is encouraged to make suggestions. The suggestions come to that boy, who is now the president of our railroad.

Between March 5, 1924, and August 7, 1929, more than 6,500 coöperative meetings were attended by men representing the management and men representing the employes in the different departments of the service. In these five years of meetings more than 30,000 separate suggestions were discussed. *Of this total number more than 24,000, or 81 per cent, were adopted.*

We who operate the B & O feel complimented when our suggestions are adopted. We try in turn to keep ourselves open-minded toward any suggestion submitted by any passenger or shipper.

This is an easy thing to say. It is also easy to claim that we try always to render the little extra services that make traveling a pleasure.

The question is, Do we live up to these claims?

We invite you to come and test that for yourself. Ride with us to or from New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Pittsburgh, Chicago, St. Louis, Cleveland, or Detroit. See how we perform.

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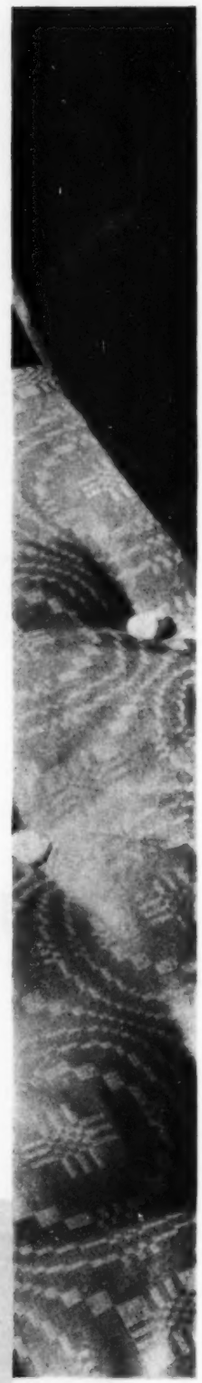

. . . and it's made by Simmons . . . the same people who make the famous *Beautyrest*

A HEART of resilient coils smothered in layers of softest cotton! The most wonderful comfort you ever knew.

This marvelous new type of mattress yields to every muscle of your body!

When the Simmons Company brought out their first inner coil mattress, the Beautyrest, it was an instant success.

Everyone heard about it. Friends told each other what wonderful relaxation and rest they got from this marvelous new type of mattress. Wealthy women who possessed them gladly gave their praise of them.

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Go see it for yourself at your furniture dealer's. The moment you put your hands on it you will understand why everyone is buying these marvelous new inner coil mattresses. Simmons Company, New York, Chicago, Atlanta, San Francisco.

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Then have it in your own home. How fresh and rested you are every morning for the new day's work!

THE "DEEPSLEEP".. *a new*

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"Of course."

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"Betty," I said, and I noticed she'd been getting manicures lately. I'm always observing, though. "Betty, why don't you marry me?"

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"It isn't that."

"You mean you're afraid of people talking about us over at the studio?"

"No, it isn't that, either."

"Surely you don't believe the stories people tell about me. That is, if they do, like they generally do about everybody in Hollywood."

"No."

"Then what reason can you have, Betty?"

"I'm engaged."

I just kind of gasped.

She went on, "I'm going to marry my director"—kind of proudly. "He thought my first script was so good, he's going to be sure I do all his future ones."

Well, that was news, as they say. Marrying a director. I had to admit it wasn't a bad idea. Women writers always have to depend on some man's favor, and what better man to depend on than a husband? But, of course, Betty was a mighty clever girl and would think of a thing like that.

"I'll send you a wedding present" was all I could think to say.

"Do." She smiled. "We're going in for pewter. It's the newest thing."

I felt kind of broken up when I left. I didn't want to go home that night. My heart was bruised. I knew that all my life I'd remember this little girl. I'd started her on the great highway toward success. Now she was going to get married! It hurt, inside of me, as I walked along the Boulevard. There was an empty feeling close to my heart.

I went in and had a chocolate ice-cream soda. That helped a little. I bought a bag of peanut brittle and put it in my outside coat pocket, where I could put my hand on it easily and get a piece without anyone noticing. Gee, I felt low!

It must have been miles that I tramped the streets of Hollywood. It was a quarter past ten when I finally got home.

III

JANE. Boy, she was dumb! I knew she was dumb that first day I saw her in the hall. Only someone who was terribly dumb would have smiled that way when the studio was laying off people. Four writers had got the gate the day before, and Ray Houston wouldn't hang his hat up before noon. It wasn't safe. It was beginning to look like a hard winter, and here was a girl grinning her head off.

"What are you laughing at?" I asked her.

"You," she answered. She was that dumb.

"I don't see that I have my coat on backward or anything," I told her indignantly.

"It's your face," she shot back.

I thought of several hot retorts, but decided it wasn't worth while, her being just a script girl waiting for a picture to start so she could go to work. Script girls are crazy, anyway. They get like that from associating with directors and taking notes on the set when a picture is being shot.

I contented myself with saying "Beat it, you," and stalked into Ray's office with dignity.

She was an orphan, I found out from Ray, lived in a dinky little flat with two other girls and thought it was a beautiful evening if the fudge didn't burn. Imagine such a girl! No sense of the beautiful. She wasn't even pretty. Her nose turned up at the end and she was all sunburned from swimming. Her hair was cut too short and her eyes were sort of gray. There was a freckle right on the end of her nose.

I never did admire wise-cracking women, and when a young girl starts out that way, saying things just to appear smart, she never gets anywhere with me. I certainly didn't like Jane at all. Boy, she was dumb!

When I got to the studio the next day, I had one of those premonitions of impending disaster, as Ray says—and I wasn't disappointed. I walked into my office and there sat Jane. Moreover, there she sat with her feet on my desk. Imagine that! Her feet on my desk, reading one of my scripts like she owned the place, or something.

I said, frozenlike: "Look here, young woman, I'll stand for a lot from females, but this is the fade-out! Believe me, you've got a nerve!"

Was she flustered? She was not! Not that dame! She just sort of grinned. Her turned-up nose didn't help things a bit. It made her look sassier than ever.

"Morning," she sang out. "I've been reading that last script of yours. You ought to be directing."

"Tell me something I don't know," I answered. "That's not news. If a fellow would get a break around this lot, I'd be directing."

"Yeah?" from her. "And does the studio know what you can do?"

Did the studio know! That was good. Boy, she was dumb!

"No," I answered casually, "they think I'm in the drapery department. Ever hear of a studio appreciating the talent it has right under its nose? Don't you know that you have to have a foreign name, come from New York, or just escape a jail sentence, if you want a studio to give you a break?"

She was reading my script. "I don't like the ending you wrote on Arty Steps In," she said.

"What's the matter with that ending?" I wanted to know. "It's different, isn't it? Original?"

"That's the trouble. Do you think that Lehman believes in anything he hasn't tried out at least three times? You end this thing unhappily. You don't let the boy get the girl. Lehman probably thinks you can't think up a happy fade. Don't you know your pictures yet?"

"Why don't you snap out a few scripts yourself?" I asked her, somewhat in a sarcastic manner.

"Oh, I'm not a writer," she said with a shrug. "Only, I'm probably the very first person in the industry that ever made such an admission. What I really am, probably, is a manager, badly in need of someone to manage."

I didn't like the way she was looking at me. And her mouth made me mad. It was sort of full and red, and should have been on a girl you wanted to kiss instead of on this wise little dame who needed nothing so much as a good poke in the nose.

"If you rewrite that ending and take it in to Lehman with a clinch for a fade-out, he'll think you're a smart hombre," she said as she walked unconcernedly toward the door.

"Wait a minute!" I yelled at her. Trying to tell me how to write! "Don't you know that Lehman should think I'm smart for doing it differently?"

"Don't kid yourself," Jane answered. "Lehman only thinks a thing is smart when he can understand it. He believes in a happy ending and he isn't educated up to an unhappy one. Take a tip from me and don't be a sap all your life."

Right in my own office she said that, and walked out of the door as cool and collected as if she had just made a fresh pan of fudge. Sometimes we men have a terrible time controlling our tempers. There should be a law against women like Jane. You know what I mean. Telling me I should rewrite my ending on a script already in production and then go in to Lehman and show him how smart I am!

I waited for Ray to come in, so I could tell him about it and arrange for us to get a good strong lock for the office door. But he was tied up in a conference with the song writers, who wanted him to change a thrilling fight on a Western desert to a love scene in a hacienda, so they could use their new theme song three times instead of two. It got to be dinnertime and all I had to show for the day's work was a pile of cigarette stubs.

However, I'd sort of been studying over the last script I'd written. Mulling it over in my mind. I had never felt it was the best I could do. Writers are like that. Once something is finished, a dozen new angles pop up that would help and improve it. The ending worried me a good deal. Not because of what Jane said. I didn't give that a single thought. It's just that people in theaters like to see the lovers in a final clinch. It sort of sends them away from

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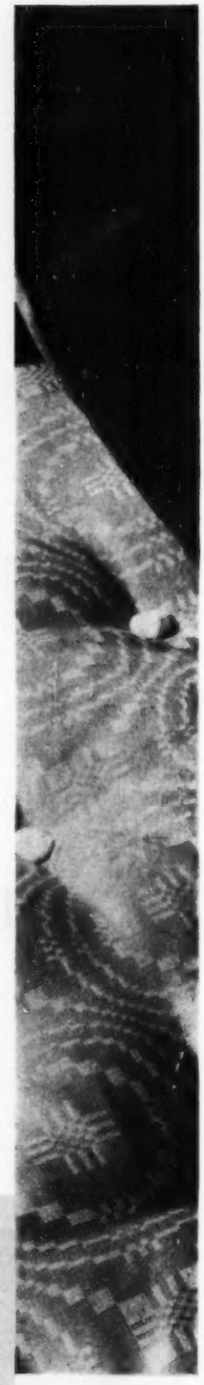

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She went on, "I'm going to marry my director"—kind of proudly. "He thought my first script was so good, he's going to be sure I do all his future ones."

Well, that was news, as they say. Marrying a director. I had to admit it wasn't a bad idea. Women writers always have to depend on some man's favor, and what better man to depend on than a husband? But, of course, Betty was a mighty clever girl and would think of a thing like that.

"I'll send you a wedding present" was all I could think to say.

"Do." She smiled. "We're going in for pewter. It's the newest thing."

I felt kind of broken up when I left. I didn't want to go home that night. My heart was bruised. I knew that all my life I'd remember this little girl. I'd started her on the great highway toward success. Now she was going to get married! It hurt, inside of me, as I walked along the Boulevard. There was an empty feeling close to my heart.

I went in and had a chocolate ice-cream soda. That helped a little. I bought a bag of peanut brittle and put it in my outside coat pocket, where I could put my hand on it easily and get a piece without anyone noticing. Gee, I felt low!

It must have been miles that I tramped the streets of Hollywood. It was a quarter past ten when I finally got home.

III

JANE. Boy, she was dumb! I knew she was dumb that first day I saw her in the hall. Only someone who was terribly dumb would have smiled that way when the studio was laying off people. Four writers had got the gate the day before, and Ray Houston wouldn't hang his hat up before noon. It wasn't safe. It was beginning to look like a hard winter, and here was a girl grinning her head off.

"What are you laughing at?" I asked her.

"You," she answered. She was that dumb.

"I don't see that I have my coat on backward or anything," I told her indignantly.

"It's your face," she shot back.

I thought of several hot retorts, but decided it wasn't worth while, her being just a script girl waiting for a picture to start so she could go to work. Script girls are crazy, anyway. They get like that from associating with directors and taking notes on the set when a picture is being shot.

I contented myself with saying "Beat it, you," and stalked into Ray's office with dignity.

She was an orphan, I found out from Ray, lived in a dinky little flat with two other girls and thought it was a beautiful evening if the fudge didn't burn. Imagine such a girl! No sense of the beautiful. She wasn't even pretty. Her nose turned up at the end and she was all sunburned from swimming. Her hair was cut too short and her eyes were sort of gray. There was a freckle right on the end of her nose.

I never did admire wise-cracking women, and when a young girl starts out that way, saying things just to appear smart, she never gets anywhere with me. I certainly didn't like Jane at all. Boy, she was dumb!

When I got to the studio the next day, I had one of those premonitions of impending disaster, as Ray says—and I wasn't disappointed. I walked into my office and there sat Jane. Moreover, there she sat with her feet on my desk. Imagine that! Her feet on my desk, reading one of my scripts like she owned the place, or something.

I said, frozenlike: "Look here, young woman, I'll stand for a lot from females, but this is the fade-out! Believe me, you've got a nerve!"

Was she flustered? She was not! Not that dame! She just sort of grinned. Her turned-up nose didn't help things a bit. It made her look sassier than ever.

"Morning," she sang out. "I've been reading that last script of yours. You ought to be directing."

"Tell me something I don't know," I answered. "That's not news. If a fellow would get a break around this lot, I'd be directing."

"Yeah?" from her. "And does the studio know what you can do?"

Did the studio know! That was good. Boy, she was dumb!

"No," I answered casually, "they think I'm in the drapery department. Ever hear of a studio appreciating the talent it has right under its nose? Don't you know that you have to have a foreign name, come from New York, or just escape a jail sentence, if you want a studio to give you a break?"

She was reading my script. "I don't like the ending you wrote on Arty Steps In," she said.

"What's the matter with that ending?" I wanted to know. "It's different, isn't it? Original?"

"That's the trouble. Do you think that Lehman believes in anything he hasn't tried out at least three times? You end this thing unhappily. You don't let the boy get the girl. Lehman probably thinks you can't think up a happy fade. Don't you know your pictures yet?"

"Why don't you snap out a few scripts yourself?" I asked her, somewhat in a sarcastic manner.

"Oh, I'm not a writer," she said with a shrug. "Only, I'm probably the very first person in the industry that ever made such an admission. What I really am, probably, is a manager, badly in need of someone to manage."

I didn't like the way she was looking at me. And her mouth made me mad. It was sort of full and red, and should have been on a girl you wanted to kiss instead of on this wise little dame who needed nothing so much as a good poke in the nose.

"If you rewrite that ending and take it in to Lehman with a clinch for a fade-out, he'll think you're a smart hombre," she said as she walked unconcernedly toward the door.

"Wait a minute!" I yelled at her. Trying to tell me how to write! "Don't you know that Lehman should think I'm smart for doing it differently?"

"Don't kid yourself," Jane answered. "Lehman only thinks a thing is smart when he can understand it. He believes in a happy ending and he isn't educated up to an unhappy one. Take a tip from me and don't be a sap all your life."

Right in my own office she said that, and walked out of the door as cool and collected as if she had just made a fresh pan of fudge. Sometimes we men have a terrible time controlling our tempers. There should be a law against women like Jane. You know what I mean. Telling me I should rewrite my ending on a script already in production and then go in to Lehman and show him how smart I am!

I waited for Ray to come in, so I could tell him about it and arrange for us to get a good strong lock for the office door. But he was tied up in a conference with the song writers, who wanted him to change a thrilling fight on a Western desert to a love scene in a hacienda, so they could use their new theme song three times instead of two. It got to be dinnertime and all I had to show for the day's work was a pile of cigarette stubs.

However, I'd sort of been studying over the last script I'd written. Mulling it over in my mind. I had never felt it was the best I could do. Writers are like that. Once something is finished, a dozen new angles pop up that would help and improve it. The ending worried me a good deal. Not because of what Jane said. I didn't give that a single thought. It's just that people in theaters like to see the lovers in a final clinch. It sort of sends them away from

the theater feeling happy. The ending I had already written was a peach. The idea of the girl's renouncing her love for the boy surely carried heart interest, and there was real pathos in sending him back to his old mother. There was probably enough wallop in that final sequence to make every critic in the country carry my name big in the notices. Still, when you're working for a studio, you ought to have their interests at heart. And everyone in the industry knows that happy endings help the box office.

I came down early the next morning, and by noon I'd knocked out a new ending that was a wow. It carried all the punch of the other ending, but it left everybody satisfied. It washed up the heavy, allowed the old mother to die with the moonlight streaming peacefully across her bedside, and faded on the girl kissing the boy. I liked it, and after I'd read it again I started for Lehman's office.

Crossing the lot, I saw Jane talking to an actor I knew. She waved and asked me if I'd done anything to that ending yet.

"Certainly not," I told her. It wasn't any of her business. I made up my mind right then I'd speak to her about that actor. He had a wife and some children, and shouldn't have his mind diverted. Jane should have better sense.

Lehman made me wait two hours, but that's the customary thing. Pictures are like that. He was probably getting the morning stock-market reports and putting in his own orders through his broker. So I sat around and chinned with his secretary until he buzzed me.

Lehman isn't a bad scout if you understand him. He means well, but of course he doesn't know much. If he did he wouldn't have had such a sweet job. Pictures are like that.

"What was that I seen you doing yesterday out on the back lot?" he wanted to know as I came in.

"Why, I was playing a little handball, Mr. Lehman," I told him.

"H'm." And he started muttering: "I can get it done cheaper!"

Like I said, you have to understand Lehman. He's really a pretty fine fellow, once you get to know him.

"Well," he asked me, "what do you want?"

"It's about that ending on Arty Steps In," I answered.

"What about it?"

"I don't like it."

"You wrote it, didn't you?"

"I've had a better idea, Mr. Lehman."

"And I gotta hunch your better ideas is costly in money." He was still keeping up his running line of kidding, like he always does.

"We're taking a chance on that unhappy ending," I started. "I'm afraid of it, especially with Holt making the picture. It takes genius to handle a scene when it isn't what people expect. You know what I mean, Mr. Lehman. I think we ought to let the girl get the boy."

"You think we should let the girl get the boy, the way I wanted it should be handled from the first. Is that right?"

"Well, I want the girl to get the boy," I sort of answered. "I've just written a new sequence for the ending that is much better than the one Holt is scheduled to shoot. Here it is."

Lehman frowned at the typewritten pages. "Why didn't you write this one first?" he asked me.

"Didn't think of it," I told him.

"You're paid to think, maybe?"

"Sure," I answered, "all the time, not just the day I'm writing something. I do a little thinking each day."

He shook his head, still pretending he didn't understand. "You come to me and admit something you've written ain't so hot and can be improved on. It's too much!"

"Don't you think a clinch would be better for the final fade?"

"It always has," he had to admit. "Only ——"

"And probably always will be. People understand it."

"I should come to the place," he sighed, "where I let people talk me out of things! Didn't I tell you and Holt, in the first place, I thought the little gal should get the boy and maybe we ought to kill the old mother off or something?"

"Sure you did," I told him. It's always best to agree with a producer. Pictures are like that.

"All right, then," Lehman said, "I'll read it."

He turned to the last page and read the last scene. Then he started back and began at the first. I smoked a cigarette and waited. When he had finished he looked sort of sour.

"It ain't so hot," he announced.

I waited for him to bring up specific things, which, of course, he couldn't do.

"Furthermore," he said suddenly, "it'll cost several thousand dollars, that ain't in the estimate, to build that new set. Besides, I gotta take up my director's time and listen to him howl about a change when he's already sold on it."

"But it will probably add two hundred thousand at the box office," I remarked, carelesslike.

"H'm," he began to mutter again. "You should be that good and tell me what a picture will gross."

But he kept the script, and that same afternoon Holt stormed into my office after he was through shooting.

"Holding out on me, eh?" he shouted. "What's the big idea in waiting until I'm shooting before you get any ideas? Why didn't you think of this ending before?"

"What difference does it make?" I asked him. "Lehman says it isn't so hot."

"It probably isn't. But he ordered me to shoot it! Now, sit down and give me the idea in the rough before I read it. I understand we're to have a happy ending like I wanted all the time."

Directors are like that.

I don't know how Jane heard about the change in the ending. She had a lot of nerve thinking she had anything to do with it, but she parked in my office again in a few days.

"I see you took the tip and rewrote that ending on Arty," she began.

At first I thought I just wouldn't answer her, but that didn't seem polite. After all, she was a girl, even if she was dumber than most directors.

"Don't think that you had anything to do with it," I assured her.

"Certainly not."

"I simply had the company's interests at heart and I knew from the start that a happy ending would show at the box office."

"Bright boy." She smiled.

You can't exactly argue with a girl when she's for you, so I nodded and let her sit down for a few minutes.

I asked her, "Where'd you get all the sunburn?" just to make conversation.

"Beach."

"Which one?"

"Malibou. Pretty up there. Ever go?"

"I don't have time," I told her. "It keeps me pretty busy thinking up ideas for directors to spoil. You know how they are."

"Yes, I know. Why don't you direct?"

"I'll give you three guesses."

She laughed. "Some day you'll walk into Lehman's office and tell him you're the logical man to make the next Dangrue picture, and you'll get it."

"I'll get thrown out! . . . Do you think I should make Dangrue's pictures?"

"Sure. You understand women, don't you?"

"Well, of course; only would Lehman believe me?"

"He believed you about the happy ending."

It didn't take any dumb little script girl to tell me that Lehman placed some value on my opinion. But the idea of his letting me direct a Dangrue! Anyone in the business who isn't dumb knows producers don't act that way! I tried to explain this to Jane, because she was taking such an interest. But she just grinned at me. I don't suppose she got my meaning.

"Trouble with you," she said as she went out, "you're probably afraid of Lehman."

Boy, that girl was dumb! Me afraid of Lehman! Hadn't I just saved the Arty picture? Me afraid of Lehman! It kind of got my goat for her to talk that way. She irritated me, got on my nerves. By George, I'd see Lehman right away, tell him how I understood women and a few other things, inform him that no one on the lot could probably make as good a picture with Dangrue, and then I'd hunt up this snooty little girl and let her see I wasn't afraid of Lehman or anyone else. That's what I'd do!

Lehman didn't keep me waiting this time. He turned and looked kind of hard at me.

"What's wrong now?" he asked.

I talked fast and walked right out without waiting for him to say a word. Of course that was the smart thing to do, because he was sure to boil over. Likely if I was still there by the time he could speak, he'd fire me on the spot.

That night I dropped around to Jane's flat, so I could tell her how wrong she was. It would do me a lot of good to see her back water. Me afraid of Lehman!

She didn't make bad fudge, either, and along toward midnight she began to sing, playing on a banjo-uke at the same time. Of course she didn't have much of a voice—kind of husky and low—but they were pretty songs and it was cold outside. I didn't have any other place to go that night.

The thing I was the most afraid of was that she'd fall in love with me. A man can't be too careful. You know how it is.

I was sitting on a pillow on the floor and she was beside me. "Delicious fudge," I had just told her. You'd think a girl would make some appreciative remark when a fellow compliments her, but she didn't. Just sat there. Not a word until the fudge dish was empty.

"I'll cut some more out of the pan," she said, and got up.

I'd intended telling her how I walked in and explained to Lehman about my being the logical person to direct Dangrue on account of my expert knowledge of women, but it didn't seem any use. She wouldn't understand. Probably try to take credit for suggesting it, or something.

She came back and dropped down on the cushion. After a while she said she was tired, and she stretched out in front of the fire like a kitten. Her head was in my lap, but I didn't care. After all, I was a guest, and it wouldn't have looked right for me to complain. She went to sleep and her right hand was around my knee. It felt kind of funny too—made that knee warmer than the other one. I guess it was closer to the fire.

When she woke up, she yawned like a little girl. Jane didn't have a bit of poise, yawning and all. She passed me the fudge, and when I shook my head she wrapped some up in a clean handkerchief for me to take home.

I used to get down to the studio kind of late after that. Show up at the lot around noon to conference a while with my scenario writer. They'd assigned me a young punk named Hawley who was going to write the first picture I would direct.

Dangrue was mighty sweet. Thought I'd probably bring a lot of new ideas into her pictures. Wanted me to come out to her place at the beach for the week-end, so we could talk over the story. I was to start filming within the month.

The other directors on the lot were good fellows and offered to help any way they could. I talked over the first sequence of my story with Holt, and he agreed that this writing fellow doing the script was pretty poor, so I chucked the whole story back at him. I let him know that I expected a script with some meat in it. Some punch!

Jane and I used to sit by the fire up at her apartment, and I'd let her make some of her suggestions while I relaxed. You know how it is. Sometimes a shot in the dark will start an entirely new train of thought.

"Maybe we ought to get married," she told me one night after she'd put her uke down.

"Don't think you can tell me what we ought to do," I informed her. "Just because I've been letting you take my pay check to the bank on Monday mornings when I can't get away from the studio doesn't mean—well, it doesn't mean a thing!" I was determined to be stern with her. "How much have we in the bank now?"

"Couple of thousand," she answered—"enough to make a first payment."

"On what?"

"On a home, silly."

No girl has a right to look at a man as Jane did. It's a dumb stunt for a girl to push her hair back with one hand and look up at you out of crinkling eyes at the same time. Her nose didn't help, either. She deserved a lesson. Some day she'd do that to some man and he'd kiss her. So I kissed her and told her it was a lesson.

"A lesson in what?" she wanted to know.

You can't do a thing with that kind of a girl. Somebody had to protect her. She didn't really know enough to get along alone without a man's strong arm like mine. She was sort of cute too. I remember the first day I saw her in the hall at the studio before I'd had the idea of telling Lehman that I should direct. She was grinning at me that day like she was now, and I remember thinking how cute she was.

The night we were married I opened the wedding present she had given me before the ceremony. Of course I thought it would be studs or at least a monogrammed handkerchief. But was it? It was not. It was a box of fudge!

Sort of a cute idea, wasn't it?

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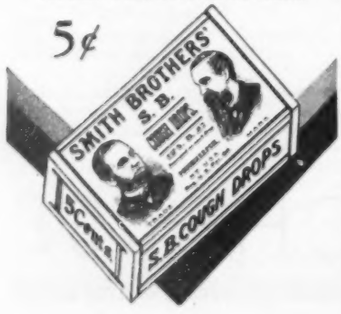

TEA FOR LOVERS

(Continued from Page 23)

had taught her a lesson. She inquired of Baltimore cousins, and was soaring into reaches of relationship when interrupted by Joan, shrieking and pounding up the stairs. Joan dashed in through the open door.

"Brendan, my darlin'!" Joan's black eyes flashed. Her grubby hands went out; her arms crossed around Brendan's neck.

"Brendan, are you still all busted? Brendan, w've sold Millandra! Candace jest bawled!"

"Never mind, honey. We'll buy her back."

"Brendan, I'm in business! We got a stand—me an' Gem Peachy—we got a swell stand! We sell rem'dies."

Brendan drew Joan tighter. "I saw it, Doctor Wake. Mighty slick." She held the child away, looking into her eager freckled face. She turned to the others. "Joan looks out of condition."

"Oh, I'm all right."

"And, Joan, what in heaven's name is the matter with your finger?"

Joan glanced down complacently. Her tiny left forefinger was swathed in a huge plantain leaf and covered with a cotton bandage. "I hurt it yesterday, nailin' up our sign. But Gem Peachy made me this swell poultice. She's makin' one now just like it, for Selina."

This brought them back to the ailing cook.

Julia said, "Did you see Selina, Joan? Is she really ill? What's the matter with her?"

"Sure," said Joan easily. "And she's all swole up!"

"Joan!" put in Cousin Sara, thoroughly aghast.

"Brendan," Cousin Sara went on, "you must come down on that child! I overheard her on the veranda yesterday afternoon talking to Grafton Stokes while Candace was getting into her riding things. She was telling him symptoms! She was entertaining him with revolting details!"

"It was from a testimonial, Cousin Sara." Joan had leaped to her own defense. "And the paper called it 'a mod'run miracle.' It was about a lady, Cousin Sara, 'at had never had a well day for twenty years."

"You see," from Cousin Sara. "Something should be done about Joan."

"Grafton Stokes thanked me, Cousin Sara. And believe me, it was a mighty good thing I told him, for ——"

"Joan's going to be a physician when she grows up, Cousin Sara," Brendan explained hurriedly. "She's said so all her life."

"And Gem Peachy's goin' to be my 'sistunt in a white cap. I'm goin' to ride a coal-black horse and Gem Peachy'll ride a snow-white horse—only littler—and we'll gallop, gallop to sick folks' houses ——"

"All the doctors I know," said Brendan—and suddenly her heart beat fast—"tear around in motor cars."

"Yes, but we're a horse family," pronounced Joan. "So I reckon I'll ride the black horse."

Cousin Sara said, "Did the girls tell you, Brendan, that William Banning returned home yesterday?"

"Yes, Cousin Sara, they told me."

Brendan lay still for a long moment. She watched the white starched window curtains stirring, blowing in. The breeze filled the cool, austere room with sudden fragrance—the scent of roses and cinnamon, and the spiced, delicious odor of climbing star jasmine that, from her childhood, Brendan had always associated with happiness.

A hush had fallen on the group around her. A feeling of expectancy held them.

Then Brendan spoke evenly: "I had a long time to think about us all while I was in the hospital. I decided to get married. Bill and I have been engaged for a long time—ever since I was seventeen—but I've kept putting it off. I think it's the best thing for us to get married right away—next week, maybe, now that he's home. That's why I came back a little sooner than I intended."

Candace gave an involuntary cry of surprise and dismay.

"And a very wise decision, my dear," spoke up Cousin Sara.

Joan was engaged in digital calculation. "Four years," she observed, "is a mighty long troth plight." She went on dreamily: "I hope Julia'll marry a doctor; it 'ud help my career. I reckon Candace 'll marry Grafton Stokes, 'cause he's in love with her. He has pains and hot flashes ——"

"What?"

"He was thankful when I told him 'bout the 'mod'run miracle'! Brendan, Grafton Stokes thanked me! Grafton Stokes said he'd been wonderin' what ailed him. He said he felt queer feelin's. He said ——"

"Hi, Joan! No fair tellin' symptoms!" Candace, flushed and laughing, reached for her hand. "Let's fly from here."

Brendan said gently, "I think I can go to sleep now."

But after Julia and Cousin Sara had slipped out of the room, she lay for a long time staring at the ceiling with brilliant, feverish eyes.

It had been a silly dream. She saw that now. Dyack was a young surgeon just beginning his career. He couldn't be expected to take on a wife, three expensive sisters, an unprofitable stock farm covered with mortgages to the farthest fence row. Bill loved her sisters. He knew their ways, their background, their present necessities. Married to him, Wakefields would remain a wide and hospitable home for Julia and Candace; a pleasant, tranquil place for Joan to grow up in. That was what her mother had foreseen when she had said that she could die easier knowing that Bill would be in the family. Well, in another week or so he would be. Brendan found herself crying quite silently. She turned her face to the wall.

She was awakened by a tap at her door. The afternoon sun was streaming in.

She heard Gem Peachy's lifted voice, "Miss Brendan, kin you come to de phome? Hit's—hit's a docteh callin'."

"Hold him, Gem Peachy! Hold him!"

In the downstairs hall she took up the receiver with a trembling hand. But the answering voice, deep and incisive, brought to her, as it always had, a feeling of strength, of security. More than that—of secret, thrilling rapture.

She found herself saying idiotically, "Oh, you ——"

"Yes, I. Look here, Brendan. What the devil made you run away? I'm on my way to see you. I took the first train when I found you gone!"

"But I'm feeling all right. Doctor Bryce said ——"

"This is not a professional visit—and you know it."

Brendan didn't go into that.

"Brendan, why did you go away without seeing me?"

A moment's pause. Then Brendan spoke in a stirred voice, "I did run away—that's a fact. It—it seemed best." Her face set in tense lines. "Maybe I had better see you, though. There's something I must tell you."

"Important?"

"Terribly so."

She heard an indulgent laugh at the other end of the line. "Well, I have something important to tell you," he said.

They talked longer. He was at Lounsburg, the little town nearest Wakefields. Brendan wanted to send a car for him, but he said no, he'd rather walk over. He was staying at the inn. He was to come for dinner. Afterward, if he thought her strong enough, Brendan was to drive him back to catch the night train.

She turned from the telephone and called, "Gem Peachy!"

A small voice at her elbow said, "Heah me."

Brendan asked her about Joan.

"She at de big oak trees, Miss Brendan. She sent me to de riveh fo' a fresh batch o' roots an' yerbs, an' I stop heah to git us some spring wateh."

"Well, you go fetch her home. She must have a bath and a nap."

"She ain' feelin' good, Miss Brendan."

"Tell her I said to come straight home! Tell her I said she was not to take any of her own medicine!"

"Yas'm."

"And, Gem Peachy"—for the house seemed curiously still—"where is everybody?"

"Well um, Miss Sara, she's takin' huh nap. Miss Candace, she done gone to see 'bout mammy. Miss Julia, she's ridin' 'roun' a-seekin' a cook; Misto' Bill Banning, he telephome while you is asleep, 'at he'll be heah fo' dinneh tonight."

"Oh!" cried Brendan in a stricken voice. "Oh—oh!"

"Y-a-a-s'm."

Joan had spent the afternoon without the services of her young assistant. And now she was feeling queer—a little groggy, and her head ached. She had left her stand and gone across the old road into the deep woods at its edge. Kneeling in the damp leaf mold and digging industriously, she was in fancy feeling a patient's pulse. Her voice was reassuring, but not so loud and important as the one she usually employed in these imaginary conversations.

"It's quite an extremely dangerous disease you're sufferin', Miz Montgomery. But don't be scared and don't let your little girl cry so loud."

At a crackling of the underbrush, she stiffened and sat motionless, her heart pounding. Turning her head cautiously, she was relieved to see a tall, blue-eyed young man bearing a look of such arrogant authority that she could think of him as nothing less than a prince out of a storybook. He took off his hat. Joan was enchanted by his manner and his deference.

He said, as he came into the deep shade and sat down on a log, "I hope I didn't startle you."

"You did, a little," Joan admitted. "I thought at first it might be a panther. Gem Peachy's grandfather saw one once in these very woods. But he knew what to do."

"What did he do?"

"He said a charm. Jest before the panther sprang at Gem Peachy's grandfather's throat, he said a charm. But it's a mighty-hard-to-remember sayin'. I couldn't think of it right off."

"It's a good thing to bear these useful charms in mind," the young man observed, with no trace of humorous condescension. "They come in mighty handy. Are you gathering wild flowers?"

"I'm diggin' yellowroot. It's for a friend's gum boil."

"Then, perhaps, I'm speaking to Doctor Wake. I stopped at your health center across the road."

"My godfather and godmother name in baptism is Joan Chancellor Wake. But my fam'ly name is Joan. You can call me that, for I'm not a sure-enough doctor yet."

"Why, thank you, Joan! And what did your sponsors then for you?"

She turned to him a delighted face, her black eyes sparkling, her headache forgotten.

"Why, do you remember your catechism? I jest wish"—and she spoke with bitter emphasis—"'at they hadn't renounced so much!"

"Personally," said the blue-eyed stranger, "I've held on to a number of pomps."

Joan rose. She spoke with calm finality: "It's the devil's works that int'rust me."

They walked across to the oak trees and found seats. The young man lighted a cigarette. A swift intake or two, and then he asked, "What, for instance?"

They understood each other perfectly.

(Continued on Page 190)

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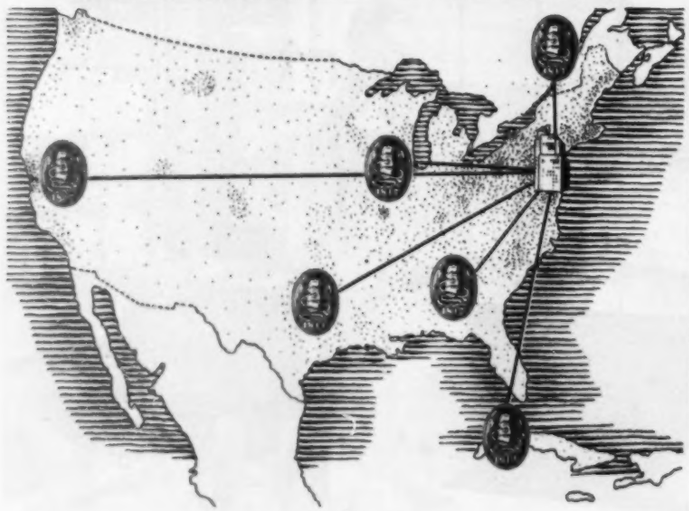

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(Continued from Page 188)

"Well, conjurin', for one thing," said Joan.

"Ah!" said the young man, and made smoke come out of his nose.

"I'm takin' lessons from a conjure child."

"A who?"

"Gem Peachy. She's a conjure child. You see it's this way," Joan explained patiently: "Gem Peachy's father died 'fore Gem Peachy was borned. That gives Gem Peachy myster'ous powers. Her own mother says so."

They sat awhile in agreeable silence, and then Joan picked up the thread of conversation:

"I'm lookin' for Gem Peachy now. She's gone for some of our magic plant. It grows on the left bank of a runnin' stream. You haf to pick it in the dark o' the moon. And the moon's in the right sign now. The leaves are shaped like a heart, and you make a tea out of 'em."

"And for what," asked the young man casually, "is this tea recommended?"

Joan gave him a searching look; she found no amusement or incredulity in his deep, returning gaze.

"It's a tea for lovers. True-Love Tea is its name. And if you want to see your own true love, you shet your eyes, you turn around three times, and you take seven sips! Then, sure's you're born, your true love is there!"

"A swift, valuable restorative!" the other exclaimed in pleased wonder.

Joan wagged her throbbing head. She edged closer. This was the kind of talk she liked. Suddenly she cried: "Here comes Gem Peachy now! . . . Hi, Gem Peachy!"

From the woods across the road emerged the posthumous child—known to her mother's circle of friends as De One Which She Ain't Neveh Is See Huh Own Daddy.

She was sagging under the load of a willow basket on one arm, a bucket of spring water on the other. Her hair, tied in tight knots all over her head, was adorned by a tall, straight, black feather set in the topknot.

Joan's eager voice sang out to her: "What-all you got in the basket, Gem Peachy? What's that on your head, Gem Peachy?" She turned to her new friend. "This is Gem Peachy! She's goin' to be my 'sistunt in a white cap, when I'm a real doctor."

"Yo' sistuh wants you," said Gem Peachy.

That off her mind, she set down the basket and bucket, and regarded the former pridefully.

"We suttinly is got a noble chance o' healin' yerbs." She included the young man in the medical council by a shy grin. "Right heah in dis baskit we got de cure fer pizen an' cat fits an' chist complaints an' broken hearts."

"What's the feather for?" persisted Joan.

"Hit's fo' you. A buzzard's tail featheh. I foun' hit on de riveh bank. Ain' nothin' betteh fer sores an' swellin's den wearin' a buzzard featheh behime yo' ear."

"I'm still wearin' the plantain poultice," said Joan.

"Dis here," said Gem Peachy, removing the feather from her own head—"dis here's better'n any plantum poultice."

"What's the matter with your finger, Joan?" the young man asked.

"I hurt it yesterday, nailin' up our sign."

"Maybe I'd better have a look at it. I'm a doctor too. I'm Doctor Dyack McGill."

"No!" cried Joan in a voice of enraptured incredulity. "Not a doctor?"

At his nod, she turned to her assistant. She issued a briefly sharp command: "A double dose of our tea for the doctor!"

"Hi!" He rose to his feet, laughing. "You're not going to conjure me!"

"I've always," said Joan firmly, "wanted a doctor in the fam'ly. Then we can be pardners." She held out the glass. "Drink this, doctor." She spoke the title with relish. "You'd like either one o' my sisters, doctor. They're beautiful beyond compare." She paused, reflecting heavily. Then, conscientiously, "But they are worldly sisters, Doctor McGill. They don't encourage me in my career. They think that ladies should have husbuns and babies, and nothin' else."

"Well, babies are nice," observed the doctor.

"I think so, too, and I may have a few," Joan conceded pensively. "My sisters are named Julia and Candace," she continued, warming to her task, although her head ached like fury. "And when they brush their golden hair at night, with their nightgowns on, they look like—like archangels! It jest takes my breath away when I look at their rare beauty!"

"In that case," said Doctor McGill, "I won't need the tea. I'll look 'em over at my leisure and take my pick. . . . Here, hand out your little paw. . . . But haven't you another sister—an unworldly sister?"

Joan had taken a hasty glance at her hand and doubled it behind her back.

"Oh, sure," she assented. "Brendan's the nicest sister of all my sisters. But she and Mr. Bill Banning are going to get married with each other next week."

"Say that again, Joan."

There was something in his quiet voice that frightened her.

"That," continued Joan falteringly, "is the reason she beat it home from the hospital."

"Tell me," commanded the doctor.

Joan stood before him, her feet wide apart in a way that would have outraged Cousin Sara Gaunt. Her hand, behind her back, kept opening and shutting. But she soon knew that the doctor had forgotten all about her injured finger.

And as she talked nervously, fluently, Joan watched him with popping eyes. He loomed before her, taller, taller —— Why, the man was a reg'lar giunt! Through the sick haze closing in on her, his face looked white and terrible. He was sick, too, she thought. No, mad!

Abruptly she wound up the romance of Brendan and Bill Banning: "So they're goin' to get married right away; next week, I reckon. That's what Brendan tole us this mornin'."

Doctor McGill was saying something; giving her a curt, authoritative message for Brendan.

"But—but my sisters?" cried Joan, close to tears. "And me? My career?"

There was a sudden crooked smile for her. He'd bear their partnership in mind, he told her. A pat on the head, a brief hug, and he was gone.

Joan reckoned she'd never see him again. And, she told herself, she didn't much care. Let him go! She set out for home. Gem Peachy, bearing simples, accompanied her. Bed, Joan had decided, was the best place for her. Once there and rid of the others, she'd have Gem Peachy repeat a few charms.

Brendan stood waiting on the wide veranda. In the late afternoon sunshine she looked pale and disturbed. With Gem Peachy lagging a few steps behind, Joan trudged stolidly up the drive. She planted herself before Brendan. A black feather askew over one ear gave Joan a curiously dissipated look. Her face was flaming.

Brendan's reproaches were gently automatic. Her eyes were troubled and absent. She was thinking up things to say to Dyack McGill. She must see him before Bill came!

"Joan, I've been uneasy about you. What have you been doing? I never saw anyone so dirty."

Joan mumbled something.

"What is it, honey?"

"I got a message for you."

"A message?" Brendan repeated without interest. "What is it? You must hurry upstairs, Joan, and get ready for dinner. We've company coming."

"Who you mean—company?"

"Doctor McGill, Joan. Run along now! Hurry! Scoot!"

"The message is from him. He's not comin'."

"Not coming? Oh, Joan, did Doctor McGill see you, all dirty like this?"

A miserable nod.

(Continued on Page 193)

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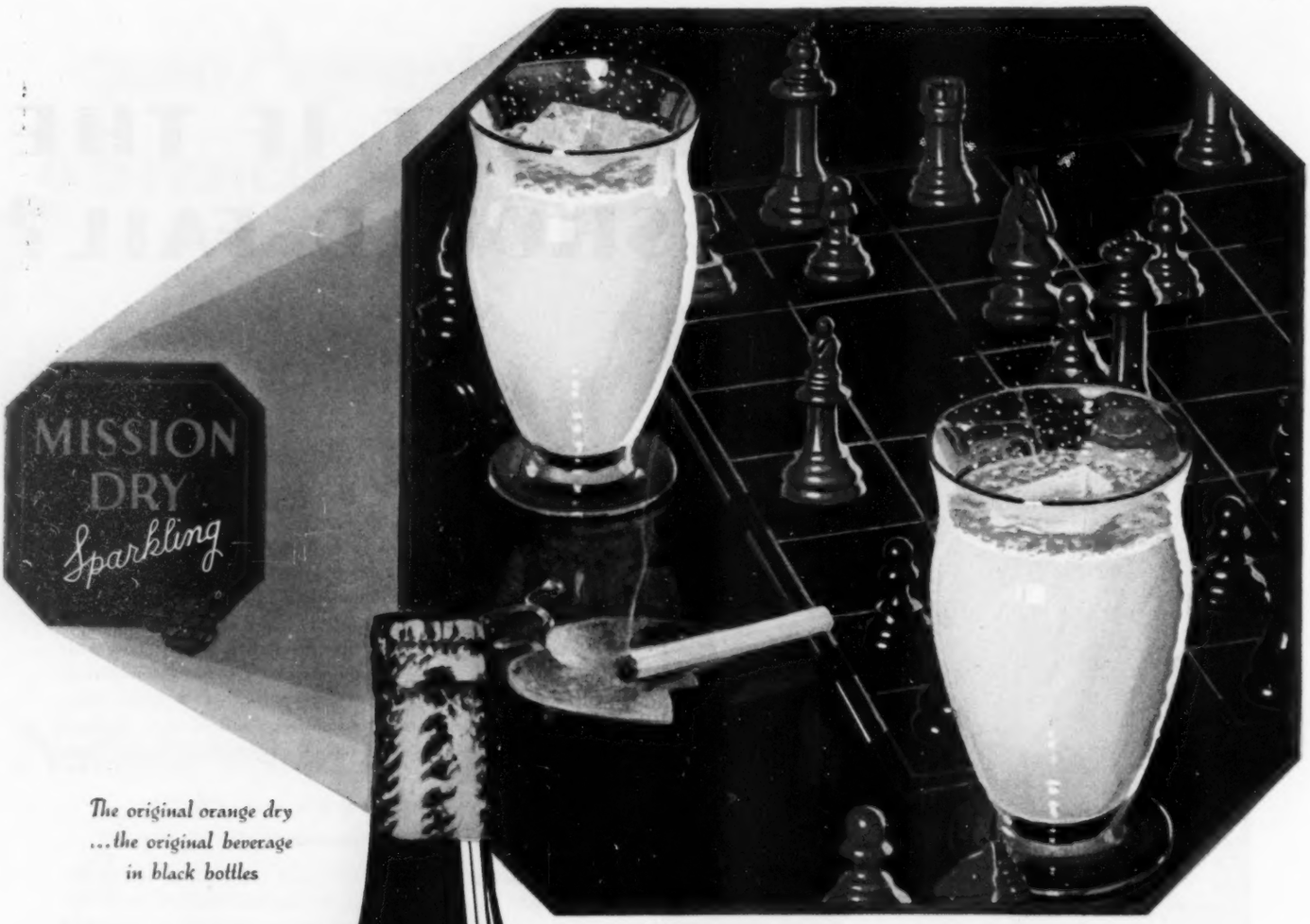

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• (Continued from Page 190)

"But why isn't he coming? What did he say?"

"He jest said he couldn't come. He said some more. A heap more. Important words. I couldn't remember 'em."

"Joan, try! Try, Joan!" Brendan was wringing her hands in nervous excitement. "Where did you see him? Where did he go?"

"At the oak trees. And he's gone back to the inn to wait for the train."

"But why, Joan?"

Joan gave a doleful shake of the head.

"Look here, Joan. Was he angry?"

"Madder'n hell."

"Joan Wake!"

"What you pester me for, then?" Joan's voice was rising. "Why'd he haf to keep pesterin' me? Ever'body in the roun' worl's all the time askin' me things! I—I can't remember what he said. My head's all bothered. I don't feel very well. Ever'thing aches me!"

"Honey," said Brendan, "can't you remember?"

Joan burst into tears.

Brendan took her in her arms and smoothed back her hair. "Why, you are feverish! You've played too hard. Run upstairs and take a bath and put on your nightgown. I'll be right up."

"Kin Gem Peachy bring up my dinner?"

"Yes, honey," said Brendan. And Gem Peachy disappeared kitchenward.

Brendan went in to the telephone and called the inn. Doctor McGill had not yet come in, she was told.

She stood trying to think. Maybe this was the best way out. There was a train in another hour that Dyack McGill could take. She need never see him again. This thought she definitely dismissed. She knew quite certainly that she had to see him again—once more, anyway.

Lost in troubled speculations, she wandered through the hall and on out to the side porch, shaded by an old cinnamon vine. She felt a curious letting down from the mood that had kept her disturbed, yet ardently alive all that day. Fatigue closed in on her. The pain in her side became sharply acute.

She watched Julia coming across the lawn from the paddock, bareheaded, slim and lovely in her riding clothes. Her hair in the sun was a cap of shining gold. As she drew near her, Brendan was arrested by the look on Julia's face. She had seen it once before that day; it was a look of scared resolution.

"Joan's not well," Brendan said when the two girls stood together on the porch. "I've just sent her up to bed." She turned to the door.

"Don't go. I want to talk to you."

Then there was silence.

"It's about Bill," Julia said.

Julia stood pale and very still. And Brendan found herself wondering apathetically what ailed Julia.

"Bill—Bill has been terribly distressed about you, Brendan."

"Oh, I'm all right!" Brendan cried out in a bitter voice. "I don't deserve any sympathy! Everything I've done since—in the last two years—has been wrong! Look at us all, ready to be carted to the poorhouse!"

"So you're going to marry Bill?" Julia looked at her steadily.

"Yes, I am. I'm going to marry him right away."

"But, Brendan, you've kept putting it off, and putting it off!"

"Yes. And wouldn't you know I'd do just that?

"Mother told me," Brendan went on, "that she could die with her mind at rest, knowing Bill was to be in the family, taking care of us all. But did I marry him? No! Oh, no! I had to have a try at taking care of us myself, arranging things. And now look!"

"The point is," said Julia—"what I want to know is, do you love him?"

"Yes," said Brendan, "I do."

"Joan loves Bill too. So does Candace," said Julia, turning away and pulling at a tendril of the old vine. "But do you love him so that you can't breathe?" asked Julia. "As—as if a spell had been put on you? So that you can't see anything but him or think of anything but him? So that even when he's away from you, you might put out your hands and touch him, he's so near? Do you love him so that you tremble, just watching his hands?"

"No!" cried Brendan sullenly.

"Well, I do!" Julia turned and faced her. "I love him that much, and have ever since I ——"

Brendan sank down into an old porch seat and stared up at Julia, whose stern young face showed no signs of weakening.

When Brendan could speak, it was in a faint, unbelieving voice. "Does he love you?"

"Yes, he does. He does love me. I had to worm it out of him yesterday evening. We love each other. Brendan, what are you going to do about it?"

"Do about it?" Brendan came to her feet, her arms out in a wide, happy gesture. "Everything! I'm going to telephone first!"

Julia's face was working. Her eyes filled with slow tears. "You're—you're not sore at me?"

"As if I could be," answered Brendan, her face to the sky. "As if I could be!"

She was only half hearing Julia's loud, relieved sobs. Brendan herself was caught in a moment of happiness and of relief so intense that she was knowing for the first time what all this had meant to her—this deep, abiding love for her young sisters and for her home. She looked across the lawns and hedges, and on down to the river. Their home was still to belong to them, and through no sacrifice of love and honesty.

Her thoughts ran now in shining silver streams toward Dyack. If Dyack failed to answer the telephone, she'd go to see him. She'd go to the train. She turned to Julia, whose happy tears still splashed down on the cinnamon leaves.

"Julia, why didn't you tell me? We're sisters. We love each other. Honey, what made you hold out on me?"

But she was never to hear Julia's answer. A piercing shriek echoing through the house, struck them into immobility. It came louder, shriller. They rushed into the hall, meeting Candace tearing from the kitchen. They stood together for a frozen moment, looking up. Gem Peachy, leaping down the stairs, was sobbing and shrilling something about Joan. Gem Peachy's eyes were rolling. Her voice was frantic with fear.

"Miss Brendan," she screeched, "run quick! Run quick! She got de lockjaw!"

"Lockjaw?" they cried together, incredulously.

"Yas'm. She gib one big scream an' call out: 'Gem Peachy, run fer de docteh, kase I got de lockjaw! I knows de symp'oms,' she say. An' sooner she say 'at, she kain't say nuffen! Huh jaws done lock!"

Julia and Candace were halfway up the stairs, but Brendan stood white and still. She reached out and caught the shrieking black child.

"Look at me, Gem Peachy! Tell me the truth. What would give her lockjaw?"

"De sore on huh hand! She snaggled it yestiddy on a rusty nail! 'At's how come she wear de plantum poultice! 'At's how come she wear de buzzard tail featheh!"

Brendan dropped her hands from Gem Peachy's bony shoulders. "She told me about that this morning. And I never even looked at her finger!"

She ran to the telephone. And presently Dyack answered her. She said breathlessly, "This is Brendan."

"Brendan!" he cried out in a furious voice.

"Dyack—Dyack, listen to me! You must drive out here at once—just as quick as you can get here! Joan's terribly ill. Her jaws are locked. Dyack, she has lockjaw!"

"Lockjaw? Nonsense! She has nothing of the kind. I saw her less than an hour ago. Look here, Brendan ——"

"I tell you she has! Don't stop to talk. She ran a rusty nail in her finger."

There was a moment's silence. He said, "I meant to look at that child's finger. Brendan, I'll be right there."

Brendan turned to the listening child beside her. "You, Gem Peachy, stay here and bring the doctor up."

She ran up the stairs. She was still terrified, but no longer hopeless; something of Dyack's quiet, resolute strength had been transferred to her.

She stood for an instant in the doorway, looking at Joan, propped up in bed, her eyes rolling piteously. Julia and Candace were kneeling on each side of her, rubbing her hands, entreating her to speak. Cousin Sara Gaunt stood at the foot of the bed, scared and shaken.

Julia gave way for Brendan, and as she knelt down by the bed with her arm around the child, Brendan's voice was calm and low and reassuring:

"Don't be frightened, darling. Try to relax. Doctor McGill will be here in just a few minutes."

The expression of pain and fright on Joan's face gave place to a wild dubiety. She held tight to Brendan's hand.

Brendan said to the others, "We must get ready for the doctor. He'll want things. Boiling water, maybe. Cracked ice. Bandages. I'll stay with Joan."

When they were all gone and only Brendan was in the room with Joan, she held her tight in her arms, soothing her as if she were a frightened colt.

"Don't be scared. Brendan's here. Steady now. Don't tremble. Steady, darlin'!"

Brendan's softly hypnotic voice, murmuring courage and reassurance, went on and on. She felt Joan's body relax. Her anxious eyes saw Joan's lips, frozen into a straight line, part and quiver.

Then Gem Peachy's voice at the open door: "Miss Brendan, heah's de docteh man."

Dyack McGill stood for a moment looking straight into Brendan's eyes. But there was no trace of anger now in his expressionless face. He addressed her with calm civility, and took her place by Joan's side.

Brendan said breathlessly, "She's better, I think. She can open her mouth."

"Well, young Joan," said the doctor, not looking at Brendan, "let's see you do it."

With difficulty Joan's lips parted. Her mouth opened wide, wider; until she looked like a hungry robin. Doctor McGill said nothing. It was with some difficulty that Joan got her lips together again. Gem Peachy edged into his elbow. They watched him—Brendan and Gem Peachy—scarcely breathing, as he took up Joan's hand. His strong, clever surgeon's fingers unwound the long white cotton bandage, unwrapped the huge plantain leaf. He scrutinized the tiny finger. Still he said nothing. His hands were going now over Joan's cheek, her throat.

Sternly, he then asked: "What has she had to eat?"

"Docteh, suh," answered Gem Peachy, "I fetch up huh suppeh. Hit was jest what she ax me foh."

"And what was that?"

"Six pickles an' a glass o' milk."

"Ah!"

"But she didn't eat 'ceppen one bite," continued Gem Peachy, gaining courage, "till she tooken dis here fit."

Doctor McGill leaned over and whispered something in Joan's ear. She smiled, sat straight up in bed and adjusted her drooping feather.

Turning an impassive face to Brendan, he said, "Joan has the mumps."

There was momentary silence, happy confused laughter, tears.

Gem Peachy, suffering Selina's youngest child, then spoke up, "I speck she ketched 'em from mammy!"

Dyack McGill's eyes dwelt briefly on Brendan's laughing face. And then he reached for a bottle on the candle stand by the bed. It was a large bottle filled with a sickly greenish fluid.

"What's this? Have you been dosing Joan?" (Continued on Page 195)

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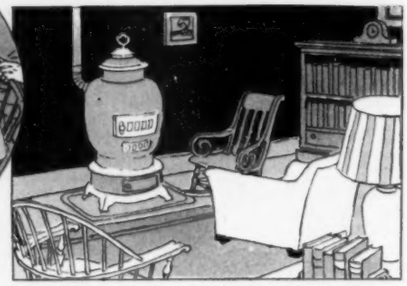

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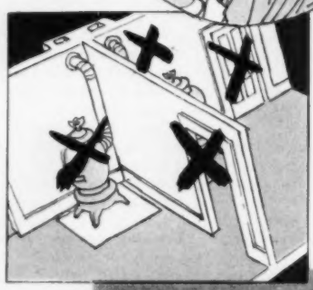


Bring in the carpenter . . . tell him which wall to take down. Show him where to arch the doorways . . . perhaps you'd like to add a window or two. And there in your newly modernized living-room, you'll want an attractive tile wall facing and hearth built for your Estate Heatrola.

MAKE THE HAPPY DISCOVERY of new rooms in your old home

IF the interior of your home has become out-of-date, you can remodel it, make it charming and modern at very little cost. Small, badly proportioned rooms can be thrown together to make one large room . . . unused rooms can be transformed into livable rooms . . . your whole house made more inviting, more cheerful, with a few carefully planned changes, and the Estate Heatrola.

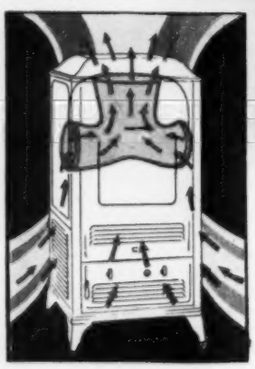
With this modern home-heater, band-box rooms are no longer necessary—nor are ugly stoves and mussy fireplaces. For the graceful, cabinet-like Heatrola circulates healthful, cozy warmth to the whole house, upstairs and down. Indeed, Heatrola is the ideal heating method for almost every type of house—old or new, remodeled or not.

Many people are surprised when they are told that Heatrola brings furnace comfort at the fuel cost of a single old-fashioned stove. But there are very good reasons for this. One of them is the marvelous Intensi-Fire Air Duct, found only in the Estate Heatrola. This unique device turns waste into warmth—practically doubles Heatrola's heat-circulating capacity.

Today, Heatrola is the most popular heating plant in America. Quite naturally, its success has brought a host of imitators. But, of course, you want the genuine Estate Heatrola, with its many heating improvements and refinements. One sure way to know that you are getting it is to look inside—see that it has the famous, heat-making, fuel-saving Intensi-Fire.

For Coal, Wood, Gas

Plan your remodeling around the Estate Heatrola—there is a size to meet almost any heating requirement—for coal, wood, or gas. To help you, we have prepared an interesting booklet, "Putting New Charm into Old Homes." Just mail the coupon for your copy, also "Pictures of Health and Home Comfort," to The Estate Stove Company, Dept. 17-A, Hamilton, Ohio.



This marvelous heat-maker and fuel-saver, the Intensi-Fire Air Duct, is found only in the genuine Estate Heatrola.

MAIL THIS FOR FREE BOOKLETS

The Estate Stove Company
Dept. 17-A, Hamilton, Ohio

Gentlemen: Send me "Putting New Charm into Old Homes," also information regarding Heatrola for

Coal ☐ Wood ☐ Gas ☐ (Check which)

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

Estate HEATROLA

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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THERE IS ONLY *ONE* HEATROLA . . . *ESTATE* BUILDS IT

(Continued from Page 193)

Joan and Gem Peachy looked at each other. At a nod from her patroness Gem Peachy explained:

"No, suh, she ain't tooken it. We fetch it from de stand. Foh home use. Hit's de True Love Tea."

Involuntarily Dyack looked at Brendan. And they were plunged at once into their own affairs, paying no attention whatever to the eager eyes, the ecstatic interest of Joan and Gem Peachy.

"You did have something important to tell me," Dyack was saying in cold anger. "Important enough, I think, for you to have told me sooner. Brendan, if you're going to be married next week ——"

"But I'm not going to be married next week!"

"Joan told me so."

"Joan was mistaken."

A voice from the bed: "Why, Brendan Wake!"

Brendan turned a stormy face to Joan. She held her with a stern eye. "Pickles!" she cried.

Joan gave a low moan, a long, convulsive shudder, and subsided.

"I know that I ought to have told you I was engaged to Bill Banning," Brendan said. "I—I have been for a long time. That's the reason that I ran away from the hospital. I—I got to thinking. It seemed to me it was best for the family for us to get married. I thought the family would go to pot if I didn't. But when I got here, Dyack, I found that he and my sister Julia love each other. They—they're deeply in love."

"And you love him too?" he asked furiously.

"No. I love somebody else."

"Somebody else? Who else? Who?"

Brendan said nothing. They stood looking at each other.

Dyack turned. His strong hand shook as he poured into a glass the sickly greenish fluid from the big bottle.

"Turn around three times," he commanded. "Shut your eyes. Take seven sips!"

And Brendan, laughing, her heart pounding, lifted the glass to her lips.

But she tasted nothing of the flat insipidity of spring water and pounded Johnny-jump-up leaves. Through the open window, stirring the curtains, the summer wind brought in the scent of blooming star jasmine. From her childhood Brendan had associated it with happiness.

MUSIC IN THE AIR

(Continued from Page 4)

of real vitality and individuality creates a new musical language for each new work he composes.

By not judging new music after one hearing, which is insufficient.

By supporting the orchestra and conductor that give contemporary music, and by demanding the best music of today from orchestra and conductor that may not already be playing it.

As the music of today was composed within a short period of ten to fifteen years, and the music of the past covers a much longer period, of about a hundred and fifty years, it would be perhaps well balanced and well proportioned to make programs containing twice as much of the music of the past as of new music. Everyone individually can help toward a broader and more universal outlook. We shall all be the gainers. Narrow-mindedness is very much like congestion and disease, and the open mind which leads to a universal outlook on life is only another name for health and sanity. Italy had such a remarkable example of universality of mind as Leonardo da Vinci, Germany had Goethe, England had Bacon. Of course these are not the only examples in these countries of this greatness of mind. There were many others. But if individuals can have this universality, why not nations?

Why should not the United States be free from the fetters of tradition and centuries of doing things always the same way? Why should not she become universal in outlook? Naturally, I do not mean that we can all be equally creative, but it would be possible to have the general spirit of the country one of eagerness for new and better possibilities in doing and thinking and feeling. This would make this land immensely rich in life and imagination and beauty. In my opinion, we ought consciously to fight narrow-mindedness with all the vigor and aggressiveness possible, not with destructive weapons but with constructive effort, which often will mean personal sacrifice in one form or another. But that is the only road to achievement.

Imperfect Instruments

It is often said that the instruments which are used in the modern orchestra are practically perfect. This is far from true. There are only a few instruments in the orchestra that have really been well developed. For example, the flute. On the other hand, such instruments as the bassoon and the trumpet are keyed in a very awkward way, and there is every reason to believe that a study of these and most of the other instruments of the orchestra would bring great improvement. The perfection of many instruments is taken for granted. To some it would seem almost a sacrilege to question the perfection of the violin or cello. The truth is that although these instruments are capable of wide variety of tone color, and an artist can play very intricate passages upon them, these instruments are far from being ideal and completely developed. In the first place, the amount of tone produced is relatively small. In an orchestra we have more stringed instruments of the violin type than all the other instruments put together, and still the stringed instruments are outbalanced. The violin is a very imperfect instrument, and is greatly subject to changes with weather conditions. The viola is still more imperfect, and the double bass produces a very small tone for the amount of energy which is expended by the player.

The science of sound is developing rapidly through the stimulation of radio, and there is very little doubt that intensive research would improve all the bowed string instruments of the violin type. In some of the brass instruments, such as the horn and the trumpet, perfect intonation throughout the entire range is almost impossible. Even though an exceptional artist may be able to produce splendid results with them, he is all the time wasting much thought and effort in trying to overcome their defects, which effort could be better used in the higher phases of music, such as beauty of tone, phrasing, expression, characterization, if these instruments were improved.

Conductorless Orchestras

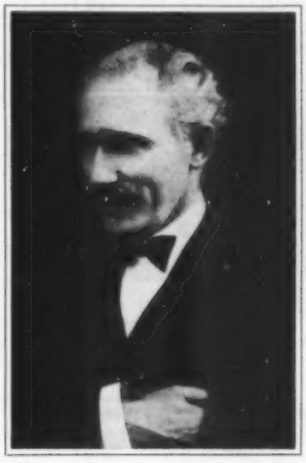
Another question that is often asked is: "Is it possible for an orchestra to play without a conductor, and if so, why have conductors?" I am absolutely convinced that it is possible. There is no limit to human achievement. The possibilities of evolution in man are infinite. What seemed impossible in the past is sometimes easily possible in the present, and will seem commonplace and something to be taken for granted in the future—for example, radio, television, aeronautics. For more than a hundred years we have had string quartets which play without conductors, and an enlargement of this process would make it possible for an orchestra of one hundred players to play together with a spirit of unity, just as the four players now do in a string quartet.

As everyone knows, this experiment has already been tried in New York and Moscow. I have not heard either of these orchestras, and the reports are very contradictory; but even if neither of these orchestras succeeds musically, it does not prove that the idea is impossible of achievement. When this new conception of orchestral playing will be fulfilled successfully, I think it will be found that the result will be quite different from that of an orchestra playing under a good conductor. I believe that both methods can be good, but that the musical result will of necessity be different. Both methods should be practiced by different groups of players. Nothing would be gained, and it would be entirely a loss to music and the music-loving public if such a great master as Toscanini would not continue to conduct such a superb orchestra as the New York Philharmonic.

Toscanini combines in one man such an amazing richness of qualities, and he projects into the orchestra and the music they are playing such creative vitality and imagination, that those who are fortunate enough to hear the music he conducts are hearing, in my opinion, the highest conception and unity of musical expression of any orchestra of our time. That is the highest attainment of that kind of orchestral playing, but I believe another conception is in process of being born—the conductorless orchestra—which will demand of each individual player such a high degree of musical and personal evolution, in order to find unity of conception, that it will be in every way a gain to our musical life. I would like to see both the conductorless orchestra and the orchestra with conductor live side by side in a friendly rivalry. The results they can produce under the most favorable conditions will be entirely different, but both can be of immense value to those to whom music is an inspiration.

Many people are asking the question, "Will radio entirely take the place of concerts given in halls?" Everything points to the opposite conclusion. After each of our radio concerts we have received many letters from all over the United States, saying that, having heard the orchestra by radio, the writer would now like to hear it in concert, and asking us to make a tour so as to make this possible. It looks as if concerts in halls and concerts by radio will both continue, and that each stimulates interest in the other.

Also, the question is asked, "Will radio ever take the place of the phonograph?" In my opinion, the phonograph will go on



Arturo Toscanini, Guest Conductor, New York Philharmonic Orchestra

forever—nothing can take the place of a permanent record of music which can be played at any time that we feel in the mood to hear that particular music; also, the phonograph has the great advantage that any music can be repeated, completely or in part, as often as we wish.

This is of great value for purposes of study. It is only by often listening to any music that we can really understand and deeply feel it. The phonograph gives us this most valuable possibility. Phonograph records can be made better in several ways. For example:

By making them longer, so that the powerful emotional appeal of music will not be interrupted by changing the records.

By cleaning out the sometimes excessive reverberation—which is a kind of tonal dirt. This is by no means impossible.

By increasing the tonal range of permanent records through electrical amplification.

John Hays Hammond, Jr., the inventor of the radiodynamic torpedo, has done valuable research work in this field of increasing the tonal range of records, and has achieved definite results along new lines, so far unheard by the public.

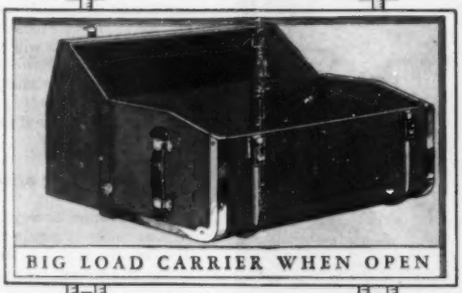
Obviously, radio is in its infancy. There is an immense amount of improvement and development possible, for both transmission and reception. One often hears it said that a broadcast concert sounds just as well as it does in the concert hall. I look forward to the day when the thought in people's minds will not be to try to make music sound by radio the way it does in any particular concert hall. The new ideal will be quite different. It will be to attain the utmost possibility of music transmitted by radio. And this utmost possibility, in my opinion, will be quite different, and can far exceed that which we hear at present in the concert hall. The fact that in radio we have not yet crossed the boundary line of what is possible in the concert hall proves nothing. In the future, through electrical amplification, we shall be able to make great vibrating mountains of sound, of which we have at present no conception. These immense waves of sound will be everywhere in the ether, all around the earth, and by greatly improved reception anyone will be able to hear—or not hear—at will this music that will be vibrating everywhere. There will be no limit to the fullness and richness and vitality of these sounds, nor to the complexity of design in tone which will be at the disposal of composers in the future.

The Effect of Overtones

There is another way in which radio can give us colors in music which were impossible in the past. When we listen to an orchestra playing, we hear the simple fundamental tones which come from each instrument. But also we hear the overtones which are floating above each fundamental tone, rather like a boy flying a kite. These overtones give color and character to each instrument. An example will make this clear. Imagine that you are sitting in your room and someone outside plays a few tones on a bugle. You cannot see the player, but you know the instrument is a bugle by the brilliant, loud, trumpetlike character of the tone. Now someone whistles the same tones. You know you are listening to whistling, because the tones are small and round and shrill. Now someone plays the same tones on a banjo. No need to see the instrument. You know it is a banjo because the tones are short, metallic, disjointed. Now someone sings the same tones. You never could mistake a beautiful-sounding voice for a bugle, or whistling, or a banjo. The character of the tone is so different. What makes it different? Overtones. Different combinations and intensities of overtones. Just as different combinations of electrons

(Continued on Page 197)

A THING OF BEAUTY WHEN CLOSED



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THE BAGGAGE CAR OF THE AUTOMOBILE

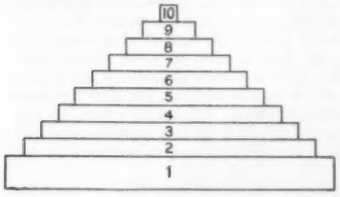
Now — use your fine car for light express

The chances are that you have never thought of your automobile as an *efficient* carrier of goods. Crowded, uncomfortable interiors and ruined upholstery have made the toting of luggage a troublesome and expensive nuisance. Now, the Kari-Keen brings a new idea to motordom. It easily carries a load of four hundred pounds, adds nearly nine square feet to the car's capacity, and solves a real problem for every automobile owner. Always ready for instant service. Two snaps—no straps! Any color. Fits any car. Easily attached. A thing of beauty always. Hundreds of thousands already in use by householders, farmers, merchants, salesmen, golfers, tourists, sportsmen. Costs less than most trunks, lasts a lifetime. Double the usefulness of your car—today. Your automobile dealer has full particulars. Or write Kari-Keen Manufacturing Company, Sioux City, Iowa.

KARI-KEEN

(Continued from Page 195)

make the difference between steel and gold and aluminum. If you sing a tone, it sounds like a single tone, but in reality many higher tones are sounding above the one you sing. These higher tones, which perhaps you do not notice, are overtones. The note you sing is the fundamental tone. Above every fundamental tone are many overtones. If you could see them, they would look rather like a pyramid.



One is the fundamental tone you sing. Two is an overtone which has twice as many vibrations as one. Three is an overtone with three times as many vibrations as one. And so on. Although the illustration shows only ten tones, there is in reality no limit to the number of overtones which exist. Please notice two things as you climb the pyramid of overtones:

That each overtone has more and quicker vibrations as you climb higher.

That there is a definite and simple ratio between tones—for example, one to three—one to four—two to three—two to five, and so on—so that between these overtones is order and a perfect organization—just as if they had been planned by the greatest engineer, the greatest scientist and greatest artist, all three working together in friendliest coöperation.

A modern orchestra has about a hundred players. When they are all playing together the fundamental tones they can produce are roughly about two hundred. But the number of overtones is unthinkable—there are millions of them. But that is not all. Deep down below the fundamental tones of an orchestra are still lower tones. Let us call them, for the sake of simplicity, "undertones." Scientists call them differential or resultant tones. I will not try to explain them. It would be too technical, but an example will make it clear. Imagine that the fundamental tone is the trunk of a tree. The branches and leaves and buds are overtones. The roots below the ground are the deep tones we are calling "undertones." These undertones balance the overtones. These undertones give depth and majesty to music, like the deep, booming tones of an organ which make a vast cathedral vibrate. The overtones give color and character and brilliance to music. Entirely new combinations of sound and tone color can now be created by electrical means. Any of the three groups of tone I have just described—overtones, fundamental tones, undertones—can be reduced in power to any degree desired. For example, the overtones can be reduced in power. This makes the orchestra sound deep and rich, but without brilliance. Or the overtones and higher fundamental tones can be reduced—the orchestra now sounds sepulchral and dark and heavy. Or everything can be reduced except the overtones. The music then seems to be floating high in the air and has a most ethereal quality. A moment's thought will show that several entirely new combinations of tone color are thus made possible.

These new tone combinations are something like new stops on an organ, or new color combinations on the palette of a painter. Undoubtedly, composers of the future will take advantage of these new sound combinations to express their musical feelings and ideas. There are other ways in which electricity can produce tones and combinations of tones which were formerly not possible, and it is with all these thoughts in mind that I feel that radio should not be content to imitate or reproduce the sound of orchestras in particular concert halls, but should break fresh ground in new directions and project into the ether sonorities which have not been possible in the past, but which will be possible beyond any question in the near future.

Generally speaking, it is certain that we have by no means realized the opportunity which mechanical methods of making music offer to us of expressing musical ideas which were not possible by former methods of tone production—for example, the player piano, organs played by records, radio; and electrical instruments, such as invented by Theremin and Martenot, all open up entirely new vistas and possibilities for the composer of the future.

Another method that would improve the reception of radio would be to organize and coördinate the programs all over the country, so that if one wishes to hear a particular kind of music or have information on any subject, one would know which number on the dial it would be necessary to tune in to in order to save time and immediately have the result desired. The complete radio program could be divided into a number of branches, such as something like this: Lectures, drama, symphonic music, education, jazz, and so on. Each of these branches could later be subdivided, so that anyone at will and directly—without tuning the dial to all stations at random to try to find what one was looking for—could find immediately the desired division or subdivision.

Often I have been asked whether the nonexistence of a visible audience when giving a radio concert is not an unfavorable condition, and whether we musicians do not feel the lack of direct contact with the public. I do not know how it is with others, but our first radio concert was an immense surprise to me. We were playing in an empty hall, trying to send out the best music we could into space to anyone who cared to listen.

As one would expect, we had the sensation of sending out the vibrations, of which music is formed, by electrical current into the ether, but what I had not foreseen was that another much more powerful and subtle current was flowing in the opposite direction—from the unseen public to us. I cannot understand what this current is. It is probably not electrical, because there is no mechanical means of conveying it; and yet this current flowing from outside toward us is so powerful that I find it almost overwhelming. It is stimulating and inspiring to a degree that one could not imagine without having actually experienced it. It is like an immense, unseen tidal wave.

IN THE SENATE

(Continued from Page 40)

in the White House car with the President and Mrs. Harding, we had as narrow an escape from a serious collision as I hope ever to experience. We were making not less than fifty miles an hour on a highway intersected by crossroads. A driver approaching at right angles paused to allow the motorcycle outriders to pass and then, not realizing that they were the advance guards of the approaching car, started to cross the road, only to find us bearing down upon him at lightning speed. He stopped his car at right angles to our approach. There was no room behind him and only the narrowest possible channel between his headlights and a telegraph pole. Through the passage the presidential chauffeur piloted his car, just escaping the pole and the other automobile.

"Close call," said Mrs. Harding in a matter-of-fact tone.

On another occasion when a caravan of cars was following the President and Mrs. Harding from Washington to Gettysburg, such a pace was maintained by the presidential car that all who tried to keep up were in peril. Just ahead of me was General Pershing's car and just ahead of his was that of General Dawes. When the procession halted for a few minutes in front of the house that had been Admiral Schley's, the occupants of most of the cars dismounted, happy to be again on terra firma. I can still see General Dawes, his eyes flaming, walking up to the President's car and shaking his finger at Mrs. Harding while he took her seriously to task for permitting her own and other precious lives to be jeopardized.

While Mr. Coolidge was Vice President, opportunities for contact with him and with Mrs. Coolidge were many. The men on my farm are still talking of the interest he showed in them when he and Mrs. Coolidge spent a week-end with us. Two years later, when he was President, Mrs. Pepper was giving to our farm manager his first glimpse of Washington. In the line of visitors in the Executive Office, before Mrs. Pepper could do more than say a word of reminder, Mr. Coolidge delighted our friend by offering him his hand and asking, "How is everything back on the farm?"

Memories of time spent in the society of Mrs. Coolidge are also happy ones. Mrs. Pepper and I fell willing victims of that charm which endeared her to all who came near her. Looking backward, it seems to me that contacts with colleagues and friends were at least as stimulating and agreeable as the work of the Senate itself.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Mr. Pepper. The fourth will appear next week.

A cupful of relaxation for busy men

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Drink India Tea at every meal. And why not slip away from the cares of business in mid-afternoon each day for a cheering cup of India Tea?

You will realize, at the very first sip, why India Tea is the choice of appreciative tea drinkers the world over. Ask your wife to buy India Tea for home use. Tell her to be sure the map of India is on the package. Only those brands displaying the map have the rare India Tea flavor and quality.

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INDIA TEA

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CELINRUS
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CONQUEST
C. W. BRAND
DARMA
EAGLE
EGYPTIAN
ELCO
FAUST
FESTAL HALL
FOOTE'S TEA
FORBES' FINEST
FORBES' QUALITY
FORBES' PEKOE BLEND
GOLD CAMEL
GOLDEN DRIP
GOLDEN KEY
GOLDEN SIVA
GOLDEN SUN
GOLDEN WEDDING
GOLDEN WEST
GRANDMOTHER'S
GRANT CABIN
GRISDALE
HATCHET
H & H INDIA
HEEKIN'S
HIGH CASTE
HUBBS SUPREME
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JEWEL INDIA
KENNEDY'S SPECIAL
LANDFORD
LANE'S INDIA
LAPPIN'S IRISH TEA
LOBLAW'S No's. 1 & 2
LORD CALVERT
MAC LEAN'S
MAXWELL HOUSE
MONARCH
NECTAR
OPEKO
PICKWICK
RAJAH (WEDDLE'S)
REEVES' BEST
REYNOLD'S RELIANCE
ROBIN
ROYAL CUP
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S. S. PIERCE SAHIB
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SUPERBA
TAO TEA INDIA
TEMPLE GARDEN
TOPMOST
20TH CENTURY
TYLER'S INDIA
THOS. J. WEBB TEA
UNITED BLACK TEA
WHELAN'S TEA
WHITE HOUSE
WHITE LILAC
WHITE RIBBON
WILKINS TEA
WOOLSON'S ORANGE PEKOE
ZVETOCHNEY

INDIA TEA

India produces approximately half the world's supply of tea.

MY METHODS OF TRAINING

(Continued from Page 50)

There is no question about tearing down your reserve power by these trials when you are swimming sprints up to a quarter mile. You are not in the water more than five or ten minutes doing this bit, and you certainly can regain the reserve during the remainder of the twenty-four hours. The first time you try doing the new time, of course, you will feel tired for a while afterward; the next time you will not feel so tired; and after that you will not notice it at all; so you have actually built up your reserve power by these time trials. And then you don't do them every day; only three to five times during the seven to ten days before the race.

There is a difference between training for sprints and training for long-distance grinds. When working for long-distance form it is not well to swim the entire distance every day either in your fastest time or in slow time. It is better to make the daily workout a quarter or a half mile, swimming the entire distance of several miles only two or three times before the big day. The difference comes in that short sprints, lasting only a few minutes at most, do not tear down reserve power as do the long-distance grinds. In long-distance training you have to fatten up—that is, store up strength and power.

I have had many a chuckle at the expense of people who advance the idea that some kind of contrivance which would enable them to catch more water with the hand would increase their swimming power.

I have yet to see the swimmer endowed with the strength to handle efficiently all the leverage he can get with the bare hands. Of course some swimmers do not catch enough water because they spread their fingers. To put webs between the fingers of such swimmers would give them more water, but it would spread the fingers to such an extent that they could not use all the leverage secured. The solution for them is to hold their fingers closer together, cupping the hand.

Again I want to stress the importance of practice in which the stroke is taken apart, developing the general physical power for the different parts of the stroke separately. In doing the leg thrash alone, lying chest down on the water with the hands on the polo ball and arms extended full length in front, you raise the head high and look straight ahead. This gives you the correct position for the stroke—chest hydroplaning, back arched, and feet low in the water where they are not in danger of breaking traction.

This is the only method I know for learning the extremely complicated secret of the leg thrash. It is one part of the stroke that cannot be learned by hearing it described or reading about it, and it is difficult, if not impossible, to illustrate it accurately in a land exercise. This practice throws a double burden on the legs for the time being, and thereby develops double power.

For the arm stroke practiced separately, the same is true, and even more valuable. With the feet held unnaturally high by being carried in an inflated tube, an added burden is thrown upon the arms, which must not only propel but also keep the head and chest high in the water and the back arched. This exercise requires a great deal more work of the arms than does the actual stroke. It develops arm power in a way that no amount of swimming with the combined arm and leg stroke would provide.

It should teach some swimmers the secret that they have failed to reach second or third speed because they have not learned that the arms must do three-fourths of the propelling work in the perfected American crawl stroke. It teaches them what the power burden upon the arms should really be; that the arms should not work as a complement to the feet, but that the arms are paramount; the arms are first, the feet secondary; and the feet must be regulated in their thrashes to synchronize with the arms.

There are other important matters for the swimmer to keep in mind when out of the water if he would keep in good health and at all times at the peak of strength and power, and these deserve consideration at some length.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr. Weissmuller and Mr. Bush. The next and last will appear in an early issue.

IN THE OPEN AND YOUR OWN BOSS

(Continued from Page 85)

should not be permitted to fall on small ducks. Though they need warmth, they appear to fall asleep in hot sunlight and do not wake.

Fresh running water in founts surrounded by rat-wire frames keeps waste water off the floors, and peat moss bought by the bale and spread on the floors absorbs all other moisture and needs be changed only once a year. The ducklings are not fed until the third morning after hatching and then only sparingly with finely chopped widgeon grass in a shallow pan with just enough water for them to dabble their bills in. This chopped grass and a little baby chick starter and fine chick feed are all that they are given until they are six weeks old, when they are turned into a fenced field for ten days before being allowed on the water.

To the natural foods they gather for themselves thereafter, only chopped grains are added. The duck is a natural forager, but with so many birds in a limited inclosure and their wings clipped part of the year, they must have this additional food. Nesting ducks may be taught to leave their nests for feeding at regular hours if feed is offered on such a schedule.

A small pond from one to three feet deep will grow enough widgeon grass to feed a thousand young ducks, and once it gets a toe hold it grows faster than it can be removed. Eel grass is a coarser stem, excellent for mature birds, which grows profusely. Widgeon grass has the further advantage of providing sanctuary from snapping turtles. The ducklings can swim over it while the turtles entangle their flippers in its dense growth. There is a market for widgeon and eel grasses and for wampee, or duck corn, and the white waterlily which also grow abundantly here.

Quack, Quack, Quack—

The ponds on the Reed place are dammed at a level that permits them to fill with sea water at every full-moon tide. The combined salt and fresh water does not pollute as quickly as fresh. Fresh running water is supplied in drinking troughs in shady spots, for all water fowl must have ample shade in summer. Vermin will vary with the locality; the worst single poacher here is the crab, for he comes in from the sea when small with the lunar tides and grows large enough in one season to catch and kill a small duck. The worst of the egg thieves here is the crow, always bold enough to steal an egg out of a market basket if hungry.

Once a year in October Mr. Reed clips the flight feathers of his ducks, even more to protect them from hunters in the open season than to keep them from migrating. In the summer they fly free, eating where they like, thereby saving Reed on feed and permitting the inclosure pond grasses to get a good start for fall growth. Wild ducks reared in captivity naturally would wander away if allowed to fly at all times, particularly in the breeding season. In summer the green mallard, most easily tamed, rarely fly out of sight. The shyer black mallard fly away at sundown and return at dawn.

The Canada geese have their wings cut in August to keep them out of the gardens, cornfields, even the lawns of neighbors. Geese are tremendous grazers and will stop anywhere they see food growing, while ducks ignore cornfields and gardens. Until a goose is three years old it always will return home, frequently bringing in wild acquaintances, but old geese must be pinioned.

Mr. Reed pinions none of his ducks, for when an occasional storm tide tears down his fences, many escape. Those which do not return, or are not brought back, will grow new flight feathers in the molting season and be enabled to protect themselves. But a pinioned bird would be left at the mercy of its enemies and would perish shortly.

The handsome Canada goose is one of the easiest birds to rear in captivity. The original stock usually must be bought or reared from eggs, for geese mate for life and a wild mated pair rarely can be captured. It is customary to let the goose rear her own young, but after following this method for several years with little progress, Reed now takes their eggs from them and sets them under a brood hen. The goose will lay a second clutch, even a third, which she is permitted to keep.

If good grass range is available, the goslings will require almost no other food. They roam with their foster mother until they are as large as she, when she leaves them. The goose's own family are moved out of the ponds onto grass range the same day they hatch. Wild geese mate in their third year and the female usually lays the same season. In captivity she must be supplied with plenty of dry straw for nest making.

When a goose nests, her gander stands guard and walks his post so faithfully that he would starve if he were not fed. In the wild state there is ample food in the vicinity of the nest, naturally. Duck eggs must be hatched on the ground for the best results. When a setting hen is put on them, Reed's method is to incline a tar-papered box over the nest as shelter for the non-waterproof hen. As a side line he breeds the gabbiest of all birds, the English call duck, his original pair imported from Holland. Where a mallard quacks three times, a call duck uses nine or twelve quacks. No duck can fly over them without their calling to them, which makes them the best of decoys. The tamer a decoy is, the better it serves its purpose. After shipment they need two weeks' acclimation to their new surroundings before being used, and they should be trained in advance for their work.

A frightened decoy will pull on its string, flop and splash and scare away wild ducks rather than attract them.

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The Lone Shepherd

Competition Welcomed

The so-called duck flyer also serves as a decoy. These nearly tame captivity-bred birds will bring wild ducks home with them. At Chincoteague many southbound wild ducks stop and remain all winter, eating at Reed's table. In the breeding season they nest near by in less crowded spots. They might be caught and added to the flock by clipping their wings, but as they do not often breed in captivity, there is no point in doing so.

Mr. Reed could grow five thousand ducks and geese a year but for selling himself short of breeders each season in a good-natured effort to accommodate an excess of customers. He should retain at least two hundred ducks, divided evenly as to sex, except among call ducks where one drake husbands three ducks. In as much as the ducks find a ready market with gun clubs, and individuals for decoy and propagating purposes at three to six dollars each and geese at from fifteen to thirty-five dollars a pair, the income is considerable.

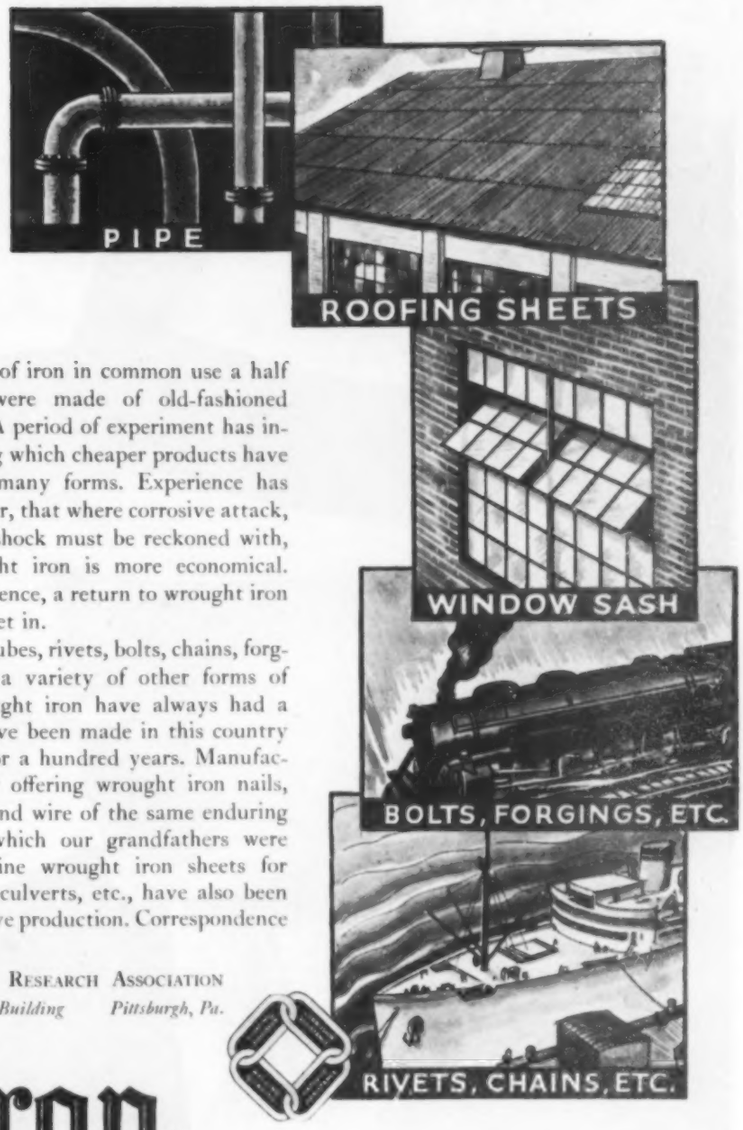
His loss of young ducks is less than 5 per cent and he lost no geese at all last season and only one the year before, that one drowning on its back in a drinking trough. His wife and small son help with the feeding and the only outside labor he requires is an occasional man to help with large shipments, to pen the birds for wing clipping or to run new fences. Feeding is such a sight and sound that it attracts a procession of visitors, particularly on Sundays.

The demand is so far beyond the supply or any foreseeable prospect of supply that game breeders welcome competition. A monthly magazine for the trade is published by the Game Conservation Society and the newcomer will find the Department of Agriculture at Washington and state game departments helpful.

Now, as in 1547

for ornamental and for more practical uses ~

Wrought Iron Lasts



SOMETIME between the year 1547 and the year 1570, some architect designed and some master workman shaped a wrought iron fountain to adorn the top of the Schlossberg at Gratz in southeastern Austria. We do not know who they were, but they must have had satisfaction in the richness and the sturdy character of their work. Beaten on by all weathers for three hundred fifty years and more, it stands to this day an object of veneration and of pride.

Whole books have been filled with pictures and descriptions of old fountains and wellheads in Austria, Switzerland, and other parts of Europe, dating from the fifteenth to the eighteenth centuries. The wealth of old gates and grilles and other ornamental objects is equally great. They have lasted for centuries because of the material of which they were made, wrought iron.

For practical ends as well as those of beauty, the advantages of such a material are obvious. All the structural shapes and multifarious objects of iron in common use a half century ago were made of old-fashioned wrought iron. A period of experiment has intervened during which cheaper products have been tried in many forms. Experience has proved, however, that where corrosive attack, vibration and shock must be reckoned with, genuine wrought iron is more economical. And in consequence, a return to wrought iron has definitely set in.

Pipe, boiler tubes, rivets, bolts, chains, forging bars, and a variety of other forms of authentic wrought iron have always had a market and have been made in this country continuously for a hundred years. Manufacturers are now offering wrought iron nails, window sash, and wire of the same enduring quality with which our grandfathers were familiar. Genuine wrought iron sheets for roofing, tanks, culverts, etc., have also been restored to active production. Correspondence is invited.

WROUGHT IRON RESEARCH ASSOCIATION
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Wrought Iron

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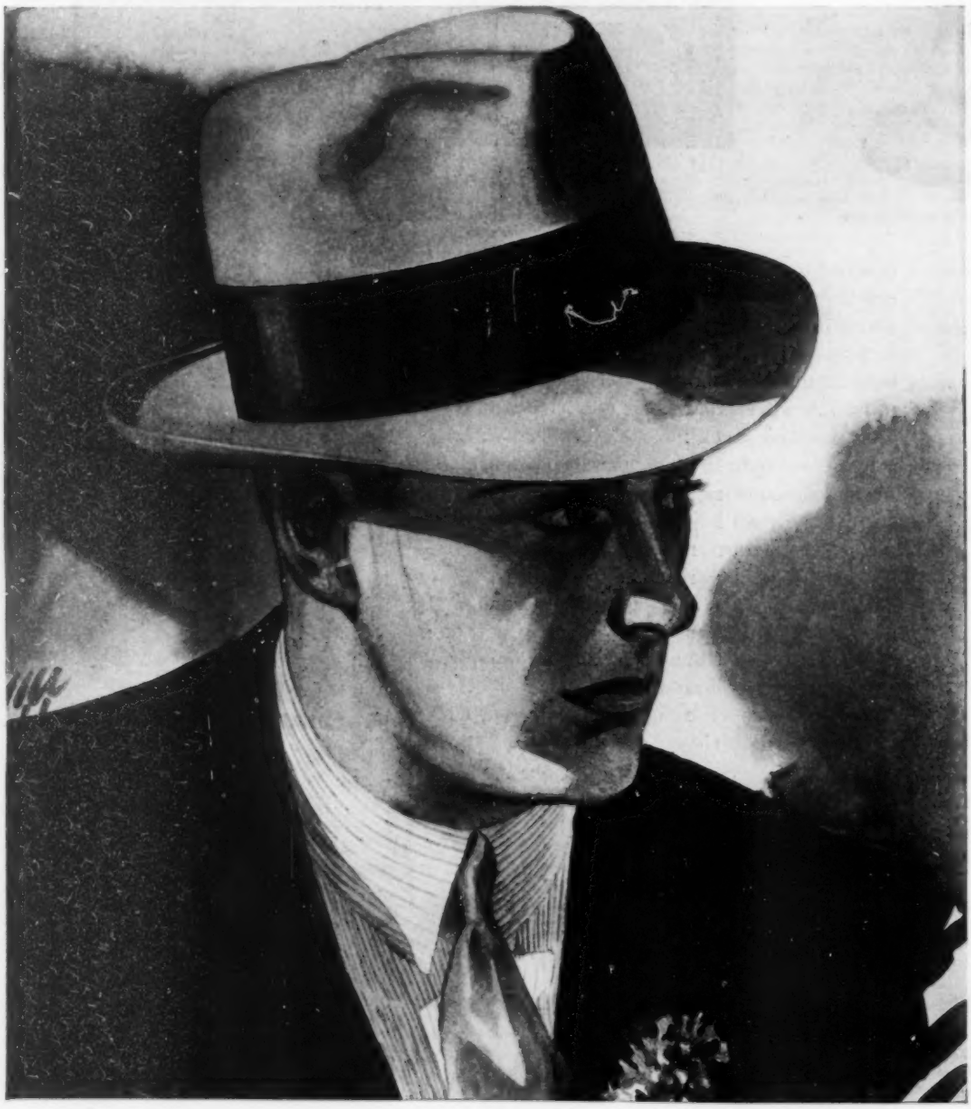

FOR THE PRICE of a pleasant bouquet, you could be wearing Metropolitan in—

BROWNS, to harmonize with your new rich brown worsteds, and your camel's wool coat, or your covert—and your tan shoes, and your brighter, warmer Spitalfields ties, and your peach shirts.

GREYS, pearl and crystal, to go with your double-breasted flannels of grey or blue, and your single-breasted navy, and your blue-shirts-with-white-ties, and your black oxfords.

ECRU, a new tan hat shade, to say kind things to your lighter homespuns and tweeds, and your creamy coats.

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METROPOLITAN : EIGHT-FIFTY AND TEN DOLLARS

OTHER DUNLAP HATS FROM EIGHT-AND-A-HALF TO FORTY DOLLARS

COMIN' THROUGH THE SKY

(Continued from Page 56)

he gazed at Moderate with genuine apprehension.

Mr. Barr was small and modest, but he was no fool. Something amazing had occurred, as the result of which Magnolius was afraid. Moderate felt a heroic thrill. For the first time in his life he had attained to a he-man's estate.

Terrified, yet not daring to remain idle, he took two steps toward Magnolius. Quite obviously that black gentleman cringed; putting up one arm as though to shield himself from a punch. And as Moderate came within striking range, Mr. Ricketts spoke pleadingly:

"D-d-d-d-don't you hit me again, Moderate."

Mr. Barr blinked. It was true! Magnolius was afraid, though the reason for his fright remained an unfathomed mystery.

"What you 'fraid of?"

"I don't want no mo' fightin' with you, Moderate."

"Why not?" Mr. Barr was feeling his way.

"'Cause I know when Ise licked."

"All right." Moderate was commencing to puff with pride. He even wondered whether, after all, he might not have whipped Magnolius subconsciously. "I lays off you under one condition."

"Yassuh, Mistuh Barr; what is it?"

"That you don't try to git even by havin' me kicked out of my job. 'Cause if President Latimer should suddenly make up his mind that I wasn't no good of an actor I'd blame you fo' it, and then ——" Moderate doubled one puny fist and smacked it weakly in the palm of his other hand. Magnolius hastened to keep the peace.

"I don't want to be nothin' of yourn but yo' friend, Moderate. I always did like you anyway."

"Yeh? Well, you tooken a funny way of showin' it. An' furthermo', Magnolius, us is all tired of how you has been ca'yin' on since they made you a star, an' we don't prepose to stand fo' no mo' funniment."

"I understan', Moderate. An' any time I can do you a favor ——"

"The most thing I crave to do with you is nothin'. An' I crave to do it frequent."

Mr. Ricketts slunk off to his dressing room and Moderate turned to receive the plaudits of his admiring friends.

No matter what had occurred, or when, Moderate knew that he was at present cock of the walk. No longer did he have to cringe under the insults of Magnolius Ricketts or anybody else. For the first time in his sheltered and uneventful life he was somebody.

And so, in the two or three days which followed, Mr. Barr came to look upon himself with new eyes. A miracle had occurred. Somebody had committed successful assault and battery on Magnolius Ricketts and he was being given credit. Moderate commenced to have confidence in himself, and for the first time found himself considering ways and means to advance in his chosen profession.

As a matter of fact, Moderate was more of a hero than he knew. With a single punch the most difficult problem which had confronted the Midnight executives in many a day had been solved. It was generally conceded that Magnolius was the finest actor and the greatest financial bet that the company had ever discovered. His lazy drawl, his shuffling slouch and his infectious personality had created a young sensation on the talking screen; with the result that until the episode at Epic Peters' road house, President Latimer and Production Chief J. Cæsar Clump had found almost insurmountable difficulty in overcoming the temperament of their star.

Now, all was different. Magnolius was actually docile, and when he exhibited a tendency to kick over the traces, Clump or Latimer managed to drop the hint that they intended to enlist the aid of Moderate Barr. The threat never failed to be highly effective.

The result was that the executives were properly grateful and eager to show their gratitude. Furthermore, a need had arisen on the lot for a man who was a good actor and unusually courageous to boot. They looked over a few pictures in which Moderate had appeared briefly, decided that while he was by no means a great actor, he was adequate, and then President Latimer sent for him.

Moderate stood proudly in the presence of his chief executive. Five days since, he would have been tongue-tied and frightened, but there was iron in the blood of the little man now, and he was afraid of nobody. Latimer came straight to the point.

"Mistuh Barr," said he, "I has sent fo' you fo' two reasons."

"Yassuh, Mistuh President. But one was enough."

"The fust reason, Moderate, is that us was wonderin' how you would like to have a real good actin' part in the new pitcher us is about to put into production?"

Moderate's face grew radiant. "That's the fondest thing I could be of, Mistuh President."

"Good. Now the reason I has selected you, Moderate, is 'cause this pretickeler part requires a feller who not on'y is a good actor but also who has got a heap of bravery."

Moderate was smitten with a premonition.

"Ise brave, Mistuh Latimer, but I ain't silly."

"This don't take no silliment. Any feller which has got good nerve can easy keep fum gittin' kilt."

The room whirled before Moderate's eyes.

"Golla, Mistuh President, how come you talk so homicidy?"

"Just words." Orifice waved a casual hand. "With cou'age like you got, you ain't hardly in no danger."

Mr. Barr seated himself abruptly and positively.

"'Splain what I got to do, Orifice, an' 'splain tho'ough."

"It's just this, Moderate: We is startin' a swell pitcher which is gwine star Magnolius Ricketts. In it there is a fine part also fo' another actor an' it winds up with a ride in an airplane. We is gwine have plenty action in that plane an' we has arranged fo' a camera plane to be flyin' alongside so it can take shots of ev'ything that happens. We offered the part to Opus Randall an' also to Welford Potts, but they said no, they woul'n't do what we craved. They was willin' to play the part, but they allowed that we had to git a double fo' the airplane stuff.

"But we don't aim to do that, Moderate, on account it will be twice as funny if we can photograph the action in the plane fum ve'y close without the feller in the plane wearin' no goggles or nothin'. All we want him to do is have a fight in that plane an' look scared ——"

"I could look scared all right," confessed Moderate.

"Sure, 'cause you is a good actor. Now, heah's the point: We know you has got bravery, an' so, if you is willin' to do this plane stuff, we will give you a chance at the entire part, an' the airplane stuff don't git shot until the ve'y last thing."

"Wh-wh-why?"

"Well, just in case you was to git busted up." Latimer smiled genially. "Anyway, Mistuh Barr, it's yo' chance to git a regular job with Midnight as a real actor. What do you say?"

Moderate was thinking. After all, hundreds of thousands of persons had ridden in airplanes and lived to tell about it.

"You say Magnolius Ricketts is gwine in this airplane also, an' he ain't scared?"

"No, he ain't frightened. He's too dumb."

"An' tha's all I got to do—just take a ride?"

"We-e-ell, almost all."

Moderate leaned forward. "What else I got to do, Mistuh President—you tell me that."

"Oh, nothin', 'cept jump out of that plane while it's way up in the air."

Moderate hit bottom with a dull and sickening thud.

"Tha's all?"

"Uh-huh. But we previde you with a nice, new parachute."

"Ain't that sweet of you! An' all I got to do is git th'owed out of the plane?"

"Tha's it," indorsed Latimer brightly. "Not a single thing else."

"An' spose I ain't willin'?"

"Then us lets Welford or Opus play the part an' git a double fo' the plane ride an' parachute jump. On'iest reason us has considered you at all, Brother Barr, is that you has been sayin' we ain't givin' you a fair chance. All right; we can git better actors than you an' we can git better parachute jumpers. But it ain't easy to git one man fo' bofe, which is what Cæsar Clump wants fo' this pitcher. We offer you two hund'ed dollars fo' the pitcher an' our promise that if you make good, you git a regalar job with Midnight, an' you got to say yes or no right away, 'cause if it's no we got to git a parachute jumper fum up Nawth."

Moderate did some quick thinking. Perhaps, after all, parachute jumping wasn't so dangerous. He had seen pictures of men doing parachute leaps and they had appeared to be enjoying themselves. But even if his nerve failed at the last minute, he would have played the part throughout the picture and the company could not remake the entire thing. Sound production was an expensive proposition—three cameras and two sound track recorders on every scene.

Mr. Barr realized that in any event he would thus get his chance as a legitimate actor. Then, if he made good, they might retain his professional services permanently, whether or not he balked on the leap through space.

He smiled brightly.

"I assept, President Latimer."

"Hot ziggity dam! I knowed you wasn't afraid."

"Me? Afraid? Gosh, Mistuh President, I never was afraid of nothin', no time. 'Cept that maybe you would give this job to somebody else."

Almost before Moderate reached the sound stage, word had been bruited about the lot that he had accepted what was considered the most dangerous rôle Midnight had ever offered. But while there was considerable admiration, no one expressed surprise. Magnolius Ricketts even complimented Moderate.

"I'd be scared to do such," he confessed.

"Yeh? You is scared of lots of things. You is even scared of me." Moderate was fond of reminding Magnolius.

"Sure Ise scared of you. Didn't you lick me once?"

Forcep Swain completed his continuity, with dialogue. J. Cæsar Clump assembled his cast and started rehearsal. Three days later shooting commenced.

For the first time since Magnolius' formal elevation to stardom, a picture in which he was appearing progressed smoothly. Heretofore the large, dumb, black gentleman had been inclined to temperament, but now, at the slightest sign of that disease, Director Clump summoned little Mr. Barr. One word from Moderate and Mr. Ricketts became completely tractable.

The rôle which Moderate played was not inconsiderable. Under Clump's expert direction Moderate performed excellently. He was no wonder, but the daily rushes indicated that he was probably well worth a position on the permanent roster of Midnight. He had an engaging screen personality, a fine, clear voice, and he was a quick study.

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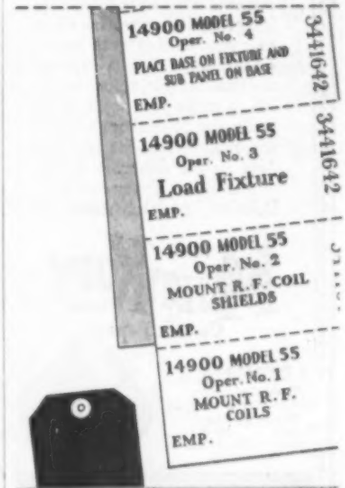

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"I has seen lots of better actors," was Clump's verdict to Latimer, "but also I has seen heaps of worse ones."

"Will he make that parachute jump?"

Clump laughed. "Tha's the craziest thing he is about. He's just a nachel-bawn hero, Orifice. You ought to see how he handles Magnolius. Honest, Brother Barr is wuth keeping on the pay roll just as Magnolius' trainer."

Latimer rubbed the palms of his hands together.

"The two planes got in today," he announced. "Exotic Hines has been up befo' an' he ain't scared a bit, so he's gwine operate the cam'ra. We'll make silent shots, of course, an' dub the sound in later. Tomorrow the two pilots is gwine rehearse with Exotic, an' Brother Hines is gwine take some practice shots so there won't be no slip-up when the real action commences."

"Shall we rehearse Moderate also?"

"Nossuh," said the president positively. "Somethin' might go wrong, an' then where would we be?"

"Tha's right, Orifice. An' also where would Moderate be?"

That was the exact problem which annoyed Mr. Barr. He heard that the planes were rehearsing and he rode out to the aviation field in his yellow, cut-down car to inspect them. It seemed to him that they were flying unnecessarily high. In fact, the longer he observed them, the fonder he became of the earth. Simeon Broughton, head of the grips department, had accompanied him to the field.

"Ain't you scared, Moderate?"

"We-e-ell," admitted Mr. Barr, "I'd feel a heap safer down heah on terra cotta."

"Ain't it the troof? But I reckon when a feller is brave like you, jumping out of an airplane ain't hahdly nothin'."

That night Mr. Barr ate alone in Bud Feaglar's Barbecue Lunch Room & Billiard Parlor. Dozens of persons pointed him out as the intrepid actor who had walloped the huge Magnolius Ricketts and who was, on the following day, to jump boldly from an airplane traveling one hundred miles an hour.

The more Moderate thought the more positive he became that he had no ambition to be a parachute jumper. Until this minute he had deluded himself into the belief that he might conscript the courage to try it. It meant so much. Chances were that if he refused, Midnight would place him on their blacklist; and that, he knew, would be cataclysmic.

Of course, they wouldn't cut him out of the picture. Already they had invested more than twelve thousand dollars in the production, and they couldn't retake the whole thing; but they would bitterly resent his welshing at the final moment.

He told himself fiercely that he would go through with it, but knew that he lied. And finally, after midnight had chimed in melancholy fashion on the clear September air, he determined that he would take the plane ride, stage the mock battle in the clouds, and then simply refuse to make the jump. Perhaps Midnight would discharge him, but that would be better than becoming honor guest at a special function of the Over the River Burying Society.

Early the following morning there was a general exodus from the Midnight lot. Even the Eddie Fizz unit declared a holiday that they might witness Moderate's daredevil leap. News of the spectacle had spread about Birmingham, and the colored citizenry also started toward the spot where Mr. Barr was to electrify his friends for the sake of uplifting two-reel comedy.

Among those who made ready to view the event were Miss Elixir Roberts and Mr. Sam Ribbins, the ex-pug whose hefty wallop had elevated Moderate to his present glory. Since Mr. Barr was using his own car, Sam committed the extravagance of renting a dilapidated vehicle from the Jasper De Void Taxicab Company. Elixir was busy with her vanity case when he arrived, and so she kept him waiting. Thereafter they made considerable speed to the scene.

Also late in starting from the studio was Magnolius Ricketts, the famous Midnight star, whose heroism in making a flight at all had been dimmed by Moderate's superlative courage in volunteering to perform a parachute jump.

When Magnolius whirled up to the field, every inch of the edge was lined with cars. Immediately before him was a battered vehicle bearing the insignia of the Jasper De Void Company, and in that auto were a girl and a very small man. Mr. Ricketts did not know Sam Ribbins and, therefore, was incautious.

He honked impatiently for his red sedan to be let through. Mr. Ribbins paid him not the slightest heed. Out on the field the great colored star could see the two airplanes; one equipped with a camera and the other prepared to carry himself, Moderate Barr and a pilot.

It was Magnolius' desire to ride onto the field in his red car so that all of the spectators might know that the great star had arrived; yet the rented thing in front of him refused to make way.

Magnolius was nervous and now he grew angry. After all, he was a large man and Sam Ribbins looked small. In addition to that, Magnolius was afraid of nobody on earth save Moderate Barr. Whereupon he called loudly to Mr. Ribbins and ordered him to make way. Sam turned and grinned cheerfully.

"Who is you?"

"Ise Magnolius Ricketts, swellest cullud motion-pitcher actor in the world."

"Who else says so?"

"Ev'ybody. An' listen at me, you li'l' shrimp, does you not move quick, Ise gwine git out of this car an' th'ow you on yo' ear."

Once again Sam answered the clarion call to battle. He climbed out of his car and started toward the red sedan of which Magnolius was the proud owner. He approached with shoulders swinging and fists clenched.

"Mistuh Ricketts," he sizzled, as he came within earshot, "some folks just nachelly never has enough. One mo' word out of that big mouf of yourn an' you is suddenly gwine to become ain't."

"Big talk fum little mens!"

"Yeh? I reckon you has plumb forgot how I beat you up befo', hasn't you?"

Magnolius frowned. "How who beat which up?"

"How I beat you up that night out by Epic Peters' road house? I reckon you disremember that right hook I hung on yo' jaw after you run into my car."

"I—I never run into no car of yourn."

"Well, maybe it wasn't my car, but I anyhow was drivin' it."

Mr. Ricketts straightened and a queer expression settled upon his countenance—an expression which indicated that he was wrestling with an idea.

"Whose car was it?" he inquired.

"Moderate Barr's."

Magnolius put out a restraining hand. "Fo' ev'ything I just called you, I 'pologize mos' humble. But who you is anyway?"

"My name is Sam Ribbins an' I used to be one of the best cullud prize fighters in the world."

"Mistuh Ribbins, I is at yo' service. I woul'n't make you mad fo' nothin'. Nor neither I would not have done such in the fust place if I had of reckernized you. You see, Mistuh Ribbins, it was terrible dark that night, an' I thought it was Moderate Barr which whupped me."

Sam spat disgustedly. "That slab of tripe! He coul'n't lick his own shadder."

A messenger came screeching through the crowd, demanding the immediate presence of Midnight's star. Magnolius smiled in friendly fashion at Mr. Ribbins.

"I got to go now, brother. But I has got a promotion that somethin' terrible is shortly gwine occur to Mistuh Moderate Barr."

Magnolius walked across the field, unmindful of the applause which greeted his appearance. Such brain as he had was busy with thoughts.

Things were becoming increasingly clear to him. His swollen jaw had not been caused by Moderate's puny fist, and the weeks of ignominy which had ensued were totally unnecessary. He recalled bitterly the manifold insults he had accepted from Moderate Barr; he remembered with painful distinctness the multitude of times he had permitted Moderate to tread upon him in the presence of others, and there was born in his brain a great and consuming ambition to render Mr. Barr entirely extinct.

But when he reached the two planes, there was no time for conversation. The motors were roaring and Julius Cæsar Clump was prancing with impatience. By sheer force of his dynamic personality, he thrust Magnolius into the rear cockpit of the passenger plane and bade him wait until Moderate climbed in. Then Midnight's chief of production busied himself with the more considerable task of persuading Moderate that everything was perfectly safe.

Mr. Barr looked unusually tiny as he stood beside the powerful aviator with a huge parachute strapped to his back. Cæsar joined them and ordered the actor to make haste. Moderate was exceedingly shy.

"This heah thing," he observed, touching his parachute, "ain't nothin' but a bag."

"The chute is in it," explained the aviator for the dozenth time. "All you got to do is jump when the signal is give. When you jump, you crook yo' finger th'oo that li'l' brass ring an' as you fall th'oo the air you count ten ——"

"Man, sposin' I forget how to count?"

"You won't. You count ten, an' then you pull that ring. Immeditly the parachute opens an' you git a nice ride down—just like a balloom."

"Tha's it," indorsed the director. "An' at the same time the cam'ra plane is gwine be circlin' aroun' you with Exotic Hines gettin' shots of you fallin'. An' please don't forget, Moderate, that you is supposed to look scared."

Mr. Barr gave a pale and sickly laugh. "I ain't gwine have no diffuculty doin' that."

"Oh, quit talkin' with yo' mouf. Ev'ything will be all over in a few minutes."

"Tha's just ezackly what Ise worried about."

Cæsar flashed a signal to the giant aviator. They ranged alongside the little actor and propelled him into the cockpit of the plane. Seated there already was the scowling Mr. Ricketts, but Moderate was too engrossed in his own terror to observe that all trace of subservience had vanished from Magnolius' countenance.

"Don't forget to jump when Exotic gives the signal," snapped Clump. Then he waved to the aviator, and before either of the actors could say a word, the plane taxied to the starting line and headed into the wind.

As they swung about and gathered speed for the take-off, Moderate Barr closed his eyes and grabbed the fuselage of the little open plane. It seemed so tiny and frail, and up above there was so very much loose air! It was all a mistake. Maybe he hadn't been born to be an actor, anyhow—and certainly he entertained no ambition to die one. It was all very well for them to tell him that this sack strapped on his back would enable him to leap from the plane in safety, but he didn't believe it.

Up ahead he could see the nose of the plane and the broad shoulders of the aviator. He and Magnolius were jammed into the cockpit just behind the pilot. As for Mr. Ricketts, the natural fright of that person had been vanquished by a more powerful emotion. He was burning with a wild and righteous rage against Moderate Barr.

Suddenly the machine ceased its bumping and lurching. The motor still roared, but the plane was apparently still, and Moderate had a moment of wild hope that the flight was over. Timidly he opened his eyes and saw—nothing!

(Continued on Page 205)

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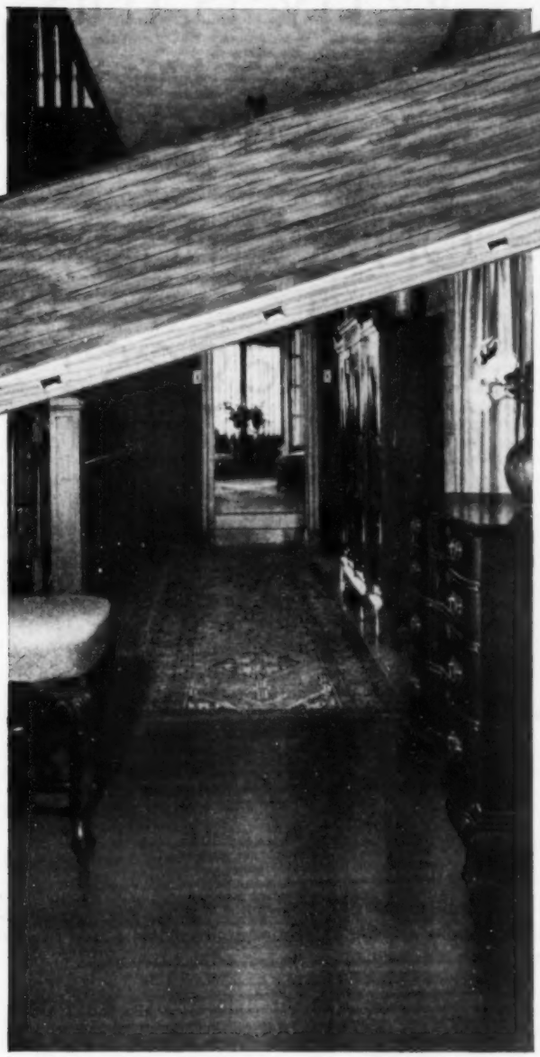

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THE INSOLUBLE WRAPPER FOR DELICATE FOODS

(Continued from Page 202)

He looked about. The plane was very much alone. The ground had dropped away from them and was still dropping. Yet, save for the rush of wind, Moderate had no sensation of motion.

They mounted into the skies, and Moderate drew a deep breath. For the first time he received the impression that flying wasn't so bad. The lower wing of the biplane seemed enormous now, and the thing flew so firmly and steadily that the little actor felt as safe as though he were on the ground. Within three minutes his confidence returned, although when he looked over the side at the vast distance which separated him from the earth, he became more determined than ever to remain right where he was, rather than to be so foolhardy as to trust any parachute which had ever been invented.

After all, Midnight shouldn't be hoggish. Hadn't he risked his life in a plane for his art? Also hadn't Magnolius? At the moment he felt very intimate and fraternal toward his one-time arch enemy. He turned and smiled into the face of Mr. Ricketts. That large person placed a thundercloud expression close to Moderate's ear and shouted a single word:

"Tripe!"

Moderate was amazed and hurt.

"Says which?"

"I says," shouted Magnolius, "that when us gits back down to yearth, Ise gwine beat you up so bad they'll have to scrape you up in a bucket."

Moderate looked more closely. There was no hint of levity in the manner of the big actor, and a new apprehension smote the smaller man.

"I—I reckon you forgot how I whupped you once a'ready, Mistuh Ricketts."

"Hmph! I guess I has just got wise to myse'f. It never was you who beat me up."

"Who says so?"

"I heard it fum the man which did it."

This was a new and disturbing development which Moderate considered had occurred at a most inauspicious moment. He didn't quite know how to meet the emergency.

"Maybe," suggested Moderate hopefully—"maybe he was lyin'."

"Fumadiddles! He was the feller, all right. His name was Sam Ribbins, an' the night it happened he was drivin' yo' gal, Elixir Roberts, in yo' yaller car, which is how come I thought it was you."

Again Moderate cringed. Misery was being piled upon unhappiness and terror.

"My gal was out joyridin' with another man in my car?"

"An' how!"

"Oh, whoa is me! Lots of things happen to me an' all of 'em is wrong."

"Yeh! An' the wrongest thing of all is gwine occur just as soon as we git down. Do you comprehend what I is fixin' to do to you, Moderate Barr?"

"Y-y-yassuh. What is it?"

"Ise gwine smash yo' face into hamburger. Then Ise gwine crack all yo' ribs. Then Ise gwine knock you down an' stomp on you. An' after that Ise gwine buy you one big, white lily."

"Ain't you got no mercy?"

Moderate trembled. Both men had forgotten that they were zipping through space. The plane was flying smoothly. Close at hand, flying at precisely the same altitude, was the camera plane, and Exotic had the lens turned on the two actors.

It was obvious to Exotic that they already had plunged into their rôles. Unmistakably, they were quarreling bitterly, and Exotic considered that never before had he seen Moderate register terror so perfectly.

"All I hope," snapped Magnolius, "is that you don't git entirely kilt when you jump out of this plane."

Moderate shivered. "I—I ain't gwine jump."

A diabolic grin creased the lips of Mr. Ricketts.

"Oh, yes, you is!"

"I ain't."

"But you is, 'cause Ise gwine th'ow you out."

This was a new development. Mr. Barr realized that the entire proceeding had been a terrible blunder. He raised his voice to a shout and pleaded for mercy. Magnolius was unyielding. Now that he knew Moderate had no idea of jumping, he considered that flinging him from the plane would be a sweeter revenge than merely committing mayhem upon him. Besides, he might get into trouble for beating a little man up, whereas the scenario demanded that they stage a fight in the plane and that Moderate be thrown overboard.

In the camera plane, Exotic Hines waved his arm three times. This was the signal that enough of the quarrel had been filmed and that the actors could now proceed to stage their struggle. Magnolius' eyes gleamed with an unholy light as he reached out one powerful paw and wrapped it around Moderate's quivering arm.

Immediately thereafter the camera of Mr. Hines recorded an epic battle in the clouds. Moderate fought with a strength and ferocity which amazed even himself. But Magnolius was fighting to avenge the insults of weeks, and he was merciless. They wrestled back and forth in the cockpit, and the little plane rocked and swayed. The cameraman was delighted.

And then Mr. Ricketts got a firm hold on the little actor. He braced himself, raised the struggling figure of Mr. Moderate Barr in his arms and pitched the squirming, kicking actor out into space. Instinctively Moderate grabbed for the brass ring which was suspended over his heart. He gave a convulsive jerk, and thus ripped open the little compartment which held the pilot 'chute. That in turn released the main parachute, and Moderate's plummetlike descent was abruptly arrested. For one wild instant he struggled, and then became conscious of a slow, pleasant rocking motion.

He experienced a wild exultation. This seemed almost as safe as the plane itself; particularly since just a moment before he he had heard, most distinctly, the toot of a heavenly horn. A few seconds later there came to his ears the roar of a motor as the camera plane whizzed by and Mr. Barr waved to Exotic, much to the cameraman's delight.

A stiff breeze carried Moderate toward the aviation field, but the parachute jumper was not worried. This experience was actually exhilarating. But, unfortunately, he didn't know much about landing. The spectators swarmed from their cars as Mr. Barr and his parachute landed in a cornfield adjoining the aviation grounds. Moderate considered then that his troubles were at an end, but he figured without the 'chute which had brought him safely down.

The breeze continued to belly out the 'chute, and Moderate was dragged at terrific speed through the cornfield toward the place from which he had started. His progress was unceremonious, undignified and excessively painful. Executives, actors and spectators rushed toward the wooden fence which separated the two fields to watch this amazing performance, and foremost among them were Sam Ribbins and Miss Elixir Roberts.

Straight toward them came the parachute, dragging in its wake the howling and misfortunate Moderate Barr. Few persons heeded the two planes, which even then were effecting perfect landings.

Moderate catapulted straight and hard toward the picket fence. The parachute struck the fence and folded. Moderate did the same. Then dazedly he arose. A crowd was about him, and as from a great distance he heard the plaudits of the multitude and the hearty congratulations of J. Cæsar Clump and President Orifice R. Latimer.

Mr. Barr clutched the fence for support. One of the palings came loose and he stood upright, clutching the thing as though it were a club.

And then, directly before him, Moderate saw Mr. Sam Ribbins and the perfidious Elixir Roberts.

A strange and mighty anger welled up in the diminutive bosom of Mr. Barr. There stood the two persons who had caused him untold misery and very actual danger. It was all well enough to reflect that he successfully had performed his heroic task and was slated for a regular job with Midnight, but he could not forget that there stood the man who had endangered his life, and who had—most thoughtlessly—stolen his girl.

Moderate realized that he no longer loved Elixir, but that realization merely enhanced the fury he felt toward Mr. Ribbins. There was the man who had used Moderate's own car as a means of stealing Moderate's own girl. And now Sam was coming forward with a sneer on his lips.

This was entirely too much. Inspired by the knowledge that he had just passed through a crisis and need not fear earthly things, and spurred by a righteous fury, Moderate took one step forward to meet his hitherto unknown enemy. Sam Ribbins uttered the first few words of a derogatory remark, and an inspired Mr. Barr swept into action. All the indignation of the past few ghastly minutes added strength to his right arm as he swung the fence paling. It was a most noble wallop and it felled Sam Ribbins with neatness and dispatch.

Immediately, Moderate struck an attitude.

"Miss Elixir," he announced, "I an' you is th'oo, finished an' done. An' yonder is how I treats the man a gal two-times me with."

He turned grandly and saw coming toward him the menacing form of Magnolius Ricketts. It was obvious that Mr. Ricketts retained considerable animosity, but somehow Moderate was not frightened. He even felt a faint contempt for Mr. Ricketts, for he understood most clearly that Magnolius had blundered in throwing him from the plane. Without his assistance Moderate knew that he would never have dared the leap which had converted him into a hero. He dropped the club with which he had felled Sam Ribbins and waited for Magnolius. Then he commenced rubbing the knuckles of his right hand; thus deliberately creating the impression that Mr. Ribbins' discomfiture had occurred in fistic combat.

Moderate stepped forward magnificently to meet his enormous enemy.

"Magnolius," he said very loudly. "Yonder lies the body of Sam Ribbins, the man who beat you up so bad. An' right heah"—designating himself—"stands the feller who put Mistuh Ribbins where he now is. What I crave to inquire, Mistuh Ricketts, is this: What is you goin' to do about it?"

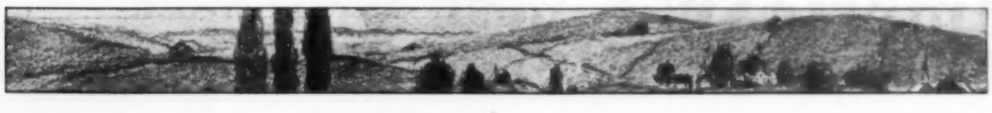
Magnolius Ricketts paused abruptly. He gazed first at Moderate and then at the unconscious form of the man who had whipped him and whom Moderate had whipped. Once again the light of fear dawned in the eyes of Magnolius. He shook his head.

"Wh-what is I gwine do about it?" he asked.

"Yassuh," snapped Moderate boldly, "what is you gwine do about it?"

An apologetic smile appeared on the lips of Mr. Magnolius Ricketts as he cautiously extended the hand of friendship.

"Shuh, Moderate," he said soothingly, "I ain't aiming to do nothin' except congratulate you."



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GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

(Continued from Page 67)

According to the horizontal plan the organization is headed by a finance committee, some of whose members represent the bankers. Under the committee come the president and his assistants. Under him is the managing vice president or general manager. Then comes the general staff of department heads, each an officer of the company. The departments are contract, construction, engineering, plant—plumbing, heating, and so on—sales and publicity, treasurer. Their duties are evident.

Each department has subdivisions, and many of these are further separated into sections, all of which are headed by minor executives. In addition, there is a host of engineers, estimators, accountants, draftsmen, sales and advertising men and a field force as described in Class 4, but larger. There is also a large force of shop mechanics.

In this class of organization there are innumerable go-between positions filled by young men acting as inspectors, follow-up, executives' agents, time-study, cost and general-contact men.

This outline of the principal classes of builders summarizes about what the building business in America has to offer an aspiring boy just out of high school.

However, the picture would not be satisfactorily complete without answering in advance the inevitable question: "Yes, that's all very fine, but what do I get out of it?" Very well. Here are the weekly salaries paid by the leading builders:

Timekeeper, $30; clerk of the works, $35 to $40; foreman, $75 to $100; superintendent, $100 and up; estimators, draftsmen, $50 to $75; accountants—junior and senior—$35 to $100; engineers—civil, mechanical, electrical—junior and senior—$40 to $150. Salesmen on salary, drawing account and commissions average about $200. The numerous go-between jobs mentioned pay from $40 to $80.

The system of remuneration of the higher executives in the more important construction companies differs from that which obtains in other industries. Fancy salaries are not the rule. Executives are well paid, but their principal expectation of reward lies in bonuses and dividends upon the shares of company stock they may have bought or which may have been allotted to them under a profit-sharing plan.

It is also a practice, in companies other than those of the first magnitude, to divide all or part of the profits of a job above the estimated minimum among the men responsible for the additional cost savings. New ideas in cost reduction are rewarded in proportion to their value. Finally, the managers of branch offices and their salesmen receive a commission, based upon sales volume and, often, an additional bonus on work which has proved to be exceptionally profitable.

As a rule the best place to learn the building business is on the staff of one of the large firms—the larger the better. Their methods have been refined to the point of scientific accuracy, their work is so comprehensive as to cover everything that could be put into a building, their organizations are extensive enough to afford plenty of room for advancement, and the opportunities they offer for contacts with owners, architects, material merchants and other contractors are invaluable for future reference.

When one learns a business from those who stand at the top of an industry, it is easy, as friend Kennedy would say, to get a "higher position, farther down."

—MORGAN G. FARRELL.

OUT-OF-DOORS

(Continued from Page 69)

sharper and sharper, culminating in a roar of rage. For the next few minutes the mixed noises issuing from the bowels of the earth, muffled as they were, sounded as if a dozen dogs and twice that many coons were at death grips.

At last all was still. The farmer shook his head. "Too bad. He's killed your little dog. She'll never come out alive."

Shamrock leaned forward, his ear to the hole. His eyes began to snap. "Fetch him out, Dixie!" he urged, and a grin spread over his face.

The only answer was a stifled grunt. It came again at short intervals.

"Bring him out, old girl!" exhorted her master. Then: "Get back with your flash lights and hold those hounds. She's comin'."

The grunts grew more audible. Presently the hindquarters of the little terrier appeared. Shouts of amazement and encouragement went up from the ring of lights as, feet braced, she gave a mighty tug to gain a few inches.

"Got him right by the nose!" cried her owner. "She's draggin' him out all right. Now what do you think of the little dog?"

A final convulsive jerk. The dog appeared. Shamrock's long arm swept down and, in a single movement, seized the struggling coon, hurling it, a tumbling ball, down the bank. With a rush the hounds were on it, but even quicker than they was a spotted streak.

When the scrambling heap was at last separated, at the bottom reposed a very dead raccoon, and her teeth fastened in his throat in a death grip, was eighteen-pound Dixie, the victor over a thirty-six-pound boar raccoon; not only had she whipped her enemy on his own ground but by her energy had dragged him, resisting every inch of the way, a hundred feet through the tunnel to her master.

In one season a single such dog has been known to account for more than fifty raccoons; such is coon hunting, new style, in the Middle West.

There is this to recommend the new method of coon hunting. It does not destroy the balance of Nature. So long as the raccoon sticks to the fields and the timber, not molesting the farmer's chicken roosts, he is reasonably safe. But when he turns robber, trying to live in ease off civilization, he violates the armistice which the farmers have given him. He pays a penalty for criminality against civilization, while the raccoon which remains in his own habitat remains also in peace.

Hunting the renegade furnishes pelts for the hide seeker, sport for a countryside in the excitement of a fair fight between pursuer and pursued, and a living for the hunter. A condition, incidentally, far better than when every raccoon was meat and hunting was carried on indiscriminately.

Under the old system the coon might have become extinct. Under the new one, the respectable coon forms a breeding source of supply—both of coons and of happiness. For corn-shucking time in the Middle West would lose much of its zest without the midnight baying of the hounds and the gleam of the lanterns as the striped quarry goes over the hill, and the hunt is on.

—QUINTAN WOOD.

Mrs. Harold L. Jillson
925 Foster Ave.
Chicago, Ill.

"My Servants work for 1¢ an hour"

"UNTIL very recently, I kept a maid. I thought that our eight room house was too large for me to care for alone. Then, one day, I told my husband I had decided to save the cost of our maid and put this money in the bank. He said it would be too much work for me—but it isn't.

"I discovered many little servants eager to help me for a wage of only one cent an hour or less. Now I enjoy my work. Why shouldn't I with a whole retinue of servants, each an appliance run by a little electric motor—always ready—always willing. I have found appliances with Hamilton Beach motors the most dependable and efficient. They run smoothly and quietly. I will tell you about a few of them."

"My Hamilton Beach Beating-Brush Vacuum Cleaner Thoroughly Cleans-and so Easily"

"THIS servant makes cleaning a pleasure. My Hamilton Beach motor-driven beating-brush cleaner *actually gets the dirt* and with such ease a small child could run it. It goes in the corners and under furniture.

"It is adjustable for long or short nap rugs and what a difference this makes. A tilting feature makes small rugs easy to clean. I have attachments for cleaning most everything in the house and they certainly are worth the extra six dollars.

"The 'triple action'—*sweeping, beating, suction*—loosens the embedded dirt and sweeps up lint, threads and hair. My rugs look like new. The ball-bearing motor never needs oiling.

"My cleaner costs only $39.50, but it does more than any other cleaner I know of—*and with greater ease.* I understand this low price is possible because these Hamilton Beach cleaners are now sold through dealers and they no longer have the expense of a costly factory-trained canvassing organization. It is fully guaranteed."

"My Hamilton Beach Hair Dryer Keeps My Hair Beautiful"

"In my Hamilton Beach hair dryer, I have a very faithful servant. After washing, it gives my hair a treatment of soothing warm air, then a breeze of fresh cool air—very exhilarating. It keeps my hair luxuriant and alive. And, too—it sets water waves quickly. The Hamilton Beach hair dryer is a beautiful toilet article. Most stores have it in a variety of attractive colors."

"My Hamilton Beach Vibrator Has Many Uses"

"My Hamilton Beach vibrator serves many purposes. I enjoy it for a facial massage. It invigorates the scalp and benefits the hair. By stimulating the blood flow, it frequently relieves fatigue and is an aid to nature. A few minutes' application daily is invigorating. The Hamilton Beach people furnish a book that explains the many valuable uses of this vibrator."

"My Hamilton Beach Home Motor Doubles Sewing Speed"

"A tremendous time saving servant is the Hamilton Beach home motor. You just set it under the hand wheel of your sewing machine and sew without pedaling. Both hands are free to guide the material thus making straighter stitches. The speed control is perfect. I found I could make two garments in less time than one before. It really makes sewing a joy—and this motor costs so little."

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Please send me, *without obligation*, prices and description of the items I have checked and tell me where I can see or buy them.

- ☐ Vacuum Cleaner and Attachments
- ☐ Hair Dryer (also copy of "Hair Dressing Secrets")
- ☐ Vibrator (also copy of "Health and How to Get It")
- ☐ Home Motor (also folder explaining its use)

Name .....
Address .....
City ..... State .....

NOTE: Prices mentioned by MRS. JILLSON are slightly higher in Denver and West

Hamilton Beach
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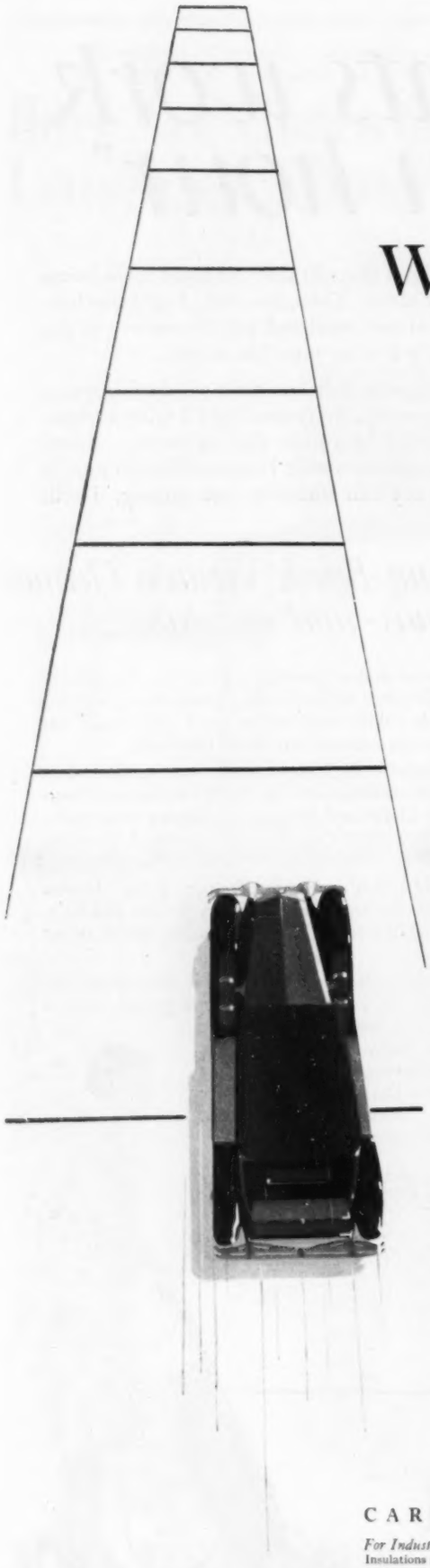

ANOTHER JOB THAT CAREY DOES...

Wrinkle-proofing roadways

...that you may drive in peace!

"Now I can let her roll!" you exclaim, as you come to a long, level stretch of concrete highway . . . for, winter or summer, wet or dry, it's always smooth sailing on concrete!

As you've driven along, you've noticed those narrow, black ribbons that run across the road every thirty feet or so? Well, those are Expansion Joints, put there to compensate for expansion and contraction so that the concrete will not buckle and break in summer, nor crack and crumble in winter. And one of Carey's many jobs is to make these tough, self-adjusting cushions that keep the wrinkles out of concrete roads.

A simple thing, you say, this Expansion Joint idea! So it is, but in developing and introducing it Carey has made good roads better! —and that, you'll agree, is a very Big Thing indeed!

Concrete roads, as you know, are really just beginning to be used—but already Carey Elastite Expansion Joint cushions upwards of 50,000 miles of them . . . *enough clean, smooth highway to twice girdle the globe!*

And into those insignificant-looking black strips went 54 years of experience and research and *work* —54 years of the discontent that inspires great deeds, of daily endeavor to set new high standards in manufacture . . . and service to you.

This business of road cushioning, by the way, is just one of the many ways in which Carey contributes to your comfort.

Some of them are extraordinary and all of them are interesting. From time to time we will tell you more about them in these pages.

In the meantime, you might give Carey a grateful thought as the little black road-ribbons go whizzing under the flying wheels of your car.

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AMERICAN BUSINESS AND BUSINESS MEN

(Continued from Page 37)

institution should have in the community that supports it. The policy of the branch will be dictated by the parent bank and absentee ownership will have no interest in the community where the branch is located.

"One can visualize, under the branch system, the elimination of all individual banks with the exception of a few large institutions in each of the Federal Reserve Districts. One can also readily visualize the concentration of credit-granting machinery in a few hands. When these large combinations—which is in effect what they will be—reach the point where they can dictate financially, then they are, probably, going to dictate politically and every other way.

"The Comptroller of the Currency, in proposing an extension of branch banking, believes it would lead to the gradual restoration of the national bank as the primary system of commercial bank in the country. But would this not also lead to the elimination of the small banks and the building of a few large institutions which would in the end control the Federal Reserve System? Just what is wrong in the present organization form and control? Without doubt, the United States today has the best banking system in the world. It is more flexible and better adapted to furthering the economic welfare of all the people.

"Our individual banking system stands for the preservation of equality of opportunity, and this means a chance for everyone who has the ambition to become the owner of his own business and to be his own boss. We bankers in Illinois will stand firmly in defense of the independent-unit banking system."

Probably both the friends and the foes of group and chain banking could make convincing arguments, depending on what phase of the large problem of service happened to be central in their thoughts. Banks are not like factories. It is easy to visualize the merging of plants, because the exact extent by which one unit complements another is easily understood, or at least it is translated in simple terms of output. Banking is still regarded in the public mind as a service, and hence is further toward the professional rather than the industrial function of the business world.

That is only another way of saying that it may not be possible to generalize on banking combinations or apply the same system in one section or locality that can be successfully adopted in another. Certain phases of banking nowadays require personal service to the customer. The handling of the bank's investments may perhaps be more efficiently accomplished through a central investment officer for several institutions. And as for the weaknesses of either group or unit banking, they involve the frailties of human nature, the weaknesses of management, the exercise of discretion and judgment; and it is this human factor which is becoming more and more important in considering coalitions, whether they fall in the field of service institutions or that of industry.

Railroad Ties That Do Not Bind

If the merger principle has attained any success in American business in the last ten years it has been because of a definite idea back of it that an improved economic status would result from a combination of two or more businesses. Sometimes individual ambition inspires a merger—some people like to preside over bigger things than ever have been formed before. Not infrequently, too, the desire of the investment bankers to sell securities motivates a merger. Originally the railroad-consolidation idea was advanced as a means of bringing economies to the shipping public. Lately cold water was poured over this theory by the railroads, who foresaw little opportunity to reduce freight rates on that account. Then came the era of feverish buying into competing roads in anticipation of the mergers that were to be authorized by the Interstate Commerce Commission at some subsequent time.

The Commission for seven years puckered its brow and indicated on more than one occasion to Congress that it wished to be relieved of the burden of trying to consolidate the railroads of America. Railroad presidents gave out various plans, each looking to the improvement of the position of his own road. Finally the Interstate Commerce Commission announced a plan, but with no real formula as to how the consolidations could really be brought about. Hundreds of thousands of stockholders would have to agree. All sorts of obstacles are foreseen—it is a good deal like trying to write a tariff bill and satisfy all the interests concerned, entirely apart from those who hold conflicting theories as to revenue raising.

The common impression that the investment bankers have been the moving spirits behind the railroad-consolidation idea has not been borne out by the attitude of those selfsame investment bankers today. In the dim past they may have had visions of billions of dollars of securities that would have to be floated to rearrange the railroad systems of the nation. I was talking the other day to one of the partners in an investment house which handles the securities of some of the major railroads.

"Aren't you glad," I suggested, "that the Commission has finally announced its plan?"

"Yes," he said, "we are glad it has finally been announced, but I don't see much chance of agreement. We would much rather see things left as they are. The impression that the investment bankers want consolidation is a mistake. When you think of the many obstacles in the way of getting minority stockholders to agree, the opposition of cities and towns which might be affected by the arrangements, and the difficulties of some roads in raising enough money to acquire other roads, you cannot blame us for feeling that perhaps we had better leave well enough alone."

Railroad credit is at a high point. Even Commissioner Eastman, who, though concurring with the announced plan of the Commission, said he saw no particular advantage in consolidation, declared that the credit of most of the railroads was in excellent condition. Coming from a member of the Commission who has generally been regarded as radical and as leaning toward government ownership, this favorable comment on the financial affairs of American railroads is perhaps another reason why railroad consolidation will not be hastened.

Although there are many exceptions to the rule, mergers in modern business are usually the result of a weakness on the part of some of the units merged. Most of the railroads are improving their respective positions, and unless they can acquire strong roads they will not be enthusiastic about buying into the weaker ones. Certainly Wall Street is not urging railroad consolidation, and it would not be surprising if the whole thing retained its academic status for a few years more, until economic readjustments in America forced further consideration.

This is not saying that certain natural evolutions in the combination of railroad systems will not come about. It was the fact that the Interstate Commerce Commission has had the responsibility of bringing out some sort of plan which has in the last few years interfered with certain mergers that might have been approved if a general scheme were not in the making. But the consolidation idea has lost some of its charm—and perhaps the shock of last October had a great deal to do with the dampening of the merger spirit.

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FLORSHEIM SHOES answer every requirement of the man who cares. They offer distinction and superiority of style that raises them above all others. They give you more in every respect than their moderate cost would indicate. The BERKSHIRE, Style M-586 . . . *Most Styles* $10

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Sign a letter written on Old Hampshire Bond, seal and address and stamp the envelope. You will find that it gives you a distinct feeling of pride to do so—for Old Hampshire Bond has its own impressiveness, its own unmistakable air of correctness. It is pleasing to your eye—it is pleasing to your touch—you know that it will fittingly represent you and your firm. The very qualities that made the first hundred pounds of Old Hampshire Bond popular more than sixty years ago are there today. Ask your printer or engraver to show you samples of Old Hampshire Bond in white and twelve distinctive tints.

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Please send to me by first class mail everything I'll need to make an extra fifty or more.

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THAT CROSS OF GOLD

(Continued from Page 29)

in wholesale prices in the United States was such that goods—all goods in a lump—which had sold for a dollar in 1872 brought only fifty-five cents in 1896. And times were hard—the hardest that any man now living has seen in this country. Western farmers were literally ragged. Every industrial center had its army of unemployed.

That was what put the biting edge on Mr. Harvey's statistics. It was beyond dispute that prices had fallen coincidentally with a relatively diminished supply of primary money. The free-silver argument—"increase the supply of primary money and prices will rise again"—not only looked reasonable but was reasonable. The real fight was less over the disease than over the remedy. Europe had demonetized silver, too, and the value of silver bullion in a dollar had fallen, in London, from 100 cents to fifty cents. It seemed fairly certain that if the United States resumed free and unlimited coinage of silver all the world would dump its fifty-cent silver into our mints to be converted into hundred-cent dollars, and silver inflation would drive gold out of the country.

Free-silver men denied that this result would follow, and if the denial seemed to lack plausibility, they could make up for it by heaving some more oratorical brickbats at Morgan and Wall Street, while Republicans retorted in kind with "Repudiationists! Silver-mine henchmen!" At any rate, it was just this currency question—usually regarded as the driest of topics—that made the most exciting political contest since the Civil War. Everybody who works at all works for currency; it is currency in the first instance that he saves up for the rainy day. When its significance is brought home to them, people may be just as much wrought up over currency as over any other subject short of war. To judge by the number of votes cast relatively to voting population, the free-silver campaign stirred people as no other modern presidential contest has. The temper in which much of it was conducted is indicated by a thick pamphlet of the period that lately came under my eye. As Secretary of the Treasury, John Sherman, of Ohio, had taken a leading part in the resumption of specie payments after the Civil War, and in the silver legislation of 1873. The pamphlet referred to was written by a lady—but hardly, I fear, in a ladylike spirit. Its title is, Honest (?) John Sherman, a Foul Record.

Money and Goods

Bryan was defeated, failing of a majority of the popular vote by a narrow margin. But while this drive for free silver was shaping in the United States, prospectors in South Africa were uncovering by far the greatest deposits of gold ever found anywhere; also, gold was discovered in Alaska and West Australia. The yearly addition to the world's stock of gold began moving upward by leaps until it passed $450,000,000. With this rapid increase in the supply of gold, prices moved upward, too, and continued to advance quite steadily until goods that had sold at sixty-six cents in 1896 brought a dollar in 1910. The peak of the gold output came about that time. There was little change in prices to 1914. Then, as a war measure, the gold standard was abandoned; the supply of paper money multiplied, and prices more than doubled from 1914 to 1920.

Let us agree on some rough-and-ready definitions: Money means anything that is currently accepted in payment for goods. In this country bank checks are everywhere so accepted; therefore, for the purpose in hand, checkable bank deposits are as much money as anything else. Goods means anything and everything that is currently on sale—including, of course, all sorts of services. The price level is a product of—or is powerfully influenced by—the relation between these two things—the quantity of money on the one hand and the quantity of goods on the other. Put more money into that side of the scale without putting more goods into the other side, and prices will rise—which is the same thing as saying the true value of money will fall. Put more goods into the goods side without putting more money into the other side, and prices will fall—in other words, the value of money will rise. Gold standard means that whoever possesses any other sort of money can finally change it into gold at par. Therefore, the stock of money of all other kinds must bear some relation to, and be limited by, the stock of gold. The relation between the stock of gold and the stock of all other money may be only as 5 to 100; nevertheless, it is a string that limits the total stock.

All hands agree that a radical change in the price level—that is, in the purchasing power of money—is a swindle. If you lend dollars that will buy 100 and are paid back in dollars that will buy only 90, you have been done out of 10. If you borrow dollars that will buy 100 and have to pay back dollars that will buy 110, you have been done out of 10. Whichever way it moves, somebody is cheated. To be sure, many people are operating on both sides of the ledger alike, and make up on one side what-ever they lose on the other. But whoever is predominantly on only one side as debtor or creditor either gets an undue advantage or suffers an unjust loss. No one denies that, or that a nearly stable price level is the ideal at which all monetary systems should aim.

The Wide Reach of Low Prices

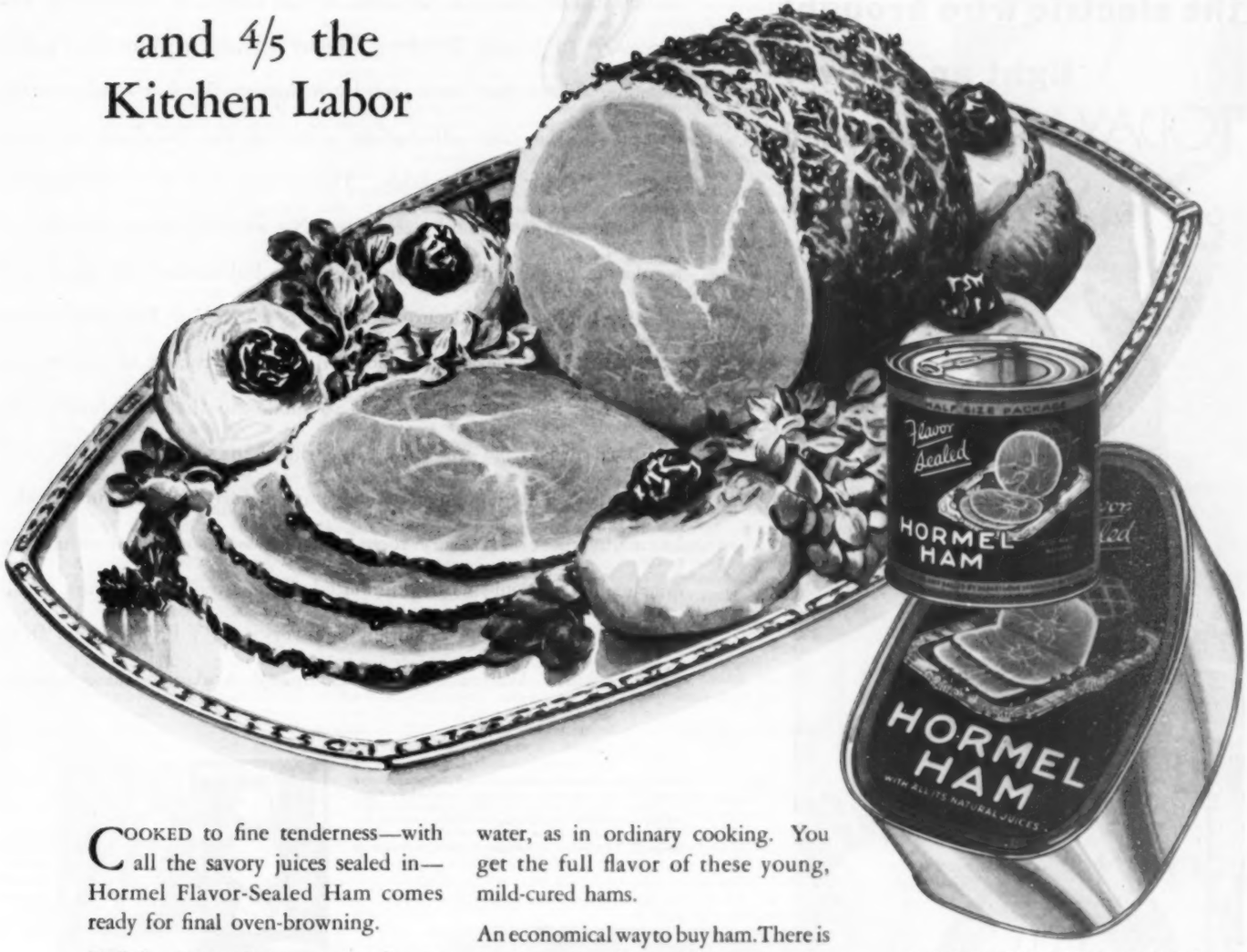
But a fall in prices is worse than a rise. First, because it injuriously affects more people. As mentioned above, prices rose by one-half from 1896 to 1914. In the latter part of that period, as you will find by looking back, there was bitter complaint on behalf of bondholders, preferred stockholders, owners of long-term leases, and so on, whose incomes were rigidly fixed at so many dollars. In 1896 they parted with dollars that would buy half again as much as the dollars they were receiving in 1913. There was complaint also on behalf of college professors, ministers and others whose incomes, though not rigidly fixed by contract, responded very tardily, if at all, to the increased cost of living. All such people were swindled by the rise in prices, or the fall in the purchasing power of dollars—whichever way you choose to state it. But people with fixed or very unresponsive incomes form a small minority in the United States. Most bondholders have other sources of income that respond to changes in the price level. So the nation, in fact, was very little disturbed by the long rise in prices. Prof. Irving Fisher's proposal of that period to stabilize the purchasing power of the dollar by altering its gold content aroused considerable academic interest, but struck no fire on the prairies as Coin's Financial School had done.

A fall in prices reaches wider. It nibbles at the incomes of farmers and other primary producers. As between debtor and creditor, it favors the latter, while a majority of landowners are probably debtors. Perhaps its psychological effect is most important of all. If, for a long time, goods tend on the whole to be cheaper this year than they were last, a certain discouragement seems to accrue. This may be quite illogical, but psychological reactions sometimes are illogical; and, historically, a period of rising prices has been one of buoyance and expansion, while a period of falling prices has run into doubt, dullness or depression. Therefore, some eminent economists now argue that the ideal should not be an absolutely stable price level, but one that tilts upward a bit, so that industry may always be jollied along by getting a trifle more for its goods than it expected. At any rate, if you are obliged to make a choice, an up trend seems preferable to a down one, although both are swindles.

(Continued on Page 213)

SAVED—all the Flavor

and 4/5 the Kitchen Labor



COOKED to fine tenderness—with all the savory juices sealed in—Hormel Flavor-Sealed Ham comes ready for final oven-browning.

To bake the Half Ham requires but 30 minutes; the Whole Ham 60 minutes—1/5 the usual time. No boiling, simmering or preliminary cooking. Grilled ham takes but 3 minutes. Serve cold ham instantly. Hours of kitchen work saved!

And what a saving, too, in flavor! For each Flavor-Sealed Ham is first sealed in its vacuum container. Then cooked the Flavor-Sealed way. Nothing can escape. All the natural juices are cooked into the meat—none lost in steam and water, as in ordinary cooking. You get the full flavor of these young, mild-cured hams.

An economical way to buy ham. There is no waste—no skin, no bone, no surplus fat; while ordinary ham is frequently 1/6 such waste. Cooking shrinkage of Flavor-Sealed Ham is almost nothing, compared to a shrinkage of nearly 1/3 the weight in home cooked ham.

Every morsel of Flavor-Sealed Ham is usable. Even the juices are valuable, for flavoring soups, vegetables and other foods. At leading stores, or write us. Geo. A. Hormel & Co., Austin, Minnesota.

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Hormel Flavor-Sealed Foods are first sealed in the vacuum package. Then cooked. None of the original flavors and juices can escape. Flavors are cooked *in*, not *out*. Flavor-Sealing saves the *Flavor* and saves you hours of *Labor*.

Only Hormel Foods are Flavor-Sealed.

Included among Flavor-Sealed Foods are Chicken (Whole and Half), Spiced Ham, Pork Tongue and Luncheon Meat.

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HORMEL ★ *Flavor Sealed* **HAM**

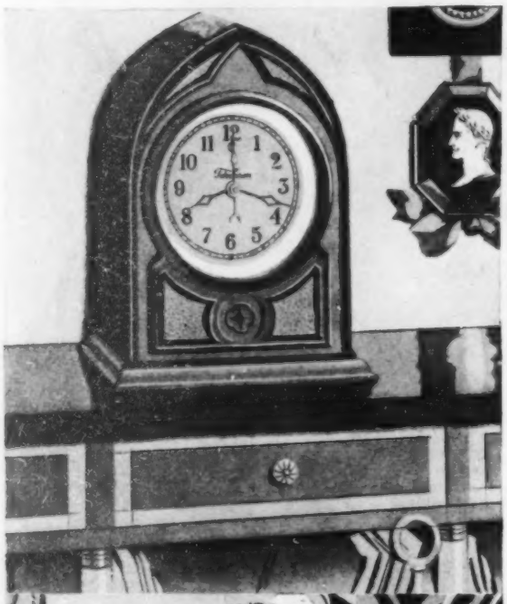
READY COOKED *WHOLE OR HALVES*

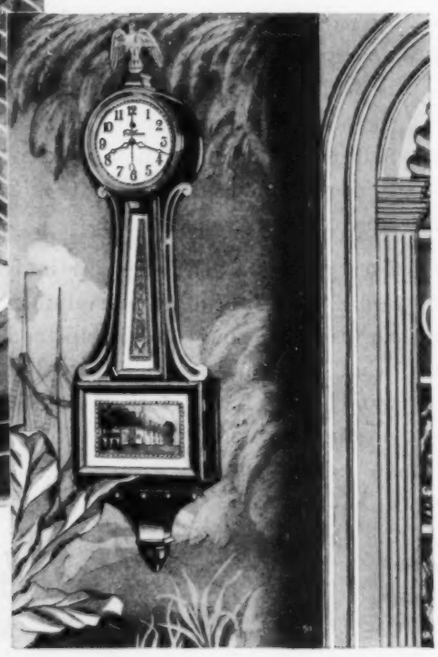
YESTERDAY

the electric wire brought light and power

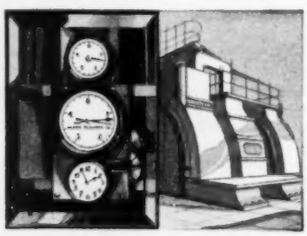
TODAY **the unquestioned accuracy of time!**

MORE THAN ever mindful of minutes and seconds, a modern world seeks infallible time . . . turns to the electric outlet, source of so many conveniences . . . and discovers Telechron! • But before Telechron electric clocks could be installed in the homes of America, it was necessary to install Telechron Master Clocks in America's power stations. There they serve you, by regulating the flow of alternating current to the tiny self-starting motor of the Telechron on your mantel, desk or dressing-table. They assure you of silent, trouble-free time—unquestionably accurate. No winding, oiling, cleaning or regulating to bother you. Nothing to do but connect the clock and set the hands. • Telechron cases are worthy of Telechron precision. Authentic classic and modern designs, wrought of rich woods and metals. Telechron prices are so moderate that any family can afford at least *one* Telechron by which to set other clocks and watches! • Three popular models are pictured here. Your dealer has many more—for every room and purpose—some that chime the quarter-hours—some with illuminated dials—even with alarms. And the same unquestioned accuracy in every one! Prices range from $9.95 to $55.* Warren Telechron Company, Ashland, Massachusetts.





This is the Telechron Master Clock in your power house. Checked by radio with naval observatory time, it governs the speed of the giant generators that supply impulses of alternating current to regulate the Telechron in your home. These are the only master clocks used by power companies to furnish regulated time to the public.

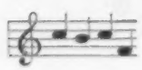


upper left: *Cathedral, an inexpensive clock for desk or dressing-table. Gothic design. Bakelite case with mottled walnut finish. Three-inch silvered dial. Height 7 3/16". . Price* **$9.95**

lower left: *Vernon, particularly popular for bedside or dressing-table. Mahogany case. Three-inch gold finish dial, illuminated by tiny mazda lamp. Height 6½". . . . . Price* **$21**

left: *Madison, an attractive banjo clock in early-American design. Mahogany case with colored glass panels. Six-inch silvered dial. Height 31½". . . . . Price* **$50**

The Revere Clock Company, of Cincinnati, Ohio, produces grandfather's clocks and other distinguished examples of fine cabinetwork, equipped with Telechron motors. Their prices range from . . . . . .* **$40 to $1200



Listen for Telechron chimes at the close of every General Electric radio hour.

Telechron

electric time-keepers

(Continued from Page 210)

As far back as fairly dependable statistical evidence goes, the price level has, in rough outline, acted this way: An important addition to the world's stock of primary money occurs through the discovery of new gold mines—or silver, when that metal was primary money—followed by rising prices. Then the new mines yield less and less, while the stock of goods increases, and prices fall until another gold discovery gives them an upturn, lasting until the yield from that find falls off and goods—ever increasing—once more outweigh gold. The latest great find, in South Africa, is yielding less than it did twenty years ago. The stock of goods for sale is increasing more rapidly than ever before. Hence the argument that we may be in for a long period of falling prices if we stick to the gold standard.

But that is not the only argument against it. Any day another Transvaal gold field may be uncovered, with another great increase in primary money and rise in prices. In fact, some known but unworked gold deposits in South Africa may be made productive any day and upset the price balance. If there is no real danger of too little gold there may be danger of too much. Most important of all, probably, from a European point of view, is the dominant position of the United States in the gold situation. We hold nearly half of the world's total stock. Finally, the gold unit is an American dollar far more than it is a pound sterling, lira, franc, mark or gulden. Except for the benevolent coöperation of our Federal Reserve System, in facilitating gold shipments from the United States, it would have been much more difficult, or impossible, for France, Italy and Belgium to get back on a gold basis. Last year, our great speculative jamboree, by raising interest rates in this country, forced the Bank of England to mark its discount rate up to 6½ per cent in order to protect its gold reserve—which, even with that drastic measure of defense, fell to a disturbingly low point. This dependence on Uncle Sam is hardly flattering to national pride. Winston Churchill aroused the enthusiasm of Parliament by declaring, "We do not propose to address the petition, 'Give us this day our daily bread,' to any earthly power." But in the vital matter of its gold reserve every European nation must keep an eye on the earthly power on this side the Atlantic. On the other hand, we could, if we chose, loose a flood of gold on Europe to the derangement of its monetary systems. Except that in this matter one nation weighs nearly as much as all the rest put together, there might be less interest abroad in debating the gold standard.

England's Gold Policy

That standard by no means produces the ideal result of a nearly stable purchasing power of money. Under it, as we have seen, the real value of a dollar, pound, franc, and so on, may vary widely, to the injury of many persons. And the gold standard to which the world has returned since the war is quite different from the prewar gold standard. England—the first nation to adopt a single gold standard, more than a century ago—furnishes a typical illustration of the difference. Before the war, gold coins were in general circulation. Unless you were carrying a considerable amount of money, your purse would probably contain as much in gold sovereigns as in Bank of England notes. Gold and paper were freely interchangeable. You could hand in a five-pound bank note and get gold sovereigns, or hand in the sovereigns and get a bank note. Anybody in possession of gold bullion could present it at the mint and have it coined into sovereigns by paying a slight fee, or seigniorage. That was the situation generally in Western Europe and in the United States, except that here gold coins never really circulated because people preferred paper money.

Now, England is again on a gold standard, but gold coins have been completely withdrawn from circulation. Only the Bank of England can present gold bullion at the mint and have it turned into sovereigns. You cannot exchange your bank notes for gold coins, but the Bank of England is required to sell gold bullion to all applicants at the fixed price of 3 pounds, 17 shillings, 10½ pence a standard ounce in amounts of not less than 400 ounces; also it must buy gold bullion from all comers at 3 pounds, 17 shillings, 9 pence a standard ounce. If you have any other kind of English money, you can, finally, exchange it for gold—but only for uncoined gold bullion, and only if you will take 400 ounces or more. And if you possess £10,000 or more of gold, not designed for immediate export, you must sell it to the Bank of England, on demand, at the fixed price. Gold bullion, of course, is useless for the purpose of making payments inside the national boundaries. It comes into use only as it is shipped from one country to another in settlement of international balances.

Paying With Scraps of Paper

Substantially, that is the situation everywhere. For internal purposes gold has been discarded as money. It is used only for international payments. To be sure, in the United States this condition is not prescribed by law, but it is as firmly fixed by custom, for excepting a few coins at Christmastime nobody wants gold money. So one point made by critics of the gold standard is that at present the central banks and government treasuries of the world hold more than $10,000,000,000 worth of gold—largely bullion—that is practically never touched, but lies dead from one year to another, except as a few million dollars each month may be shipped from one country to another. They say that huge investment in dead gold is a great waste.

To be sure, the stored gold is legal reserve against bank notes and bank deposits, but that is only a convention made by law. Time was when the gold in a florin or sovereign was intrinsically worth the face value of the coin. The pretty yellow metal was very scarce then and in much demand for ornament. But with the great output of gold since the South African mines were opened, and with the present huge stock of the metal, the demand for gold for ornamental and industrial purposes is comparatively trivial. No doubt we use considerably more of it in the arts than any other nation, and the Director of the Mint calculates the consumption of new gold in the arts in this country at less than $40,000,000 a year. Our own depleted mines supply that much.

In short, it is only the law-made demand for gold as money that holds the price the world over at $20.67 a fine ounce. To that extent gold is only fiat money, and the same fiat could make money of anything else. If we define money as whatever is currently accepted in payment for goods and services, then money in the United States and England consists mostly of bank checks. They are the great means of making payments. But the banks on which these checks are drawn keep little or no stock of gold. Their real reserve consists of a credit at the central banks. In the United States, payments to the amount of $750,000,000,000 a year are made by means of checks drawn on the banks in 141 leading cities. Two-thirds or more of these checks are desposited in some bank other than the one they are drawn on. Thus every bank in a city will have a bundle of checks on every other bank, and every other bank will have a bundle of checks on it. The banks meet daily in the clearing house and swap checks, and to pay one another the differences that arise they draw checks on the central bank. All these enormous payments are made smoothly and conveniently without a dollar of gold changing hands. They could go on exactly as well if there was not a dollar of gold in the country. This, of course, applies equally to payments in smaller towns that are not included in the Federal Reserve Board's table.

An economist who is so minded finds it easy to show up the absurdities of the gold standard. For internal purposes gold has already been abandoned as money. All the huge internal trade and investments of the United States and Western Europe go forward without an ounce of gold changing hands. The international trade is settled with very little gold. In three typical years we sold the world $14,000,000,000 of merchandise and bought $12,000,000,000, leaving a balance of $2,000,000,000 nominally due us, but our net movement of gold in the three years was only $30,000,000, or 1½ per cent of the merchandise balance, and that net was against us. To store and ship gold is expensive, in comparison with paper. Above all, the supply of gold expands or contracts according to the accidental discovery of new mines or the depletion of old ones, without any relation whatever to the increased or decreased supply of goods, while it is admitted on all sides that the supply of money should be in close relationship to the supply of goods.

Critics of the gold standard ask, "Why not make it so?" If prices are advancing, that indicates that money is increasing faster than goods; if prices are declining, that indicates the contrary. All advanced commercial countries now have elaborately constructed index numbers to show at a glance the movement of prices from month to month. Advocates of a managed currency as opposed to a gold-standard currency say it would be a simple matter to regulate the supply of currency with reference to the index number of prices, pulling in a bit when it moved up, letting out a bit when it moved down, until it came back to the standard—thereby assuring a fairly stable price level and a fairly constant purchasing power of money to the end of time. It is already demonstrated by experience that gold is not needed for internal payments, and as to international payments the central banks of the world could easily—in fact, most of them do—keep a reserve of credits, call loans, bankers' acceptances, and so forth, in foreign money centers on which they could draw instead of shipping gold.

The Foundation of Credit

It is a pretty argument. There wouldn't be much to say against it if men's judgment could always be trusted—or even, in all cases, their honesty. For the one great merit of gold is precisely that it is not amenable to human judgment or opinion. At all times there are exactly so many ounces of it in the world. Your thinking, opining and arguing till you are black in the face will not add or subtract an ounce. Gradually, long ago, the world accepted, as a standard fact, that an ounce of fine gold should be worth just so much. For a long time that has been a universal, immutable monetary sea level—a fixed base line from which to compute all variations of surface, to which one could always go back and find it exactly there. Other monetary arrangements have come and gone; even silver had its day and disappeared. Great currency systems, in the cases of Germany, Russia, Austria-Hungary, have been swept into the dust bin. The currencies of France, Italy, Belgium fell 75 to 80 per cent. But the world has stuck doggedly to the bed rock of gold and rebuilt on that.

We have all had some impressive monetary lessons in the past fifteen years. We knew it theoretically before, but knowing theoretically that the bridge will fall if it is overloaded is a quite different thing from going into the river with it. Nearly all of us are working at something or other—farming or writing magazine pieces, selling groceries or teaching school, pulling teeth or dancing jigs; it is surprising, even in a quite small community, how many different jobs people work at. They do it because they want the things their fellow citizens are working at; finally it is all a swap. For whatever we work at, from running a railroad to dusting the chairs, we accept pieces of paper, intrinsically worthless, in the faith that we can exchange them fairly for

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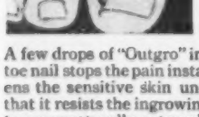

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things we want. But it is very possible for these pieces of paper to turn tricky on us before we make the exchange. That is a disquieting thought. Money, of course, has absolutely no value, use or virtue except for what it will buy. It is not the land but only the deed to it. Since 1914 we have seen the demonstration that it may go bogus in our hands. It says a hundred acres, but when we come to take possession, there may be only fifty acres, or ten, or none. Intricate modern economy makes money a necessity. We've got to take it in payment for whatever we do to make a living, but the pay envelope may short-change us. So a proposal to experiment with money gives the sober-minded a chill.

We all know gold. There is no room for a difference of opinion as to what it is or how much there is of it. The monetary system's relations to its gold standard may vary considerably, and how any system shall vary is a matter of judgment or opinion, but every gold-standard system rests finally upon an indisputable, universal fact that opinion cannot affect. Cut away from that bed rock and you are wholly in a realm of opinion. The half dozen most eminent economists living will have six different opinions as to how an index number representing prices ought to be constructed. There are quite a number of such index numbers here and abroad, but no two of them are made up just alike or give exactly the same results. If our economists should agree on the index number, they would still disagree in six different ways as to how a managed currency, tied to an index number instead of to gold, ought to be managed.

If the six, or six hundred, finally agreed on that, you would have only their opinion for it, and one doesn't have to look far for evidence of the pathetic fallibility of human judgment. The nearest library will yield half a ton of it in the shape of personal reminiscences—by nearly everybody above the rank of corporal or chief clerk—of the World War. The Crown Prince of Germany remarked for publication that it was the stupidest war ever known. He meant in its inception. But the net residuum of the reminiscences that bear any earmarks of candor is a ghastly record of blunders by nearly everybody, civil and military, who was in a position to blunder.

Time to Count Twenty

In our recent speculative orgy, men of experience and authority, occupying responsible positions in finance, lost their heads along with the greenhorns. Right up to the crash, months after the situation had become dangerous, they encouraged and promoted the general mania to buy stocks, even supplying great batches of new stocks for the purpose. Undoubtedly this was not done cynically, but because they were carried away by the tide as much as the tiny, nameless chips that cumbered it. A famous publisher is said to have instructed his editors, "Get excited when the public is excited." Everyone, in his calm moments, knows that when the public, or an individual, is excited judgment gets warped, for sound judgment depends on a normal brain temperature. The political history of the United States, for example, shows that people in general judge pretty well when they are cool, and pretty badly when they are hot. If they could go back and do it over again calmly, there would be no bloody Civil War or outrageous Reconstruction. When anybody is called upon to make a decision of importance, the first thing he should do is to feel his pulse. If he is in the atmosphere of a speculative fever, or mad about anything, he would better, like Dickens' short-tempered young woman, count twenty before he speaks. Otherwise it is two to one that he will speak wrong. But we learn from the record of speculative epidemics, including this latest one, and from other periods of excitement, that men of experience and authority, to whom we naturally look for leadership, are sadly liable to get all het up and out of balance too. Suppose those men happened to be managing our managed-currency system during a speculative craze? Very likely they would blow us all up. If the base of the currency system were mutable government fiat instead of fixed gold, could politics always be trusted to resist temptations to monkey with it?

It is true enough that human judgment is all we can have on this mundane sphere. We have got to depend on it whether we really trust it far or not. But all experience demonstrates the wisdom of hog-tying it here and there to some immutable reality so that, in its most erratic flights, it cannot get clean off the earth. The gold standard is that kind of a hog-tie. Bad judgment may abuse a monetary and credit system that is based on gold, but so long as it is based on gold, there is a limit to the abuse; an anchor planted in the solid rock. Cut away from gold, and who knows?

A Wall in the Way

The alternative is a managed currency which would inevitably be a disputatious currency, a currency whose base lay wide open to legislative action in every country, to congressional pulls and blocs, to political campaigns. It is true that government now has power to change the gold standard at any time. A simple majority in both houses of Congress and the assent of the President would do it tomorrow. There is no constitutional barrier. A similar situation is found in every country. But a mighty wall of old use and wont, and of settled opinion, stands in the way. To discard gold is to overthrow that wall and make all currency systems liable to continual tinkering and continual uncertainty. Probably, if we start managing currency we will never end.

It is much like the Constitution itself. No one denies that there are various inconveniences in the organic law. How could there help being when it was made under quite different conditions of the eighteenth century? Theoretically it is entirely possible to make a better one. But what sober soul would not stand appalled at a suggestion to discard the old Constitution for a new one? Have you ever watched a state—such as New York and Illinois—try to get a new constitution, or even a city try to get a new charter? Mostly they agree only in disagreeing on everything. The authority that has grown into the old Constitution during almost a century and a half is worth more than any of its specific provisions, or perhaps all of them put together.

For it is hard to get men to agree. However fallible man's judgment may be, he is prone to think just as highly of it as infallibility can possibly think of its judgment, and to stick up for it as stubbornly as though it were infallible. If any point is left open to argument there will be somebody to argue about it to his last breath. With the fallibility and the stubbornness, we couldn't get along unless some points were practically out of the realm of argument—determined, agreed upon, taken for granted. In all practical affairs there has got to be some bed rock and sea level—distasteful as that is to people with an emotional bent for having everything different.

There has long been a very general, half-instinctive feeling of the hazards involved in gratuitous currency experiments. A majority of people, without nicely weighing all the technical pros and cons, have had a sense that men are pretty liable to err and pretty stubborn in their errors, so it is best that they should have the least practicable opportunity for error in this crucial matter of money. No doubt that, finally, was what defeated Bryan a generation ago and what drove the Western World toilfully back to a gold standard after the war. And that general feeling about it is exactly what gives the cross of gold its greatest practical value. It is one of the fixed points in a fluent world. Undoubtedly there is still unworked gold in mother earth. And if there should be an oversupply, how much simpler to shut down a mine than to make a new currency standard. Some fixed stars are very necessary in this whirling universe.

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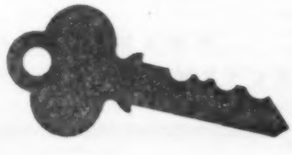
UPPER LEFT: A Grand Valley Apple Orchard.
UPPER RIGHT: Balcony House, Mesa Verde National Park.
LOWER: Mount of the Holy Cross in the New Holy Cross National Monument.

THE KEY STATE OF THE NEW WEST



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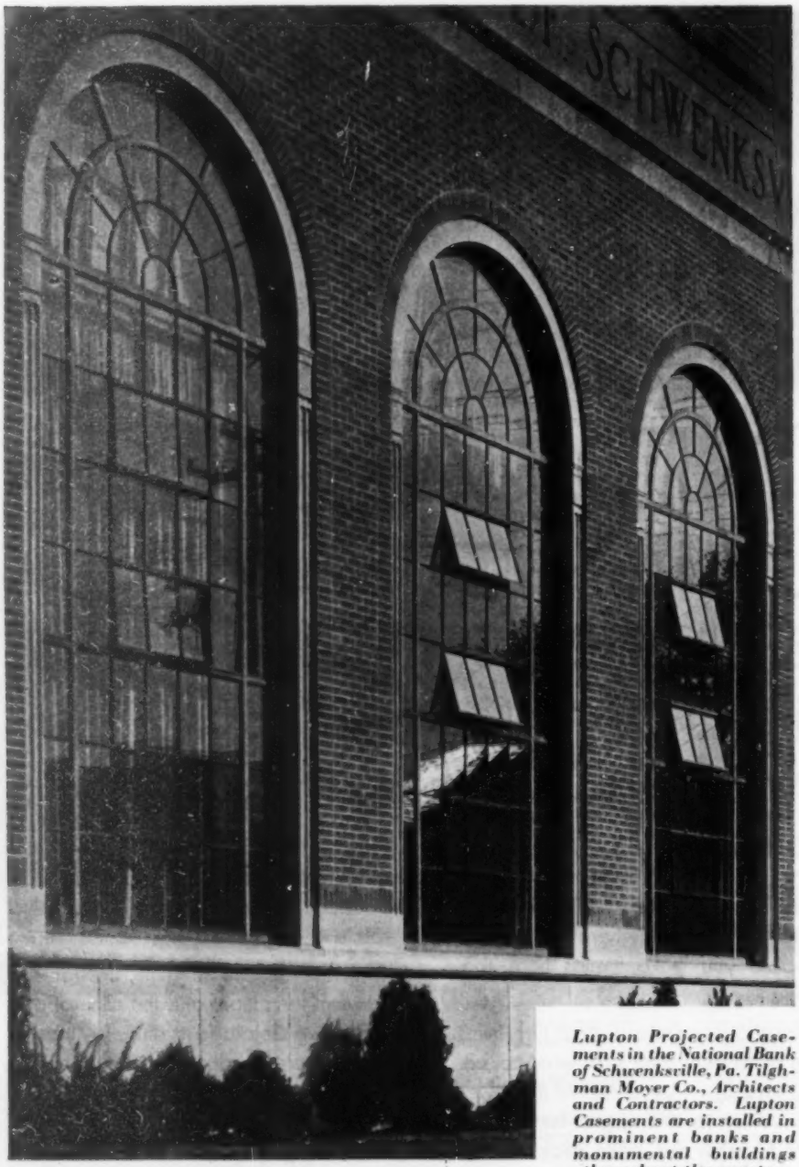

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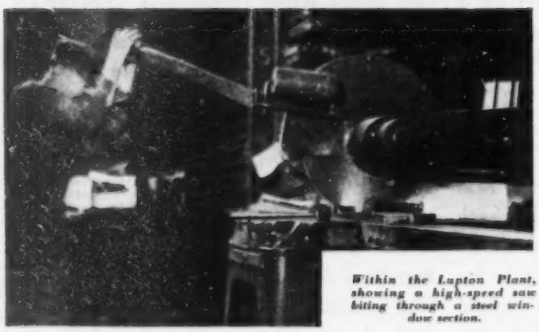

Within the Lupton Plant, showing a high-speed saw biting through a steel window section.

Lupton Steel Equipment Provides effective display for this store of the Paint Service, Inc., Columbus, Ohio.

Lupton stainless steel windows are used for the lower floors and the tower of the new Chrysler Building, New York City.

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A SHIP SAILS toward the edge of the world. Soon the spot that marked the horizon line has become traveled waters. The story of our company has been that of just such a voyage toward succeeding horizons. Time and again, we have pioneered a product to see it become accepted, eventually, as the standard.

Lupton industrial windows, for instance, were launched upon a world whose factories were fortresses. They brought Nature's light and air to millions of workers. Increased production a hundredfold. Lupton steel shelving has advanced the effectiveness of display and storage for the goods of the nation. Today, in a Lupton residence casement, you can buy practically "*everything but the view.*"

During 1929, Lupton became the first to manufacture aluminum windows. With their soft, natural finish, they add tremendously to the charm and dignity of the monumental building. A second innovation was the use of Lupton *stainless* steel windows for the lower floors and the tower of the Chrysler Building.

For many years, Lupton has steadfastly looked beyond the horizon for new developments in window designs for factory, office, home; for more efficient shelving equipment in warehouse and store. The uprightness of Lupton leadership in these fields is vouched for by an ever-increasing legion of satisfied customers. David Lupton's Sons Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

LUPTON

WHERE STEEL IS FUSED WITH SINCERITY

THE LADY AND THE TICKER

(Continued from Page 13)

"Don't come to me with your speculative accounts," said the head of the women's department in a large, conservative investment house to a new client. "I don't buy or sell on margin. I'll take your account and build it up on a sound investment basis. But I won't speculate for you. That's not my job."

Another customer dropped into the women's department of a bank with a list of securities and asked what she should sell. The woman expert, one of the most competent advisers in New York, glanced through the list.

"Don't sell anything," she said.

"What?" cried the amazed customer. "I never heard of such a place! Don't you believe in making money here?"

"Not at the expense of giving bad advice," replied the expert dryly. "You see, we're investors, not speculators. We're not after a rapid turnover. We hold our clients over a long period of years and we don't let them speculate. We just won't let 'em!" she repeated, with a firm jut of her chin.

When Women Advise Women

These women investment guides are jewels. And, like first-water gems, they are rare. They are teachers, educators, in the finest sense of the word. Their men and women clients swear by them; and no wonder, for they piled up fat profits in the bull market and were towed safely out of the track of the storm. These women know how to handle their own sex; they understand the weaknesses of women and also their strength, and a woman customer cannot high-hat, bulldoze or nag them as she does a man. They have a very successful formula for these cases: "All right; take away your account; we don't care for your business anyway." It acts like a charm. Some of these competent women are also to be found in brokerage offices, and wherever they exist they are strong, stabilizing forces. A conscientious man broker may tell a woman what not to do; a woman broker tells her why she mustn't do it; she explains, educates, instead of laying down a blanket prohibition, which women instinctively resist.

The experience of one of these women advisers in a conservative investment house during the hectic period when the gigantic bubble of speculation burst right in the face of the appalled public gives an illuminating picture of how that conserving force operates in a crisis. These investment guides have a different goal from that of the speculator, and this difference of objective is perceptible in every one of their decisions and at every step of the road. Miss Prudence, let us call her, is one of the most conservative, sagacious and well-informed woman investment counselors in New York; she handles the accounts of both men and women, and clients worth millions turn over their entire financial interests to her wise guidance and control.

"I was returning to New York," she said, "late last August, after my summer vacation, and as the train sped east I had time to think, and my mind began to dwell upon my clients and their accounts. Some of these accounts were little and some were big, and their owners all depended on me to safeguard their interests. It is a heavy responsibility when the entire material wealth of a lot of people is in your hands. On the train, therefore, returning to my job, I did some serious thinking; to the best of my ability, I surveyed the entire financial situation, and I didn't like the signs a bit. I knew a storm was brewing; everybody on the inside with any vision knew that. Everybody. Just remember that. For I don't want you to think that I was superior to the others, a kind of little tin god. Even in the spring a number of careful, long-sighted investors had begun to liquidate their stock holdings and to shift their capital over into panicproof bonds. These were big men. Of course, there was the other side to be considered also—financiers of no mean ability who were convinced that prosperity was so firmly planted that the reaction, if and when it came, would prove but a momentary interruption of the bull movement. And if I got all my clients out of the market and the reaction was slight, they might criticize me for losing money for them. So I had my problem, and I faced it squarely as the train thundered east. There was one thing in my favor; I had made a lot of money for my clients, never by speculating but by buying wisely high-grade, substantial stocks. And before the train reached Grand Central I had made up my mind: I would get my clients out of the market at once, without delay, and hand in my reports. And if I do say it, they were most gratifying reports. Having made my decision, I was happy, at rest. So, when I arrived at my office, I got busy, sent out letters, telegrams, telephone calls, and started to liquidate accounts.

"I remember one woman who came to see me in answer to my telephone call. She lived in the suburbs. I opened the interview by asking this question: 'How would you like to have an increased income of six thousand dollars more a year?' Her eyes grew round as saucers. 'Of course I'd like it, but—how could I?' she gasped.

"'All you have to do is to say yes.'

"'Yes, yes, yes! But what on earth do you mean?'

"'I mean that I want your consent to sell out all your stock holdings, make a clean sweep, cash in your profits, and that will give you an increased income yield of six thousand dollars a year.' Of course, she agreed joyously, and as she picked up her numerous bundles she exclaimed, 'I'm going to take a taxi all the way home tonight, just to celebrate!'

"Well, as I said, I was very happy those days; my clients, little and big, took my word for it, and I cleaned their accounts right up, selling almost at the peak and shifting them into bonds."

Distributing the Risk

"There was one man with extremely large interests, a millionaire, of whose account I had complete control. He was abroad at the time. I hesitated a bit about selling him out, for he stood to lose a pile of money if my guess was wrong. So I took another look at the general situation and then I liquidated him too. Maybe you think I wasn't glad that I'd had the courage of my convictions when the crash came! It doesn't require much vision to be weatherwise in the middle of a crisis or after it has passed. But to liquidate accounts before the event, when you don't know, when nobody knows, if, when or how bad the reaction is going to be, that is the time you have to hang onto your plain common sense. That's all it is—plain common sense, hanging onto it in the face of glamour, with the tide of public opinion running violently in the opposite direction. A lot of people told me I was crazy. 'It does look that way!' I agreed. And I will admit that I was a little lonesome, as people are apt to be when they are bucking mob opinion.

"Another account which I liquidated at this time was that of a wealthy woman, wife of a prominent banker. Her holdings amounted to more than a quarter of a million, and I had rolled up profits for her too. I made out her report, mailed it to her, and she was very grateful. Her husband, the banker, looked at the report and he also wrote me a letter of thanks. He said that he was so deeply impressed by my report that he wished to ask my advice on some securities his bank held—bank stocks. Should he sell them, he inquired, or hold on? Well, that was a real compliment, for it was not his own private fortune but the interests of the bank which were involved. I studied the situation again and advised him to sell. He did so—just before the break!

"The result of all this caution—preparedness for war, let us say—was that every one of my clients came through the great debacle without financial loss. There was not a single case of distress selling, of throwing overboard valuable securities at terrific loss.

"Now, the basic reason why my clients came through safely is because they were not speculating but investing; buying outright, diversifying, partly in bonds for income, partly in good, substantial stocks for appreciation of capital; not jumping in and out of the market for an immediate profit but employing the sound principles of investment which have been tried out and found true every time in the long run. In brief, it is the long vision pitted against the short vision; the short vision may be momentarily successful in a high degree, but in the end it loses all, for it is too close up to be accurate, trustworthy; it is a case of not being able to see the forest on account of the trees. You have to stand off from the forest to size it up, to get its real bulk; and the speculators were in such hot pursuit of the immediate profit that they did not stand off to view the situation as a whole."

Petticoat Plungers as Clients

And now let us look at the record of some of the brokerage houses which handle women's accounts. Did the women who were trading on margin for speculative purposes finish the year in as good financial shape as the investors, for example, under Miss Prudence's wing? That, after all, is the acid test—whether, at the close of the year, their accounts show a net profit or loss. The answer is that many of these speculators made more on the way up and lost more on the way down. Those who cashed in their profits promptly extended themselves still more, and in the end were wiped out; and those who let their profits ride met the same fate.

"But the autumn break was different," said one woman salesman in a brokerage house, explaining the tremendous losses. "We have never had a situation like that before in the history of the country." No different, madam, in essence from previous breaks, only bigger; a full-grown tiger cat instead of a tiger kitten. Whenever extreme overinflation of values occurs, the slack has to be taken up somewhere; there was more slack to be taken up this time, that was all; about 50 per cent of the water was squeezed out of stock-market prices inside of a week. And that squeezing process was horribly painful.

It is the sober judgment of most of the women brokers that their clients, during the period of the great squeeze, behaved extremely well. It is likewise the sober judgment of most of the men brokers that the women did not behave extremely well. Both are probably right. Some women blew up in the brokerage offices and were carried out, hysterical, kicking and screaming; and some blew up in the privacy of their own bedrooms. But when they reached the breaking point, they broke, and the particular locale is relatively unimportant. In justice it should be added that it was not only the women who broke; the sterner sex broke, too; sometimes in a deadlier form than mere hysteria.

One of the salient features of last year's market was the great number of women, most of them financial novices, who speculated on margin.

"I should like to discuss this whole question of margin," said the manager of an uptown branch of a brokerage firm, who, after years of dealing with women clients, is convinced that they are hard losers and that sincere, constructive advice is usually thrown away on them. "I actually believe," he continued, "that at least 75 per cent of the women who buy on margin do not know what that process really means. Now it can be laid down as a general principle that a person with only a modest capital and no

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earning power should never buy on margin. A woman in that financial condition, a widow living on slender means, an elderly person who has never earned a living, with no business training, who has inherited her patrimony—these are the ones who should always buy outright. Why? Because if they lose their capital they have no resources within themselves with which to make good the loss. It is a safe rule to say that no individual, man or woman, should purchase on margin unless he has sufficient reserves to buy those shares 100 per cent outright at any moment. But these women of modest capital, with no earning capacities, are the very ones who plunge in blindly, buy on margin without reserves, and when a sharp reaction comes, they are wiped out. I could give you innumerable instances of this kind of folly. Last week a woman walked into this office with three thousand dollars she'd taken from the savings bank—her entire capital—and she wanted to buy on margin. I chanced to be in the women's room, and I saw she was as green as grass, so I took her into my office, and she admitted that the three thousand dollars represented her entire savings. I begged her to purchase outright; she refused.

"'But suppose,' I said, 'that the securities you purchase on margin should fall in price and we have to call for more margin? What would you do?'

"'But I don't want to buy a stock that's going down,' she said. 'I want one that's going up.' I tried to explain the whole theory of margins and the danger in her particular case, but she wouldn't listen. I refused to buy on margin for her, and she went out, mad as a wet hen."

The Theory of Margin

"Now, there is the theory of buying on margin, and also there is the practice of buying on margin, and the two things show wide divergences, as theory and practice are prone to do. As a theory, margin buying is just as legitimate, just as sound as buying an automobile on the installment plan. A person, let us say, puts up 30 per cent or 40 per cent or 50 per cent of the purchase price of a security; that is his equity; and the remainder of the price is financed by a loan on which he pays interest; and that is just as good business as if he had bought a house, paid part down and arranged with a bank to finance the rest with a mortgage. But there is no doubt that in practice, and especially when it is practiced by novices in the market, margin buying may have highly disastrous results. The factor which renders it dangerous is that at any moment of the day or night the brokers may call for more margin to protect their loans, and if that is not forthcoming, they can close out the account. In this respect it is somewhat like a note payable on sight or a call mortgage. Now, it is all right to put a call mortgage on a piece of property if you have sufficient liquid capital on hand to pay off that mortgage any hour it may be called. But nobody but a fool would put a call mortgage on a valuable piece of property, knowing that he couldn't possibly raise the money to pay it off any time. It does not require a deep knowledge of finance to grasp this point; it is nothing but plain common sense. And so I would say to women: Don't margin unless you have a sufficient financial reserve on hand so that you can buy your stocks outright in case of an emergency.

"But both men and women lost sight of this fundamental principle in 1929. The very ones who couldn't afford to margin at all were the worst plungers. And when the first crash came and requests for more margin went out, these speculators on a shoestring had to borrow funds; they borrowed on their salaries, their life insurance, jewels, automobiles, anything. And here again they broke one of the cardinal rules of sound trading, which is this: When trading on margin and stocks decline, take a quick loss, get out, sell; it is safer in the long run to take a quick loss than to hang on and put up more margin in the hope of retrieving the loss. That's nothing but common sense also. But you can't get women traders to see that point. They're grand little hangers-on. Even the shrewdest of them are better at buying than they are at selling, but buying is only one-half the game; anybody can buy. In this respect, women traders do not equal the men traders, for they have only mastered one-half of the technic."

Three Simple Rules

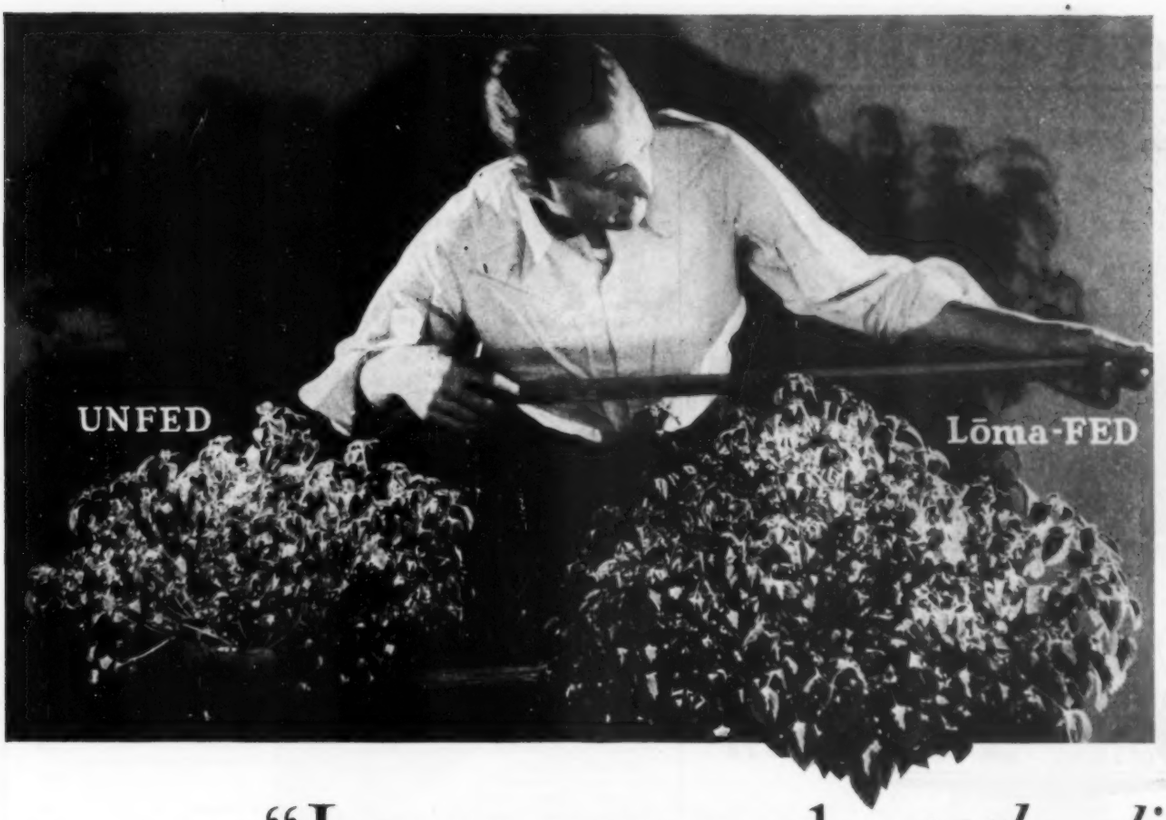
"The weak spot in this whole buying-and-selling system, as far as the public is concerned, is the salesman in brokerage houses who is commonly known as the customers' man. These commission salesmen are necessary cogs in the brokerage machinery, but the trouble arises from a misconception on the part of the public as to the real function of these men. Women in particular are very apt to use them as financial experts, guides, and confidently expect them to put the self-interest of the customers before the self-interest of the firm which pays their salaries. They do not realize that the function of a customers' man is not to give them gratuitous advice or to manage their private affairs, but simply and solely to execute orders—the more orders the better.

"A woman, let us say, asks her favorite customers' man what to buy. He gives his opinion—and it is an honest opinion—but the trouble is that it may not be worth much, for these men are not deeply conversant with general financial conditions; that, again, is not their job. But the woman takes that opinion and buys; the market goes against her. Now, if she gets out, takes a quick loss, as she should do if she is speculating on margin, she is apt to be mad at the customers' man who put her into those stocks, and he may lose a customer. And so, instead of advising her to sell, he may simply side-step the issue and call for more margin. 'Sure,' he says cordially, 'that's a fine stock; hang on.' That may be good advice for the investor who has bought a stock outright and doesn't need to worry about daily fluctuations, but it does not work out so well for the margin buyer with modest reserves.

"The only remedy for this situation is that women, and also men, should realize very clearly that the customers' man is not an eleemosynary agent whose duty it is to distribute free tips; he is playing ball on the side of his own home team, which pays his salary; he is not a financial adviser, and he cannot possibly be conversant with the private affairs of all his customers, who are supposed to have enough common sense to safeguard their own interests just as they would in any other business deal.

"So here are three rules for women traders: Don't buy on margin without ample reserves. If your account is margined, don't hang on during a decline, hoping to retrieve your losses; don't put up more margin; get out. And finally, don't use the customers' man as your financial confessor and guide. Make up your own mind what you want to do and then ask him to execute the order; that's the only point at which he should come into the picture at all. If women would remember these three simple rules of action they would save themselves millions of dollars and the brokers would lead easier lives. But the women won't remember those rules. Don't ask me why they won't. I'm nothing but a man. But I know enough of female psychology to know that they won't. They are breaking those three rules in my branch office and in all the other branch offices every day except Sunday right along. Cured? Ha-ha! That's a good one!"

It would appear from these two sets of contrasting experiences—those of the investors and those of the speculators—that the investment road is the best thoroughfare after all, especially for members of the so-called gentler sex who have not yet learned to swim without the aid of swimming wings.



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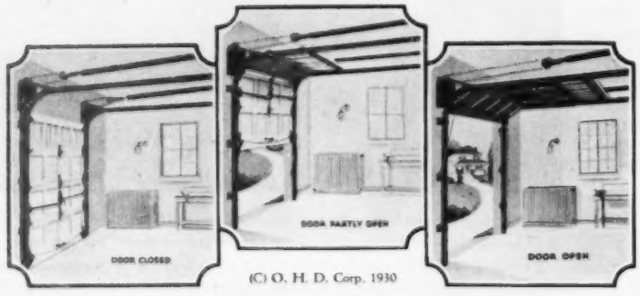

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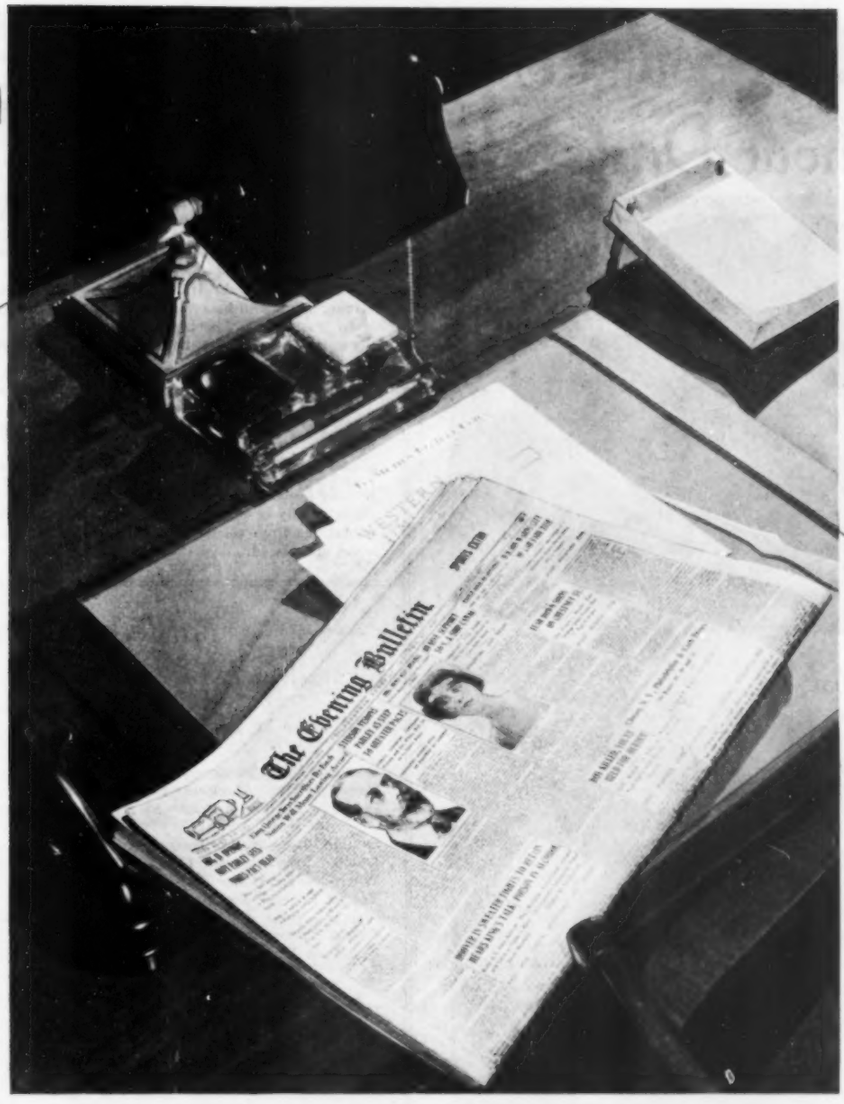
Index of Advertisers

March 8, 1930

	PAGE
Ætna Life Insurance Company and Affiliated Companies	111
Allegheny Steel Company	79
American Chicle Company	123
American Laundry Machinery Company, The	136
American Rolling Mill Company, The	139
Armstrong Cork Co.	98
Auburn Automobile Company	47
AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., Inc.	102
Baltimore & Ohio Railroad	181
Buick Motor Company	44
Bunte Brothers	158
Bunting Brass & Bronze Co., The	142
Burgess Battery Company	209
Burroughs Adding Machine Co.	159
Byers Company, A. M.	184
California Crushed Fruit Corporation	192
Campbell Soup Company	31
Carey Company, The Philip	208
Caterpillar Tractor Co.	133
Chamberlin Metal Weather Strip Company, Inc.	128
Chesebrough Mfg. Co.	116
Chevrolet Motor Company	68
Clark, Frank C.	217
Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.	224
Coleman, Watson E.	214
Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.	81
Colorado Association, The	215
Congoleum-Nairn Inc.	61–64
Corbin, P. & F.	86
Creo-Dipt Company, Inc.	164
Cromar Company, The	203
Crown Zellerbach Corporation	154, 155
Cudahy Packing Co., The	IV Cover
C-V Chocolate Yeast Co., Inc.	193
Denney Tag Company, The	201
Dill Co., J. G.	100, 101
Dixon Crucible Co., Joseph	174
Dodge Brothers Corporation	41
Dunlap & Co.	200
Du Pont Cellophane Co., Inc.	66
Edison, Inc., Thomas A.	172
Electrolux Refrigerator Sales, Inc.	149
Elgin National Watch Company	84
English-American Tailoring Corp.	206
Estate Stove Company, The	194
Evans & Co., Victor J.	205
Evening Bulletin	221
Fairbanks, Morse & Co.	205
Fire Association Fleet, The	190
Fisher Body Corp.	36
Fisk Tire Company, Inc., The	76, 77
Florsheim Shoe Company	209
Forhan Company, Inc.	162, 163
Frigidaire Corporation	122
General Electric Company	59, 105
General Foods Corporation: Maxwell House Products Co., The	118
Sanka Coffee Corp.	83
General Motors Truck Co.	42, 43
Gillette Safety Razor Co.	89–93
Goodrich Rubber Co., The B. F.	52, 53
Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc., The	112, 113
Graham-Paige Motors Corporation	49
Grand Rapids Store Equipment Corp.	74
Graybar Electric Co.	223
Grigsby-Grunow Company	103
Hamilton Beach Mfg. Co.	207
Hampshire Paper Company	210
Heinz Company, H. J.	120, 121
Hewes & Potter, Inc.	127
Heywood-Wakefield Company	161
Hirschl & Bendheim	202
Hookless Fastener Company	87
Hoover Company, The	151
Hormel & Co., Geo. A.	211
Houde Engineering Corporation	135
Hudson Motor Car Company	130, 131
Hurley Machine Co.	175
India Tea Bureau	197
International Harvester Company of America	152
International Typewriter Exchange	205
Invincible Metal Furniture Co.	202
Iodent Chemical Company	140
Iron Fireman Manufacturing Co.	171
Johns-Manville Corp.	51
Johnston Company, Robert A.	III Cover
Kari-Keen Manufacturing Company	196
Klein & Sons, Mathias	138
Lambert Pharmacal Company	109
Larus & Bro. Co.	85
LaSalle Extension University	213
Lever Bros. Co.	146
Libbey-Owens Glass Company	157
Libby, McNeill & Libby	33
Liggett & Myers Tobacco Company	82
Lincoln Motor Company, The	55
Lorillard Company, P.	97
Luden's, Inc.	168
Lupton's Sons Company, David	216
Mallory Hat Company, The	156
Masonite Corporation	129
Maxwell House Products Co., The	118
Miller Rubber Company, The	95
Mountain Valley Springs Co.	218
National Cash Register Co., The	166
National Kei-Lac Co.	213
National Vulcanized Fibre Co.	214
North American Accident Insurance Co.	217
Olds Motor Works	38
Overhead Door Corporation	220
Paramount Famous Lasky Corp.	73
Parker Pen Company, The	II Cover
Paterson Parchment Paper Company	204
Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Ass'n	191
Pennsylvania Railroad	80
Philadelphia Storage Battery Co.	57
Phillips Chemical Co., The Chas. H.	114
Photographers' Ass'n of America	179
Pratt & Lambert-Inc.	96
Probak Corporation	102
Procter & Gamble Co., The	2
Rastetter & Sons, Louis	217
RCA Victor Company, Inc.	110
Remington Rand Business Service	115
Reo Motor Car Company	106, 107
Rutland Fire Clay Co.	214
Sanka Coffee Corp.	83
Scholl Mfg. Co., The	213
Sears, Roebuck and Co.	189
Simmons Company	182, 183
Smith Brothers	188
Squibb & Sons, E. R.	117
Standard Statistics Company, Inc.	144
Stewart Motor Corporation	176
Stromberg-Carlson Telephone Mfg. Co.	150
Studebaker Corp. of America, The	147
Swartzbaugh Mfg. Co., The	213
Switzerland Cheese Ass'n, Inc.	187
Technicolor, Inc.	70, 71
Tennessee Copper & Chemical Corp.	219
Thompson Products, Inc.	143
Toledo Metal Furniture Co., The	206
Tower Company, A. J.	132
Universal Pictures	75
Vacuum Oil Company	35
Valentine & Company	124, 125
Van Camp Packing Co.	108
Wander Company, The	222
Warren Telechron Co.	212
Watkins Company, The R. L.	126
Webster Co., Inc., F. S.	202
Western Clock Company	1
Wrought Iron Research Association	199
Wyeth Chemical Co., Inc.	214
Yawman & Erbe Mfg. Co.	169

While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index.



THE NEWSPAPER OF PHILADELPHIA BUSINESS

BUSINESS in Philadelphia buys and sells through the columns of The Evening Bulletin.

In this great market of homes, where retail sales total almost one billion dollars yearly, The Evening Bulletin is the point of contact between dealer and customer.

Because Philadelphia business men know The Bulletin. For thirty-four years, they have watched and checked its day-by-day performance. They have seen it grow from a small daily to a place among America's great newspapers . . . from a few thousands of circulation to more than half a million today.

A record of natural and solid growth that is unique in publishing history: For The Bulletin does not deal in sensationalism; gives no premiums; runs no contests; uses no artificial methods of stimulating sales.

The Evening Bulletin—today, and for more than a generation—stands out as a newspaper typical of its city. By consistent service to the men and women of Philadelphia, it has welded this great market of homes into a single, compact audience . . . has created an unusual selling opportunity for the advertiser.

In all America there is no similar market opportunity, today: Philadelphia's "billion-dollar" sales area contains 572,600 homes; The Evening Bulletin's circulation of 555,711 copies daily (almost entirely concentrated in this area) reaches nearly every home. A coverage which is more than twice as great as that of any Philadelphia evening newspaper; which almost equals the total coverage of all Philadelphia morning newspapers.

The Bulletin offers thorough coverage at a lower cost here in America's great Home Center; offers the confidence of wholesale and retail business in Philadelphia to facilitate distribution problems—an economy of sales effort and advertising expense which no other metropolitan market affords.

The Evening Bulletin

CITY HALL SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA

New York Office: 247 Park Avenue Chicago Office: 333 N. Michigan Avenue © 1930 Bulletin Co. Detroit Office: 321 Lafayette Boulevard San Francisco Office: 681 Market Street

How To Get Sound Sleep Without Drugs

A New Discovery That Not Only Induces Instant Sleep, But Induces The Kind of Sleep That Brings All Day Energy Next Day

IF you are troubled with restless nights, we urge you to make the trial suggested here. Doing so has made a great difference in the lives of thousands of nervous people.

On doctors' advice, millions are employing this new way. For it is as free of drugs as the bread you eat or the milk you drink. And does far more than simply induce sleep! *It rebuilds your wasted tissues while you sleep.*

What It Is

It is called Ovaltine; a scientific food-concentrate developed in Switzerland by a scientist of world-fame. You take it in a cup of warm milk at bedtime; a super-delicious drink that builds health in a natural way.

First, it induces sleep. A few minutes after you go to bed, you get sound, natural sleep. For Ovaltine contains no drugs—as every doctor knows.

Then, *while* you sleep, its peculiar dietetic properties re-supply your system with the energy lost the previous active day. For it contains, in easily digested form, practically EVERY building element necessary to energy. And thus provides the *kind of sleep that re-builds and rejuvenates.*

You can take it night after night and not only not form a habit, as with drugs, but build up your health as well. You feel like a new person all the next day!

Do you wonder then, that people are flocking to its use? New to America, Ovaltine is being recommended by over 20,000 doctors. Used for 30 years in Europe, its use has spread to over 54 different nations. It marks one of the most important scientific findings of its time.

Try It Tonight

Doctors urge it not only for sleeplessness, but for all nervous and run-down conditions. They recommend it, too, for nervous, underweight children. Thousands of busy people take it during the day to relieve fatigue and restore vitality. Widely different from "malt" or "chocolate" drinks, its scientific standing is unquestioned.

A few weeks' use will make an amazing difference in the way you feel. Your whole appearance will show the results of restful sleep and vitality restored this natural way.

Believe or not what people claim for Ovaltine—but *try it.* Try it without delay. Start tonight. Just phone your druggist or grocer now—ask for a can of Ovaltine.

710

OVALTINE
The Swiss Food-Drink

A CAREER IN WALL STREET

(Continued from Page 75)

largest houses has forty. Each of these forty is required by the rules of the Exchange to own his seat without strings. I bought my partner's seat for him. It cost $400,000. About the first thing he did was to have his life insured, in my favor, for $400,000.

"Now, you might wonder how I should be protected in case he decided to run out on me. My surest guaranty is his character. Besides, on the floor of the Exchange a man's word is his bond. If he should be false to me, how could he expect any other broker to trust him? The biggest chance I took was that he might not be competent. When a house decides to finance the purchase of a Stock Exchange membership for a young telephone clerk, they do so because he has demonstrated an exceptional fitness for the work, sound judgment, a keen memory and a mind that functions swiftly.

"Such a young man becomes the spearhead of the organization that has given him his chance. No matter what fantastic sums may be paid for seats in the future, young men with the right mental equipment and a background of floor experience will be enabled to buy those seats. Where else is the market going to get its recruits?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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Table of Contents

March 8, 1930

Cover Design by Haskell Coffin

SHORT STORIES

	PAGE
Prisoners at the Steak—*Leonard H. Nason* . *Illustrated by Albin Henning*	6
Passenger List—*Margaret Culkin Banning* . *Illustrated by C. W. Anderson*	8
Portraits of Three Women—*By a Man: As Related to Harold Shumate* *Illustrated by R. M. Crosby*	10
Double Play—*Sophie Kerr* . . . . . *Illustrated by Harley Ennis Stivers*	14
Duello—*Struthers Burt* . . . . . *Illustrated by John La Gatta*	16
Where the Heart Is—*Thomas Beer* . . . . . *Illustrated by H. R. Ballinger*	20
Tea for Lovers—*Bertha Lowry Gwynne* *Illustrated by Henrietta McCaig Starrett*	22
Comin' Through the Sky—*Octavus Roy Cohen* . *Illustrated by J. J. Gould*	54
Brazil—A Tale of the Late Nineties—*Gouverneur Morris* *Illustrated by Austin Jewell*	60

ARTICLES

Music in the Air—*Leopold Stokowski*	*Photographs*	3
A Refuge for Lap Dragons—*Gifford Pinchot*	*Photographs*	5
The Lady and the Ticker—*Elizabeth Frazer* .	*Decoration by Wyncie King*	12
Natural Parks and Gardens—*Jens Jensen*	*Photographs*	18
Straight-Shooting Dodge—*Stuart N. Lake*	*Photographs*	24
That Cross of Gold—*Will Payne*	*Cartoon by Herbert Johnson*	29
In the Senate—Running for Office—*George Wharton Pepper*	*Photograph*	39
Pleasures and Pitfalls of Diplomacy—*Maude Parker*	*Photographs*	45
My Methods of Training—*Johnny Weissmuller*	*Photographs*	48
Heads I Win, Tails You Lose—*Struthers Burt*		58
Stage-Struck!—*Don Marquis*		78

SERIALS

Up the Ladder of Gold (Third part)—*E. Phillips Oppenheim* *Illustrated by H. Weston Taylor*	26
The Door (Sixth part)—*Mary Roberts Rinehart* *Illustrated by May Wilson Preston*	32

MISCELLANY

Editorials	28
Post Scripts	30
American Business and Business Men—*David Lawrence*	37
Chant of the Long Trail (Poem)—*Arthur Guiterman*	58
Getting On in the World	67
Out-of-Doors	69
Animal Cracks	72
A Career in Wall Street—*Boyden Sparkes*	75
In the Open and Your Own Boss—*Butler Andros*	82

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Publishers also of the *Ladies' Home Journal* (monthly), in U. S. or Canada 10c the copy, $1.00 the year, 2 years for $1.50, 3 years for $2.00; and of *The Country Gentleman* (monthly), in U. S. or Canada 5c the copy, 3 years for $1.00. Foreign prices on editorial or title page, or quoted on request.

GraybaR

EVERYTHING ELECTRICAL

DISCOVERED:

a way to clean chairs, cars, coats, stairs, etc., etc., easily!

Here at last is the ideal way to clean those things that have always been so hard to clean! Here, *in one appliance*, is your brush-whisk-broom-and-whole-kit-of-vacuum-cleaner-attachments. In fact, it's the very clever "younger brother" to the vacuum cleaner. Just see what the Graybar Cleanerette will do . . . and all for only $13.50! (More details? Mail the coupon below. Get the whole story right away!)

Persuading upholstery to "come clean" is a moment's task with a Cleanerette!

To clean the car: take a Handy Cleanerette and take it easy!

Where there's a Cleanerette there's a way . . . *even* with stair corners!

Compact. Convenient. The brightest idea in house-cleaning in years. Backed by over 60 years of electrical experience. *And inexpensive!* That's the Graybar Cleanerette.

Enter, the Handy Cleanerette. Exit, the mattress problem!

Yes, actually... "cleaneretting" clothes, too!

THE HANDY CLEANERETTE

$13.50

Tune in on the Graybar Hour. A different kind of program. Lively words and music. Laugh with radio's laugh-makers, every Tuesday evening, 10 p. m. New York Time. Columbia network.

GRAYBAR ELECTRIC CO.,
Graybar Bldg., New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Please tell me all about the Handy Cleanerette.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

—AND ARROW BROADCLOTHS ARE NOW GUARANTEED TO FIT AND FIT AND FIT FOREVER

Golden Arrow COLLARS

Very popular: Hampton. Feather-light, with deep points. 35 cents; 3 for $1

—which means that now the size you buy is the size you wear throughout the life of superb Arrow Broadcloth.

ARROW'S new "Sanforized" process of shrinking fine fabric (it's patented by Arrow) now absolutely and unqualifiedly guarantees a collar that will hold permanently its accurate fit, and a sleeve-and-body length that will stay put. Every Arrow Broadcloth, from $1.95 to $5, bears a firm guarantee-label that it will fit you throughout its life—or you get your money back at once. Arrow's broadcloth shirt collection cannot be approached in value, price-for-price, anywhere in America.

And just to make it awfully hard for you *not* to wear Arrow for life, we introduce, here for the first time, a lot of smart, becoming colors:

TRUMP . . . . . *White, Blue, Tan, Green*
PADDOCK . . . . . *White*
MAYFAIR . . . . . *White, Blue, Tan, Green*
CLARIDGE . . . . . *White*
BARONET . . . . . *White, Blue, Tan, Green*

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., INC., TROY, N.Y.
Arrow Collars, Handkerchiefs, Shirts and Underwear

—*and* ONLY ARROW SHIRTS *have* ARROW COLLARS

ON PARADE
ONE tempting sweetmeat follows another in a parade of chocolate goodness . . . so we named this new luscious package . . . Johnston's PARADE . . . There are crisp centers and chewy ones . . . creamy ones and fruity ones . . . all milk chocolate coated . . . and flecked with fine-chopped nuts. This is distinctly an assortment for the connoisseur . . . priced most reasonably at a dollar and a half the pound. There are Johnston agencies in all good neighbourhoods.
Johnston's
CHOCOLATES
TWO POUNDS
PARADE
© 1930

NEW YORK CHICAGO MILWAUKEE MINNEAPOLIS OAKLAND

Easier - Quicker - Better Housecleaning

Old Dutch chases dirt .....

protects the home with Healthful Cleanliness

Throughout the home . . . from basement to attic, Old Dutch makes a clean sweep, leaving everything in its path Spick and Span and wholesomely clean.

Like an invincible army, the flaky, flat-shaped particles of Old Dutch conquer and banish dirt from every nook and corner, and safeguard the home with Healthful Cleanliness by capturing the invisible impurities—the enemies of health.

You'll be delightfully surprised at how much easier housecleaning proceeds under the magical influence of Old Dutch, how quickly it can all be accomplished, and how much cleaner everything looks, so bright and fresh, no indication of dirt anywhere. But, of still greater importance, is the absolute assurance of Healthful Cleanliness so essential to the well-being of your family.

Old Dutch is the greatest advance in modern cleaning efficiency. It is perfect for sinks and bath tubs of snow-white or gayly colored porcelain or enamel; painted walls or woodwork; pots, pans and cooking utensils of all kinds. Tile; floors; nickelplate; windows and mirrors; refrigerators; enameled or painted furniture, etc. The fact that Old Dutch does not harm the hands is convincing proof of its purity and safety.

Old Dutch is absolutely safe. Contains no harsh, scratchy sand or grit . . . no caustic or acid. It doesn't scratch or injure the finest surfaces. This distinctive Old Dutch feature is worthy of consideration because it assures protection to the beauty of the home in addition to the safeguard of Healthful Cleanliness, easier, quicker and better cleaning.

There is true economy in the use of Old Dutch. A little goes a long way—does a lot of extra cleaning, and relieves you of much tiresome effort. The most progressive stride in modern cleaning methods and your most dependable and helpful aid in housecleaning.

1905 Old Dutch Cleanser on its 25th Anniversary celebrates the greatest achievement in modern cleaning efficiency - Healthful Cleanliness 1930

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